

December 1928

THE  
**RED BOOK**  
Z E

"Mermaid  
and  
Centaur"

*A fascinating  
Novel of strangely-  
mated Love by*

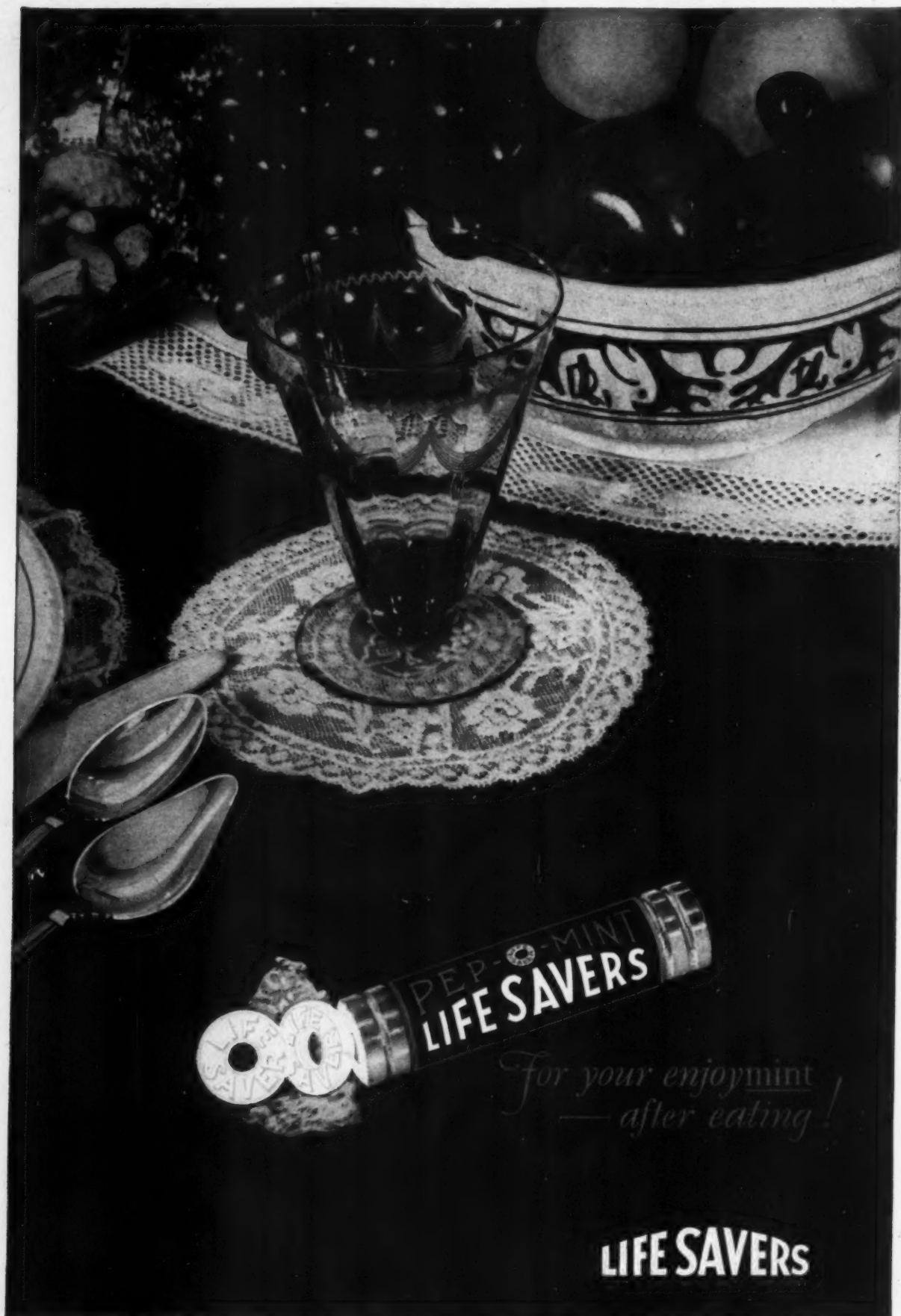
Rupert Hughes

*The Cleverest Game  
of the month*

"Tell Your Own Fortune"

Also [ Sophie Kerr · Sam Hellman  
Frank R. Adams · Virginia Dale  
Bruce Barton · Albert Payson Terhune





*For your enjoyment  
— after eating!*

**LIFE SAVERS**







# To Clarice in quest of her youth



LIKE every other woman with a spark of imagination or a speck of pride, you cleanse your skin and nourish its delicate tissues with various creams and lotions.

And they *do* help to keep your skin soft and fine and invigorated—as your mirror well can testify to you.

But there is one splendid beauty secret which doubles their potency as bringers of health and charm—the simple secret is this—keep internally clean by the saline method, with Sal Hepatica.

It takes away the blemishes that come from within. It is a helper, not a rival to your creams.

## A famous beauty practice on the continent

To drink salines for the complexion's sake has long been the practice of fashionable Europeans. The springs and

spas are thronged with lovely Viennese women, the cool, lithe-limbed English and the slim dark women of French aristocracy—freshening their complexions and improving their health by drinking the marvelous saline waters.



Sal Hepatica is the American equivalent of these European spas. By clearing your blood stream, it helps your complexion. It gets at the source by eliminating poisons and acidity. That is why it is so good for headaches, colds, rheumatism, auto-intoxication, etc.

Sal Hepatica, taken before breakfast, is prompt in its action. Rarely, indeed, does it fail to work within half an hour. Get a bottle today. Keep internally clean for one whole week. See how this treatment can make you feel better and look your best!

Send coupon for free booklet describing in detail how Sal Hepatica helps keep your skin fresh and free from blemishes, and how it helps relieve many common ills so prevalent today.

★ ★ ★

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. J-128, 71 West St., N.Y.  
Kindly send me the Free Booklet that explains the causes and the effects of internal congestion.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

★ ★ ★

# Sal Hepatica

A FEW drops of ABSORBINE, JR., well rubbed in, will bring prompt relief. If the muscular pain or ache has been persistent, a few additional applications may be required. If there is a tendency towards muscular aches, rub in ABSORBINE, JR., after any unusual exercise. It will keep the muscles in good condition. ABSORBINE, JR. is pleasant to use. It is not greasy and does not stain the skin. Its odor is agreeable. There are many uses for ABSORBINE, JR. — read "Timely Suggestions," packed in each carton.

At all Druggists, \$1.25. Hospital size, \$2.50. Send for free trial bottle

W. F. YOUNG, Inc., SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

for muscular aches

quick  
relief  
-comfort



rub in

Absorbine Jr.

## A Personal Service for PARENTS

DURING the past eight years, we have been privileged to develop the most complete private school information service ever maintained by a magazine. We have visited over 800 private boarding schools of all kinds in every part of the country.

The catalogues and confidential reports on these schools are on file in our office. If you live at a distance, fill out the application for information or write us a detailed letter about the boy or girl and the kind of school you wish. Please note all points given below. Your letter will have personal attention. You incur no obligation in making use of this service, either immediate or in the future. Address

The Director, Department of Education,  
The Red Book Magazine, 420 Lexington  
Avenue, New York City

Please send me information and catalogues about boarding schools

(Please Check) for Boy, aged.....

years. Girl, aged..... years.

Grade in school..... Now

attending.....

(Name of School)

..... School

Health.....

Religious affiliations.....

Location of school desired (name states)

.....

Fee (Approximate fee for board and

tuition for school year.) \$.....

(School fees range from \$600 to \$2000 per year according to location and advantages.)

Remarks:.....

(Type of school desired and special features.)

.....

Please send catalogues and information to

Name.....

(PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY)

Address.....

.....



# A big job is always bigger than a big man

**N**O MAN ever yet measured up to the full possibilities of a worthwhile job. That's why business is the finest sport in the world.

The place you have reached may look like the goal to those below you, but you know it's only a starting point. Or perhaps we are over-rating you. Maybe you are contented in a snug berth with a patron boss to do the worrying and fill the modest pay envelope. If so, don't read any more of this, it won't apply.

The big moment in the life of a business man comes when he realizes that if he wants to get anywhere, he must do it all himself. The Great System is willing that he keep on plodding according to orders, for the world needs workers just as it needs cows. A cow is useful and well cared for, but its life can't be exciting.

The System does not create leaders—they are always self-made. The System has no other intention than to get as much work out of you as possible at the current wage. Some call that injustice—others call it opportunity.

For the System is powerless to resist the man who has made up his mind to master it.

What's the point of all this? We are simply trying to tell you why you need the help of the most powerful force ever created for the man who has determined, in the white heat of awakened ambition, to be a leader of business.

An amazing proportion of the big executives of the United States have employed this force of the Alexander



Hamilton Institute—hundreds of thousands of them.

## What is the Alexander Hamilton Institute?

In nineteen years we have never answered that question to our own satisfaction. If we tell you it's a Course of Study, you think of your student days and decide you have neither the time nor the inclination for that sort of thing. If we say it's a Service which will help you to solve the immediate problems which baffle you (and it will do just that), we fail to give you any comprehension of the fundamental bigness of the Institute.

Now let's get right down to cases. You must know that you don't know much



about business as a whole. Your own line you do know. You know what experience has taught you. That is all. You may be an excellent sales manager without much knowledge of finance, organization, law, accounting. You may be a big banker with only a superficial understanding of selling, advertising or industrial management.

Yet in the upper reaches of business, all these factors become woven together. Sooner or later, unless you understand the basic principles which govern all business activity, you get up against a blank wall—you are helpless. Then you grope, make mistakes, and perhaps go on the rocks.

Now the Alexander Hamilton Institute is simply a coherent concentration of these basic principles of business into a



form suitable and easy for a busy, driving business man to absorb.

You need it—there's no doubt of that. But you hate to answer advertisements. That cloak of resistance is already dropping over your mind.

Yet there's really a good deal at stake—why not take a chance? We won't pester you. We'll simply send you a book which tells all about the Institute, and then, if you wish, an extremely well-posted representative will make a determined effort to convince you that the Alexander Hamilton Institute is the finest, strongest ally ambition ever had.

May we hear from you?

## ALEXANDER HAMILTON INSTITUTE

Executive Training for Business Men

ALEXANDER HAMILTON INSTITUTE  
709 Astor Place New York City



Send me the new revised edition of "Forging Ahead in Business" which I may keep without charge.

Name.....

Business Address.....

.....

Business Position.....

IN CANADA: Address the Alexander Hamilton Institute, Limited, C. P. R. Bldg., Toronto.

## PARFUMEUR TO THE NOBILITY OF THREE CENTURIES



"There's a girl who understands the art of using perfume—of making it enhance her personality."

"Not at all—that's not art—it's *Quelques Fleurs*—a fragrance so fine and so subtle that it can't be misused. At least that's what any number of really smart women tell me."



## QUELQUES FLEURS

*Le parfum Quelques Fleurs is a triumph of inspiration. It is the chef d'œuvre of J. Houbigant, whose genius as parfumeur is so generally conceded amongst gentlewomen. And possessing those qualities which mark a master achievement, it defies time.*

*In consequence the subtle charm and allurements of le parfum Quelques Fleurs endow those who use it with a mystic fascination that is as intriguing as Quelques Fleurs itself.*



*Quelques Fleurs can be had in exquisite \$1 purse flacons and boudoir containers at \$2, \$4, \$7.50 and \$15. Also obtainable in the Houbigant Bath Salts, Tale, Toilet Water, Dusting Powder, Soap, Face Powder, etc. Prices quoted apply to U. S. A. only.*

HOUBIGANT  
PARIS

# The RED BOOK Magazine

SPECIAL NOTE: Each issue of The Red Book Magazine is copyrighted. Any republication of the matter appearing in the magazine, either wholly or in part, is not permitted except by special authorization.

VOL. LII, No. 2

Published monthly. On sale the 12th of each month preceding date of issue.

DECEMBER, 1928

## Special Notice to Writers and Artists:

Manuscripts and art material submitted for publication in this magazine will only be received on the understanding that the publisher and editors shall not be responsible for loss or injury thereto while such manuscripts or art material are in the publisher's possession or in transit.



RUFUS  
KING

who wrote that fascinating mystery entitled "Without a Clue," has completed for us the best murder mystery story we have read in many, many months.

It's as different from the ordinary as day from night, for the murder is, after all, merely the incidental point of departure for the swift succession of interesting things that follow.

Don't fail to read it, in the next, the January, issue.

## Table of Contents

### MODELS AND ARTISTS SERIES

Models of five famous American artists — and the artists.

### SERIAL NOVELS

MERMAID AND CENTAUR—The love-battle of two men for a girl, and a war of lovers.

HELP YOURSELF TO HAPPINESS—A cheerful murder mystery. (With synopsis.)

THE POOR RICH!—Money—its magic and its tragedy to romance. (With summary.)

### SHORT STORIES

THE FLIRT—Annapolis is the scene of this exceptional love-story. **Frederick Hazlitt Brennan** 34

HOW LONG HAS HE BEEN MARRIED? The blithe return of a prodigal salesman. **Sam Hellman** 38

CHANGELINGS—A fox, a monkey, a dog—and a lively story. **Albert Payson Terhune** 42

ARMISTICE—When peace is more difficult than war. **Christine Jope-Slade** 50

THE GIRL WHO WAS TOO BEAUTIFUL—Vivid drama behind the silver screen. **Virginia Dale** 52

EVERYBODY STEPS ON IT!—A candid immigrant reacts to our national foibles. **William W. Douglas** 65

A WOMAN WHO IS MINE!—Wild Afghan folk in love and war. **Achmed Abdullah** 68

THE COLLEGE ANGEL—Wherein we follow a campus comedy to its surprise climax. **Bernard DeVoto** 72

THE SILKS OF OAKMEAD—They are worn to victory by Little Gill's protégé. **Ewing Walker** 78

THE BOOST—The dilemma of a wife with an independent career. **A. deFord Pitney** 84

### THE SPIRIT OF OUR DAY

OWNING AND POSSESSING—There's a difference, as this thoughtful essayist shows. **Angelo Patri** 17

TRY AND GET ONE—Metrical musings of a maid about her beau ideal. **Berton Braley** 18

ON KNOWING EVERYTHING—This common-sense editorial bears a real message. **Bruce Barton** 25

OUR CHRISTMAS STARS—We are learning of their vast significance. **Doris Webster and Mary Alden Hopkins** 56

TELL YOUR OWN FORTUNE—How you may intelligently predict your future. **Kathleen Woodward** 76

THE MOST IMPORTANT FACT IN LIFE—Lady Astor's extraordinary career. **Earl Christy** 82

IN TUNE WITH OUR TIMES—Salient facts about six people worth knowing.

COVER DESIGN—Painted from life.

Subscription price: \$2.50 a year in advance. Canadian postage 50c per year. Foreign postage \$1.00 per year.

Subscriptions are received by all newsdealers and booksellers, or may be sent direct to the Publisher. Remittance must be made by Draft, Post Office or Express Money Order, by Registered Letter or by Postage Stamps of 2-cent denomination, and not by check, because of exchange charges.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Notification regarding change of subscriber's address must reach us four weeks in advance of the next day of issue.

ADVERTISING FORMS close on the 3rd of the second preceding month (February forms close December 3rd). Advertising rates on application.

THE CONSOLIDATED MAGAZINES CORPORATION, Publisher, The Red Book Magazine, 36 So. State Street, Chicago, Ill.

CHARLES M. RICHTER  
Vice-President

LOUIS ECKSTEIN  
President

RALPH K. STRASSMAN  
Vice-President

Office of the Director of Advertising, 400 Lexington Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

LONDON OFFICES, 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W. C.

Entered as second-class matter April 25, 1905, at the post office at Chicago, Illinois, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879. Additional entry as second-class matter at Albany, New York; Harrisburg, Penna.; San Francisco, Calif.; Los Angeles, Calif., and Omaha, Neb.

Copyright, 1928, by THE CONSOLIDATED MAGAZINES CORPORATION (The Red Book Magazine)

Copyright, 1928, by THE CONSOLIDATED MAGAZINES CORPORATION in Great Britain and the Dominions. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London, England



# Modern Education and the Private School

By MARY YOST

Dean of Women, Stanford University

TODAY there are more children, youths, and even men and women enrolled in schools of various types, than ever before. And never at any other time was mass education more profoundly distrusted.

Two main characteristics mark the trend of education today—a belief in the benefits of education, a belief which is filling our schools and colleges often beyond capacity, and a realization of the differences between children, a realization which calls logically for individual attention to each one's development. The same question is challenging school men and women from the nursery school to the university,—How can we give each individual the training necessary to develop the particular qualities, social attitudes and skills of which he is capable?

It is generally understood that individual differences are important in any plan of education. However, more widespread knowledge is needed as to the best ways of dealing with the various types. Even when this knowledge is attainable, there are often serious practical difficulties in applying it. The child must be carefully studied and the effect of each method closely observed and checked before we can know with confidence how to help, not hinder, the pupil in his growth.

Many principals and teachers in our large public schools understand this fact well, but cannot carry out the necessary experimental work, on account of over-large classes and lack of available funds. Much has been done in the right direction with group psychological tests, but these are valuable chiefly as a means of detecting differences, not of dealing with them.

The private schools of our country can make, as many of them are now making, a genuine contribution to progress, on the constructive side of this important educational problem.

As a rule, private schools have smaller classes than public schools, so the teachers can know their pupils more thoroughly than is possible under crowded conditions. This intimate knowledge is essential to planning and carrying out any detailed study of the individual child, so that his needs may be discovered and met.

Besides affording an excellent opportunity for identifying differences in temperament and ability, the private schools have another distinct advantage in being equipped to give individual training. Many of them are boarding schools, so all the details of each child's life can be arranged and carried out under skilled and sympathetic direction. Private day schools are usually organized to provide afternoon play and rest hours, often in country surroundings, in addition to the formal classroom routine.

Private schools, therefore, can control and modify advantageously the environment of the child, and so develop his individuality to an extent not possible with a large group, present for only a few hours each day. The intellectual, social, and physical welfare of each pupil is promoted; and the information assembled by our good private schools, through study of different types and individuals, is a valuable contribution to the complicated problem of modern education.

*Mary Yost*



# Your Last Chance to Join the GUILD at the Old Low Price



**YOU** must rush your subscription to the Literary Guild of America before **January first** if you want to save **\$3.00 MORE!** After that date the subscription fee must be raised to \$21.00. This is your last opportunity to get the twelve special editions of important new books chosen by Carl Van Doren and his associates for the old price of \$18.00.

Every effort has been made to keep the price down, but it has been found impossible if the Guild is to continue to issue books of the same high quality that it has in the past and incorporate some startling new features in 1929. As examples of the Guild's ability to select the very best manuscripts **before** publication, it has given its members, **TRISTRAM**, both volumes of **TRADER HORN**, **HAPPY MOUNTAIN**, **FRANCOIS VILLON** and **POINT COUNTER POINT**, the latest fiction success by Aldous Huxley. As examples of the fine printing and binding of Guild books, the members have received **BLACK MAJESTY**, **AN INDIAN JOURNEY**, both copiously illustrated, and **FRANCOIS VILLON**.

## Over 60,000 Members

The entire membership of more than 60,000 people, as well as those

## You Save \$3.00 More!

By subscribing now you protect yourself from the price increase for **one full year**. A list of the next few titles scheduled for publication would immediately convince you of the merit of the Guild plan if previous selections had not already done so.

While the supply of previous Guild successes lasts you may start your subscription with any you choose **regardless of the trade prices of the titles desired**. The duration of your membership will be reduced one month for each title chosen.

Those who join the Guild now, at the old low price, will enjoy all of the new privileges which will be incorporated in the Guild plan after the price has been raised.

Your book comes to you each month on the regular publication date, the day the same title in its regular "trade" form is released for sale in the stores. Thus you will be reading tomorrow's successes today instead of waiting until you have heard them discussed everywhere.

A subscription to the Literary Guild of America is the most perfect Christmas gift. It is a tribute to the discrimination, taste and intelligence of the person to whom it is sent.



who join now, are to be granted still more privileges in 1929.

The Literary Guild offers readers the most economical plan of book buying available in America. It delivers directly to its members' doors, postpaid, twelve of the best books published in America—one each month in the year—for a single subscription fee of only \$18. It is a simple problem in mathematics to figure the



tremendous cash saving to you. The books are chosen by Carl Van Doren, assisted by Hendrik Willem van Loon, Elinor Wylie, Joseph Wood Krutch and Burton Rascoe. An eminent board of literary people whose opinion you are sure to respect.

## Memberships Are FREE!

Mail the coupon in the corner of this page at once. Indicate in the spaces provided which previous Guild books you desire.

There is no membership fee, no dues, assessments or postage. You pay only for the books you receive and you pay much less than full price for those.

If, for any reason, you are not pleased with the Guild plan you can cancel your subscription by giving one month's notice. The trade price is then charged for the books you have received and the balance of your money is refunded.

**The Literary Guild of America, Inc.**  
55 Fifth Ave., Dept. 64-R.B., New York City

The Literary Guild of America, Inc.,  
55 Fifth Ave., Dept. 64-R.B., New York City.

Gentlemen: You may enter me as a subscriber to the Literary Guild of America for one year. I will pay you \$4.00 on receipt of your first book, and \$3.00 a month for five months only. You will send me one new book a month. I may cancel this subscription by giving one month's notice. In this case you will charge me only the retail price of books received and refund the balance. (If more than one book is chosen from list below, add \$3.00 per title to the initial payment. This amount will be deducted from the balance of your subscription fee.)

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Save \$1.00—If you prefer to pay all at once you can save \$1.00 by sending \$18.00 with this coupon. Antedate my subscription..... months and send me:

.....Happy Mountain .....An Indian Journey  
.....Trader Horn .....Point Counter Point  
.....Trader Horn, Vol. II .....Francois Villon



# THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE'S SCHOOL SECTION



## NEW ENGLAND STATES—GIRLS

### Mount Ida School and Junior College

**For GIRLS**  
6 miles from  
Boston

All studies except English elective  
Preparatory finishing school.  
Advanced Elective Courses  
for high school graduates.  
College Certificates. Fully  
equipped. Piano, Voice, Vi-  
olin, Pipe Organ, with noted  
men. Home Economics. New  
Gymnasium with swimming  
pool. Costume Design and  
Home Decoration. Secretarial  
Course. Athletics. Canoe-  
ing. Horseback riding. De-  
lightful home life. Catalog,  
write:

1670 Summit Street  
NEWTON, Mass.

**Tenacre** A Country School for Girls 10 to  
14. Preparatory to Dana Hall.  
14 miles from Boston. All sports  
and athletics supervised and adapted to the age of  
the pupil. Excellent instruction, care and influence.  
Miss Helen Temple Cooke, Dana Hall, Wellesley, Mass.

**LASELL SEMINARY**  
A school that develops well-trained, healthful and re-  
sourceful womanhood. Home Economics, Music, Art,  
College Preparatory and Secretarial Course.  
GUY M. WINSLOW, Principal  
140 Woodland Road Auburndale, Mass.

### HOUSE IN THE PINES

Near Boston. Preparation for all Colleges. Accredited. Art. Music.  
Household Arts. Dramatics. Outdoor Sports. Riding. Separate  
Junior School.  
MISS GERTHENE E. CORNISH, Principal, NORTON, MASS.

**CAMBRIDGE-HASKELL SCHOOL**  
A SCHOOL FOR GIRLS  
College Preparatory, General, and Post Graduate  
Courses. Hope C. Macintosh, Principal.  
38 CONCORD AVENUE CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

**HOWARD SEMINARY**  
Where New England Tradition Counts in the Girl's Educa-  
tion. Near Boston. College Preparatory, Junior College and  
Special Courses. Home Economics, Secretarial, Sports, Swim-  
ming, Riding. Accredited. Lynn B. Harris (Ph. D. Yale),  
President. Box 30, West Bridgewater, Mass.

**KENDALL HALL for Girls**  
On the seashore. 50 minutes from Boston. Accred-  
ited College Preparatory. Junior College. Elective  
Courses. Riding, skating, swimming, tennis. Catalog. Box 75, Fido's Crossing, Mass.

**GRAY GABLES COLLEGE PREPARATION**  
Complete Course  
ONE YEAR INTENSIVE REVIEW—SUMMER AND  
WINTER SPORTS—DRAMATICS, ART, MUSIC  
**HOPE FISHER, BANCROFT SCHOOL**  
WORCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS

**College for Women in Boston**  
Secretarial Science and Teacher-Training programs  
based upon foundation of general academic studies.  
2 years. Certificate. 4 years. Degree. Dormitories.  
T. Lawrence Davis, LL. D., Dean, 27 Garrison St., Boston.  
Boston University, College of Practical Arts and Letters.

**ROGERS HALL** An Endowed  
School for Girls  
College Preparatory and Academic Courses. Two year  
Graduate Course. Gymnasium. Swimming Pool. Outdoor  
Sports. Faces Rogers Fort Hill Park. 26 miles from Boston.  
Mrs. Edith Chapin Graves, A. B., Principal, Lowell, Mass.

**COLBY For GIRLS**  
COLLEGE PREPARATORY AND JUNIOR COL-  
LEGE. 1300 feet Elevation overlooking Lake Sunapee.  
All Outdoor Sports. Capable Faculty.  
H. LESLIE SAWYER, PRIN., Box 17, NEW LONDON, N. H.

**HOWE-MAROT** Country Boarding  
School for Girls  
COLLEGE PREPARATION  
Marot Junior College Two year  
College Course  
MARY L. MAROT, Principal, Thompson, Conn.

### The Weylister

For young women. A year of cultural work of college  
grade, followed by a year of intensive secretarial train-  
ing; or either year alone. Small groups; individual at-  
tention in home and school. 9 miles from New Haven.  
1½ hours from New York. Five-acre suburban estate;  
outdoor sports. Water sports near by.

Mrs. Maria W. Shuster, M. A., Miss Louise H. Scott  
Box E, MILFORD, CONNECTICUT

## NEW YORK AND VICINITY—GIRLS

**GLEN EDEN** A Boarding School for Girls  
Suburban to New York City  
Preparatory, Junior College and  
Finishing Courses. Music, Art, Ex-  
pression, Domestic Science, Secre-  
tarial, Granite Residence, Unexcelled Gymnasium. CATALOG,  
MR. and MRS. W. F. CARLSON, Principals Box 29 STAMFORD, CONN.

**GRAY COURT** Sound School for Girls  
Homelike Atmosphere. Suburban to N. Y. C. Col-  
lege Preparatory. General, Secretarial, Arts and  
Crafts, Music, Riding, Beach. All athletics. Colog-  
JESSIE CALLAM GRAY, Box 12, Stamford-on-Sound, Conn.

**HILLSIDE** Norwalk, Conn.  
FOR GIRLS  
45 miles from New York. Preparation for  
college entrance examinations. General  
courses. Organized athletics. Box 66, Norwalk.  
MARGARET R. BRENDLINGER, A. B., Prin.  
VIDA HUNT FRANCIS, A. B.

**SCUDDER SCHOOL FOR GIRLS**  
DAY and Boarding. New York advantages. HIGH  
SCHOOL. POST GRADUATE COURSES: Home Eco-  
nomics; Secretarial and Executive Training; Social  
Welfare and Community Service. Miss R. B.  
Scudder, 66 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

**Ossining**  
School for Girls  
Junior College Dept. Upper and Lower Schools.  
Clara C. Fuller, Prin., Box 12-K, Ossining-on-Hudson, N. Y.

**SCOVILLE SCHOOL**  
Facing Central Park and the Art Museum. Academic and Ad-  
vanced Courses. Intensive College Preparation. Address  
ROSA B. CHISHAM, Principal, 1066 Fifth Ave., New York City

**MARYMOUNT**  
SCHOOL FOR GIRLS COLLEGE FOR WOMEN  
Courses: Four Years College, Two Years Finishing, Academic, Secre-  
tarial, Domestic Science, etc. Freshman, N. Y. City, and  
Paris. Write for catalogues G-1 to The Reverend Mother.  
Tarrytown-on-Hudson New York

**The Mason School for Girls**  
and Junior College  
**The Castle**  
Box 90, Tarrytown-on-Hudson, New York

**Highland Manor**  
Country Boarding School and Junior College. All  
grades. Summer Camp and School. E. Egle, Prin.  
Eugene R. Lehman, Director, Tarrytown-on-Hudson, N. Y., Box 103

**URSULINE ACADEMY**  
FOR GIRLS. 2 hours from New York. Usual subjects.  
Also Secretarial, Music. Lower school for younger girls.  
Horseback-riding. All Athletics. Social Culture. For  
illustrated catalog, write  
URSULINE SISTERS, Box R, Middletown, N. Y.

**DREW THE CARMEL**  
SCHOOL FOR GIRLS  
On beautiful Lake Glenside, near N. Y. City.  
Fully Accredited. College Preparatory. General Courses. Small  
classes. Outdoor sports. Riding, etc. Freshman, Junior, Senior.  
Catalogs: M. E. WRIGHT, B. S., Pres., Box R, CARMEL, N. Y.

**OAK KNOLL** School of  
The Holy Child  
College Preparatory and General Courses. Element-  
ary Department. Resident and day pupils. Conducted  
by the Sisters of the Holy Child Jesus. College at Rose-  
mont, Pa. Oxford, Rome, Paris. Catalog on request.  
Summit, New Jersey.

**DWIGHT SCHOOL**  
FOR GIRLS  
College Preparatory and Special Finishing Courses  
Miss Frances Leggett, Mrs. Charles W. Hulst,  
Principals, ENGLEWOOD, NEW JERSEY

## MIDDLE ATLANTIC STATES—GIRLS

### The KNOX School for Girls

COLLEGE preparatory, Junior College and cultural  
courses. Mrs. Russell Houghton, Box R, Cooperstown, N. Y.

**RUSSELL SAGE COLLEGE**  
Founded by Mrs. Russell Sage. Liberal Arts, Secre-  
tarial Work, Household Economics and Nursing.  
B. A. and B. S. degrees. Address Secretary  
RUSSELL SAGE COLLEGE, TROY, N. Y.

**St. Mary's Hall** on the  
Delaware  
CHURCH boarding school for girls. 92nd year. Moderate  
cost. College preparatory. Junior College and general  
courses. Lower school. Organized sports. Catalog  
ETHEL M. SPURR, A. M., Prin., Box R, Burlington, N. J.

**THE CASKIN SCHOOL FOR GIRLS**  
COLLEGE preparatory, also one year intensive course  
for College Boards. Academic and vocational courses.  
Domestic science. Unusual advantages in music. All  
athletics, riding, golf. 15 m. from Philadelphia.  
Helene M. Caskin, Principal, Box 104, Devon, Pa.

**BEAVER COLLEGE** For  
Women  
Continuing the work of Beechwood. General and Junior  
College courses with Diploma and Degree. Journalism.  
Splendid equipment. New \$100,000 dormitory. Catalog  
Address Box R JENKINTOWN, PA.

**CEDAR CREST**  
A college for young women who appreciate life on a suburban cam-  
pus, with modern equipment and commodious dormitories. Degree  
courses in Liberal Arts, Secretarial Science, Household Arts, Music,  
and Expression. Exceptional Teacher Preparation. Address  
Dr. Wm. C. Curtis, Pres., Box R, Allentown, Pennsylvania

**The Mary Lyon School**  
Swarthmore, Pa. For girls. Suburban to Philadelphia.  
College preparation. General courses. Music and art.  
Catalog. Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Crist, Principals, Box 1532.

**Penn Hall for GIRLS**  
ACCREDITED College preparatory, H. S. Junior Col-  
legiate. Junior College. Month of May at  
Ocean City. 25-acre campus. New buildings. Con-  
necting bath. Athletics. Riding. For catalog write  
Frank S. Magill, A. B., Headmaster, Box R, Chambersburg, Pa.

**BIRMINGHAM SCHOOL**  
"College Board Examinations" held at school. Accredited.  
Also courses for girls not going to college. Music. Fine  
Arts. Gymnasium, swimming pool. Rooms with con-  
necting bath. Mountain location. Outdoor life. Catalog  
Alvan R. Grier, President, Box 155, Birmingham, Pa.

**HIGHLAND HALL**  
Modern educational standards. College preparatory. General course.  
Advanced work. Music. Art. Domestic Science. Secretarial. Out-  
door life. School  
MISS MAUD VAN WOY, A. B., Principal, Box 900, Hollidaysburg, Pa.

**Bishopthorpe Manor**  
Home Economics. Costume Design. Secretarial. Expre-  
ssion. Art. Music. College Preparatory. New Gymnasium  
and Pool. Horseback Riding. Congregational School Life. Catalog  
Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Wray, Principals, Box 247, Bethlehem, Pa.

**LINDEN HALL** 125 GIRLS  
183-YEAR  
Large Campus. 4 Bldgs. New Gym and Pool. Endowment sports  
Moderate tuition. Beautiful location. Courses: Academic, Pre-  
paratory, Secretarial, Cultural, Music, Post. Rooms with con-  
necting bath. Junior School. Attractive home life. Riding. All sports. Catalog  
F. W. Stoguel, D.D., Box 137, LINTA, Pa. (1½ miles from Phila.)

**HOOD COLLEGE**  
Accredited college for women. A. B., B.S. in Home Eco-  
nomics, B.M. in Music. Teachers' Training. 125 acres.  
Receiving enrollment for the fall of 1929. Catalogue.  
Address Registrar, Hood College, Box R,  
Frederick, Md.

**ROBERTS-BEACH** Preparatory School  
for Girls  
Well known for successful college preparatory instruction,  
individual development and particularly delightful school  
life. Address: Lucy George Roberts, Box 12, Sarah  
Morehouse Beach, Ph. D., Box 350, Catonsville, Md.

**MARYLAND COLLEGE**  
FOR WOMEN. 60 minutes from Washington  
Literary, Dom. Sc., Secretarial, Kindergarten,  
Physical Education, Music courses; all leading  
to DEGREES. Private baths. Riding, etc.  
Catalog of Box R — LUTHERVILLE, MD.

These schools invite requests for catalogues and information. In writing for catalogues, please mention THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE.



## WASHINGTON, D. C.—GIRLS

**BEAUTIFUL AMENTALE**  
**NATIONAL PARK SEMINARY**  
 An estate of 251 acres suburban in Washington, D.C. James E. Ament, A.M., Ph.D., LL.D., President, Junior college, also college preparatory courses in girls' school of exceptional beauty. Special courses in music, art, expression, dramatics, home economics, secretarial work.  
 Address Registrar, Box 195, Forest Glen, Md.

**Chevy Chase**  
 Junior College and Senior High School at Washington, D.C. 12 miles from heart of Washington. Home Economics, Secretarial, Music, Art, Dramatic departments. Athletics, Riding, Swimming. Write for catalog. P. E. FARRINGTON, Pa. D., Box 8, Washington, D. C.

**Arlington Hall** For Girls  
 Junior College with High School, Music, Art, Expression, Home Economics and Secretarial. Campus 100 acres, only fifteen minutes from heart of Washington. Buildings new, every room connecting bath. Catalogue and Views address: Arlington Hall, Pennsylvania Ave. Station, Box 518-B, Washington, D. C.

**FAIRMONT**  
 28th Year. College Preparation. Eight 2-Year Junior College diploma courses. Educational advantages of National Capital. Address Principal, 1711A Massachusetts Ave., Washington, D. C.

## SOUTHERN STATES—GIRLS

**Warrenton Country School**

The school is planned to teach girls how to study, to bring them nearer nature, and to inculcate ideas of order and economy. College Preparatory and Cultural Courses. Separate cottages for young girls. French the language of the house. Miss. Lee M. Beall, Box 15, Warrenton, Va.

**Fairfax Hall** Girls. 50 acre estate in Blue Ridge Mountains, overlooking Shenandoah Valley. College preparatory, 1 year college, elective courses. Music, Art, Secretarial. Riding, golf, field and water sports. Moderate rate. Catalog. Box R, Park Station, Waynesboro, Va.

**Martha Washington College** For young women. Accredited Junior College. Music, Art, Domestic Science. Physical Education. Secretarial. 19th year. Catalog. C. D. CURTIS, Pres., Box R, ARLINGTON, VA.

**VIRGINIA COLLEGE (Junior)**  
 For girls. Four years preparatory, Junior College. Accredited. European and American instructors. Secretarial training, home economics, journalism, music, art, expression, library science. Modern equip. Athletics. MR. & MRS. GEO. COLLEN. Box F, Roanoke, Va.

**Southern Seminary FOR GIRLS**  
 A School of Character. Blue Ridge Mts. of Virginia. Preparatory, Junior College; Seminary. Music, Art, Expression, Home Ec., Phy. Ed., Secretarial, Swimming Pool. For 61st annual catalog, write ROBERT LEE DUNHAM, Pres., Box 978, BUENA VISTA, VA.

**MANCH COLLEGE and Seminary** B. A. DEGREE COURSE  
 Combines practical courses with cultural. B. Mus. and A. B. Courses. Commercial Art, Languages, Costume Design, Interior Decorating, Swimming, Riding, Golf, All Athletics. CATALOG; address Box 11, Manch College & Seminary, Union, Va.

**SOUTHERN COLLEGE**  
 Established 1863. "In the Heart of Virginia." Junior College, Finishing, or High School Courses. Music, Art, Expression, Home Ec., Sec. Secretarial, Golf, Swimming, Tennis, Gymnastics, Dramatics, 6th year. Country Club Privileges. Historic Tours. Riding Lessons. College Clubs. Plan State. Arthur Kyle Davis, 248 College Place, Petersburg, Va.

**Virginia Infermont College**  
 For young women. 45th year. 30 states. High School and Junior College, accredited. Music, Home Economics, Secretarial Courses. Expression, Art, Gym. Pool, Private Baths. H. G. Neffinger, Pres., Box 145, Bristol, Va.

**SULLINS COLLEGE** Bristol, Virginia  
 For Girls. Accredited High School and Junior College. Music, Expression, Domestic Science, etc. New building; every room connecting bath. Mountain climate, 100 acre campus with beautiful lake. Riding, Washington, D. C., advantage option. Catalogue-write Box E, W. E. Martin, Ph. D., Pres.

**HAMILTON COLLEGE**  
 Four years college preparatory and two years Junior College work for young women. Art, Music, Expression, Secretarial and Home Economics courses. Athletics. Delightful home life. Emphasis on scholarship and culture. Dept. R. HAMILTON COLLEGE. Lexington, Ky.

**Logan College**  
 JUNIOR College for Women. 2 years High School. Special courses. Mod. equipment. Est. 1855. Catalog. Dr. E. R. Naylor, Pres., Box R, Russellville, Ky.

**BRENAU COLLEGE CONSERVATORY**  
 Select patronage 35 states; in Blue Ridge Mts. North of Atlanta. State Authorized A. B. Degree. Music, drama, music, art, domestic science, physical culture; 36 buildings, swimming, boating, horseback riding, 10 National courses. CATALOGUE; address BRENAU, Box F, Gainesville, Ga.

## SOUTHERN STATES—GIRLS

**WARD-BELMONT**

FOR GIRLS AND YOUNG WOMEN  
 Offers 4 years preparatory; 2 years college work. Fully accredited. All sports including Riding. Complete appointments. For information address The Secretary, Belmont Heights, Box 402, Nashville, Tenn.

**COLUMBIA INSTITUTE**

High scholarship in the cultural atmosphere of the Old South. Episcopal. High School, Junior College, elective courses. Accredited. Music, art, expression, home economics, and secretarial courses. Sports. Moderate Rates. Catalog. Box M, COLUMBIA, TENN.

**ASHLEY HALL**  
 An accredited girls' school offering a broad variety of courses, including college preparation. Normal Kindergarten-Primary course with state license. Modern equipment. Swimming Pool. Mild climate. Address Mary V. McBe, M. A., Principal, Box R, Charleston, S. C.

**GULF PARK**  
 By-the-sea. For girls. 4 years high school. 2 years college. Music, Art, Home Economics. Outdoor sports all year. Riding. Catalog.  
 Box W. GULFPORT, MISS.

## WESTERN STATES—GIRLS

**NATIONAL Kindergarten COLLEGE**  
 Preparing women to become Elementary and Kindergarten teachers. Cultural courses. Three and four year diplomas. 42nd year. New College and Dormitory buildings. Spring term opens January 31, 1929; summer session June 21, 1929. Box 3128, Evanston, Ill.

**FRANCES SHIMER SCHOOL** For Girls and Young Women  
 2-year College, 4 years Academy. Music, Art, Expression, Home Economics. 75th year. Campus 25 acres. Outdoor sports. 11 buildings. Extra-curricular activities. Catalog. Wm. P. McKee, A. M., B. D., President, Box 653, Mt. Carroll, Ill.

**ILLINOIS WOMAN'S COLLEGE**  
 A standard college. A. B., B.S., B.M. degrees. Combined 5-year college and secretarial course. Music, Art, Public Speaking, Domestic Science, Secretarial, Physical Education. Catalog. Address ILLINOIS WOMAN'S COLLEGE, Jacksonville, Ill.

**Starrett School for Girls, Chicago**  
 45th year. Academic. College Preparatory, Junior College and special courses. Fully accredited. Complete Music Conservatory. New term begins Feb. 1. Write for catalog and book of views.  
 Box 24, 4515 Drexel Blvd., Chicago.

**grafton Hall** An Academy and Junior College for girls, widely known for its high academic standards. Exceptionally fine School of Music. Electives in Expression, Home Economics, Secretarial, Indoor and outdoor athletics. Address Box 37, Ford 64 St. Wis.

**Lindenwood College**  
 Standard college for young women. Two and four year courses. Accredited. Conservatory advantages. 50 minutes from St. Louis. 102nd year. Every modern facility. Catalog. J. L. ROEMER, Pres., Box 1028, St. Charles, Mo.

## Now Is the Time

to enroll in a good boarding school for the winter term which begins after Christmas. Our advice to parents is to write immediately to the schools which interest them.

The school announcements in these pages will help you make a satisfactory choice.

Schools for Girls	Pages
Schools for Boys	6-9
Schools for Boys and Girls	10-12
Schools for Little Folk	10
Special Schools (Children physically and mentally handicapped)	9
Schools of Music	13
Schools of Drama and Dance	12
Business and Secretarial Schools	13
Universities	13
Nursing Schools	10
Travel Schools	10
Professional and Vocational	12-16

For readers who need help we maintain a Free School Information Service. Address

The Director, Department of Education

## THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE

420 Lexington Avenue  
 NEW YORK CITY

## FAR WEST—GIRLS

**CUMNOCK** FOUNDED 1894

Junior College and Academy for Girls. Accredited. Day and resident. Departments of Speech, Music, Art. DORA LEE NEWMAN, Director  
 5353 West Third Street, Los Angeles, California

**THE HOLLYWOOD SCHOOL FOR GIRLS**

**Mrs. Woollett's School**  
 Accredited. Preparatory for Colleges, East and West. Also Junior School. Carefully supervised home life. Country surroundings. All sports. Catalogue. Louise K. Woollett, Principal, 1769 N. La Brea, Hollywood, California.

**WESTLAKE SCHOOL FOR GIRLS**

Junior College and Accredited College Preparation. Special courses in Art, Music, Expression and Home Economics. New Buildings. 733 North Faring Road, Los Angeles, California

## SPECIAL SCHOOLS

**THE WOODS' SCHOOL**

For Exceptional Children Three Separate Schools  
 GIRLS BOYS LITTLE FOLKS  
 Booklet Box 106, Langhorne, Pa.  
 Mrs. Mollie Woods Hare, Principal

**The Chamberlain School**

Boarding and day school for retarded children. Individual instruction. Articulation. Best physical care. MARION A. CHAMBERLAIN, Media, Pennsylvania  
 P. O. Box 167

**What Can I Do With This Unusual Child?**  
 Slightly retarded in school work—lacks power to concentrate—temperamental—shy—egotistical—or in other words, is not in the right element in the usual school. Write to  
 HELENA T. DEVENEX, Devereux Schools, Box R, DEVERUX, PA.

**HEDLEY**  
 The "Individual" Home. For the ungraded or mal-adjusted child. Academic, Industrial, Cultural, Restricted enrollment. Summer Camp. L. S. HEDLEY, M. D., Headed Parents, 1212 Miles from Philadelphia, Pa.

**ROSEHILL** for nervous or retarded children. Individual teaching and training under child specialist (M. D.). Experienced staff. Beautiful, secluded country estate near Philadelphia: 15 acres of sunny slopes. Own vegetables, eggs, etc. Moderate rates.  
 MRS. ANNE M. POPE, Box R, Chester Heights, Pa.

**BROOKWOOD SCHOOL**

A small home school for mentally retarded. Individual care and training.

BROOKWOOD SCHOOL, Shadeland Ave., Landsdowne, Pa.

**BANCROFT**  
 SCHOOL FOR RETARDED CHILDREN  
 Modern equipment. Resident Nurse and Physician. Home environment. Individual instruction. Summer camps in Maine. Est. 1888. Catalogue. Box 123, Haddonfield, New Jersey

**SPEECH CORRECTION**

By Dr. Frederick Martin, former director of Speech Improvement, N.Y.C. schools. Correction of Stammering, Lipping, Loss of Voice, etc. Methods internationally recognized by Medical Profession. Ithaca Conservatory and Affiliated Schools, 415 DeWitt Park, Ithaca, N. Y.

**The Spruces Hygiene School**

125 Acre Estate on the Hudson River. Winter and Summer Sports, including Horseback Riding. For the treatment and training of the nervous and backward child, and those of superior intelligence who are not well adjusted. Not a school for delinquent children.  
 Doctor V. V. Anderson, Medical Director, Staatsburg, New York

**PERKINS SCHOOL**

For children requiring special training and education. Unsurpassed equipment on sixty-acre estate. Intimate home life. Experienced Staff. Medical direction.  
 Franklin H. Perkins, M. D., Box 62, Lancaster, Mass.

**ELM HILL**

A Home School for Retarded Children. Founded 1848. Country Location in Central Mass. Catalog.  
 George A. Brown, A. B. (Yale), M. D. (Columbia)  
 G. Percy Brown, A. B. (Yale), M.D. (Harvard), Barre, Mass.

**STANDISH MANOR** Member SPECIAL

SCHOOL ASS'N  
 A special school for backward girls. Individual instruction. Experienced teachers. Happy home life. Healthful location. Out-door and water sports. 30 acre estate. Alice M. Myers, Principal, Hazel G. Cullingford, Asst. Principal. Box A, HALIFAX, MASS.

**THE TROWBRIDGE TRAINING SCHOOL**

A Home School for Nervous and Backward Children THE BEST IN THE WEST  
 Indorsed by Educators and Physicians. State Licensed E. HAYDN TROWBRIDGE, M. D.  
 2829 Forest Avenue Kansas City, Mo.

**A MENTAL HYGIENE SCHOOL**

For the boy needing individual scientific treatment. Perfect six-year climate. Altitude 6000 ft. New specially designed building. Address  
 Walter C. Langer, A. M., Harvard, Director  
 Rocky Mountain Ranch School, Silver City, N. M.

**Stewart Home Training School**

Nervous and Backward Children. A Private Home and School on a beautiful country estate in the famous Blue Grass Region of Kentucky. Seven Buildings. Cottages. Pk. For illustrated catalog address DR. JOHN F. STEWART, Director. Box P, Frankfort, KENTUCKY.

## NEW ENGLAND STATES—BOYS

**WORCESTER**  
THOROUGH COLLEGE PREPARATION  
Address: Worcester Academy, Worcester, Mass.

**CHAUNCEY HALL SCHOOL**

Established 1828. Prepares boys exclusively for Massachusetts Institute of Technology and other scientific schools. Every teacher a specialist. Franklin T. Kurt, Principal.  
857 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass. (Copley Square)

**DUMMER ACADEMY**

166th year  
A preparatory school for a limited number of boys. Wholesome country location. Carefully directed athletics. Supervised study and democratic ideals. Upper and Lower School. Moderate fees.  
CHARLES S. INGHAM, Ph. D., Principal, SOUTH BYFIELD, MASS.

**DeWitt Clinton Heberd School for Boys**

A College Preparatory Country Boarding School. For 60 Boys. Individual and expert tutoring methods. \$1200—No extra tutoring charges.  
JOHN D. HENNING, A. M., Head Master, NEWTON, MASS.

**ROXBURY**

Complete attention to the needs of the individual boy insures a thorough College Preparation.  
A. R. Sheriff, Headmaster, Cheshire, Conn.

**1833 SUFFIELD 1928**

AN ENDOWED SCHOOL  
College Preparatory and General courses. Moderate Tuition. Separate Junior School. For catalog address:  
Rev. Brownell Sage, Ph. D., Headmaster, 13 High St., Suffield, Conn.

**Rippowam Boys' School**

Stamford, Conn. Tel. 3957  
has given years of service in solving problems for Perplexed students and their parents. Primary to College. Athletics. Catalogue or conference on request.

**ST. LUKE'S SCHOOL**

New Canaan, Conn.  
Beautiful buildings and grounds on Ponus Ridge. 1½ hours from New York. Strong Faculty. Careful preparation for college. Upper and Lower schools. Excellent food. Supervised athletics. Manual training.  
H. D. Oliphant, Headmaster

**New Hampton**

A New Hampshire School for Boys. Six Modern Buildings. College Preparation. Thorough Courses in Business. Athletics for Every Boy. Moderate Tuition.  
FREDERICK SMITH, A. M., Box 190, New Hampton, N. H.

## CO-EDUCATIONAL SCHOOLS

**CAZENOVIA**  
SEMINARY  
Coeducational. Established 1924. College Preparatory and Finishing. Strong secretarial course. Endowed. Junior students taken. Adirondack elevation. Winter sports. For catalog address: Charles E. Hamilton, A. M., D.D., Box H, Cazenovia, N. Y.

**Oakwood School** Seventy miles from New York City, overlooking Hudson Valley. Under Friends' management. Co-educational. General academic courses. A school of high ideals with teachers of Christian character and culture. 13th year. Very reasonable rates. Address WILLIAM J. REAGAN, A. M., Principal, Box 150, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

**EAST GREENWICH ACADEMY**  
Est. 1802. For BOYS and GIRLS  
A College Preparatory School on Narragansett Bay. Accredited. Academic, Business, Music Courses. Campus Facility. Separate Junior School. All Sports. Catalog: A. T. SCHULMAIER, Principal, Box 13, EAST GREENWICH, R. I.

## SCHOOLS FOR SMALL CHILDREN

**BURT'S SCHOOL**  
FOR TINY TOTS 1-12  
Guard the years when impressions are made. Supervised training up to Eighth Grade. Music, dancing; outdoor play. 1150 Central Ave. Peekskill, N. Y. Phone: Peckskill 1195

**Chevy Chase Country School**

Children 4 to 14. Experienced, sympathetic care in home of directors. Ideal health conditions. Small classes. High standards. Summer camp in Maine.  
Mr. and Mrs. Stanwood Cobb, Chevy Chase, Md.

**MONTESSORI CHILDREN'S VILLAGE**

A school of progressive methods founded on 14 years experience. Boys and girls. Three to twelve. Cottage Plan. References. Moderate rate. Catalogue.  
MRS. ANNA PAIST RYAN, Wycombe, Pa.

**RIVERSIDE ACADEMY**

West End, Long Branch, New Jersey  
School for small children, open all year, co-educational. Individual attention. Experienced teachers, trained nurse. Rate \$60 per month. Booklet. Miss Eleanor C. Barnes, Director.

**MERRICOURT**

"Just the Place for Young Children"  
Combines outdoor life with home care and comfort; an ideal place for children 3 to 10. Large well-equipped play lawn, handicraft, supervised play. Rev. and Mrs. John H. Kingsbury, Berlin, Conn.

## TRAVEL

**FLOATING UNIVERSITY**

Around the World—For Men and Women  
Only cruise of his kind sailing this year  
Registrations now open for College Year 1929-30  
INTERNATIONAL UNIVERSITY CRUISE, Inc.  
Box R, 11 Broadway, New York City

## MIDDLE ATLANTIC STATES—BOYS

**ROOSEVELT ACADEMY**

A Military School in the Ramapo Mountains  
Primary, Grammar and Junior High School Grades. All Outdoor Sports. Write for information.  
J. Carrington, Monsey, Rockland County, New York

**Northwood Junior School**

Under Lake Florida Club Education Foundation. Prepares for Northwood and other preparatory schools. A home school for boys 8 to 15. Unexcelled winter sports facilities. A more progressive plan of education for the whole boy. Mrs. A. F. Finner, Director, Box R, Lake Florida Club, N. Y.

**REPTON SCHOOL**

Meets the requirements of the young boy  
For boys 6 to 15. English University Masters. Prepares for leading college preparatory schools.  
V. W. Loughby Barrett, Headmaster, Box R, Tarrytown, N. Y.

**MANLIUS**

A school of distinguished standing. Scholarship, athletics and military training build well-rounded manhood. All colleges. Next term begins January, 1929. Prospectus. Address: Gen'l William Verbock, Pres., Box 1812, Manlius, N. Y.

**IRVING SCHOOL FOR BOYS**

In beautiful, historic Irving country. 92nd year. Long record of successful preparation for College Board Examinations. Certificate privilege. Accredited N. Y. State Regents. Modern equipment. Catalog. Box 932, Tarrytown-on-Hudson, N. Y. Rev. J. M. Forness, L.H.D., Headmaster.

New York  
**Military Academy**  
A School of Cornwall-on-Hudson, N. Y.

**STONY BROOK SCHOOL**

A Christian college preparatory school for boys. Fully accredited. Small classes, college trained faculty. \$100.000 administration building. New Chapel. Unusually fine equipment. All sports. Catalog. Address the Principal, Box R, Stony Brook, N. Y.

**St. John's School**

Prepares Boys for College and Business. Military Training. Supervised Study and Athletics. Separate school for boys under 13. Fully Accredited.  
William Addison Ranney, Principal, Ossining, N. Y.

**MT. PLEASANT HALL**

Day and Boarding School for Junior boys. Elementary through second year high school. One hour from New York City in beautiful Westchester County. Progress assured. Limited enrollment. Personal care. Supervised recreation. Year-round.  
WM. F. CARNET, Headmaster, Box R, Ossining-on-Hudson, N. Y.

**The MOHONK SCHOOL**

A boarding school for boys from 10 years to College age. College Preparatory and Business Courses. Health and Outdoor life stressed. For catalog address: Jerome F. Kidder, Box R, Mohonk Lake, New York

**MACKENZIE for BOYS**

CERTIFICATE PRIVILEGES  
26 years successful preparation for college or business. All Athletics. Winter Sports. (Also Summer School.) Seventy-five minutes from N. Y. C. Catalog:—Box R, Monroe, N. Y.

**KYLE SCHOOL**

For 50 boys 6 to 16. Beautiful location. 22 miles from New York. 39th year. "Your school looks so homelike"—visitors' expression. Summer camp in the Catskills.  
DR. PAUL KYLE  
Box 90, Irvington-on-Hudson, New York

**COOK ACADEMY**

Preparation for college or commercial life. Graduates make successful college students. In Finger Lake country. Excellent health record. All sports. Football team won every game last year. Glee club. Band. Public speaking. 55th year. Catalog: The Principal, Box R, Mendon Falls, N. Y.

**WESTCHESTER MILITARY ACADEMY**

Overlooking the Hudson River at a high elevation. Large Campus. All sports. Academic, preparatory and business courses. Excellent staff. Tuition \$650 yearly.  
JAMES NELSON MCURE, Headmaster  
Box R, Peekskill-on-Hudson, New York

## NEW YORK CITY—BOYS

**HAMILTON INSTITUTE**  
37th Year FOR BOYS Sept. 27th  
Grammar school and college preparatory.  
BUS SERVICE—OUTING CLASS  
347 West 87th. Schuyler 5255

## MIDDLE ATLANTIC STATES—BOYS

**Raymond Riordon School**  
Primary through College Preparatory. Fully Certified. Limited enrollment.  
"Not Merely a Private School"  
HIGHLAND, ULSTER COUNTY, N. Y.

**THE HUN SCHOOL**

OUR Junior Dept. for boys 10-15 and separate Senior Dept. for older boys have facilities of ability and wide experience. This school gives thorough preparation for college. Boys get in—stay in—and make good. Let us tell you why. John G. Hus, Ph. D., 191 Stockton St., Princeton, N. J.

**BORDENTOWN MILITARY INSTITUTE**

Thorough preparation for college or business. Efficient faculty, small classes, individual attention. Boys taught how to study. R.O.T.C. 44th year. Catalogue. Col. T. D. Landon, Box C-36, Bordentown-on-the-Deleware, N. J.

**NEWTON ACADEMY**

NEWTON, NEW JERSEY  
College and business preparatory. Upper and lower schools. Boys admit up to seventeen years of age. 7th year. Moderate rates. Catalogue.  
LAURENCE W. DE MOTTE, Headmaster

**FREEHOLD MILITARY SCHOOL**

for boys 7 to 15. Modified military training—inculcates obedience, orderliness, self-control. The school with the personal touch. Est. 1901. Catalog.  
MAJOR CHAS. M. DUNCAN, Box 1218, Freehold, N. J.

**RUTGERS PREPARATORY SCHOOL**

AN ACCREDITED College-Preparatory School. 100 boys. 30 miles from New York. 103rd year. Box R. William P. Kelly, Headmaster, New Brunswick, N. J.

**PEDDIE**

Emphasizes preparation for College Entrance Board Examinations. Six Forms including two grammar grades. Boys from 30 states. Modern buildings. 60 acres. Athletics for every boy. 63rd year.  
Box 12-F, Hightstown, N. J.

**KINGSLEY SCHOOL**

Day and boarding. College preparatory for boys. 22 miles from N. Y. C. Senior and Junior Schools. For catalog address The Headmaster, Box R, Essex Fells, N. J.

**BLAIR ACADEMY**

CHARLES H. BREED, Ed. D., Headmaster  
For catalog address  
BOX A BLAIRSTOWN, NEW JERSEY

**PENNINGTON**

Develops your boy into the man you'd like him to be. Exceptional record in college and life. Instruction for over 19 years. All athletics. 8 miles from Princeton. Moderate rates—no extras. Send for catalog. Franklin Harvey Green, A. M., Litt. D., Headmaster, Box 20, Pennington, N. J.

**WENONAH MILITARY ACADEMY**

12 miles from Philadelphia. College entrance, business and special courses. Horsemanship under instruction of Equitation. Special school for Juniors. For Catalog and View Book write to the Registrar, Box 404, Wenonah, New Jersey.

**PRINCETON PREPARATORY SCHOOL**

Preparatory for all colleges. Rapid progress. Limited number of pupils and freedom from rigid class organization. Excellent equipment. Special attention to athletics and moral welfare. New gym. 55th year. For catalog address Box B, Princeton, N. J.

**DEVITTE MILITARY ACADEMY**

\$50 monthly. Boys 6 to 14. Modified military training, open 19 mos. 22 miles from N. Y. C. 60 acres. Summer camp.  
Maj. L. Devitte, Box H, Morgantown, N. J.

**DONALDSON**

An Episcopal School in the Blue Ridge foothills, near Baltimore and Washington. For Boys 10-14 years. High scholastic standing. College preparation, 165 acres. All athletics. New fireproof dormitory.  
Richard W. Bomberger, M. A., Headmaster, Box 35, Heister, Md.

**TOME**

National Patronage  
of over 200 boys. Prepares for All Colleges. Fully Accredited. Magnificent Equipment. Single Rooms, Gym, Pool. One teacher to every eight boys.  
Address: Murray P. Brush, Ph. D., Box 60, Port Deposit, Md.



## MIDDLE ATLANTIC STATES—BOYS

## Valley Forge Military Academy

Owned and operated by the Valley Forge Military Academy. Thorough preparation for college or business. Classical, scientific, commercial courses. Athletics. Polo, golf, bowling, tennis, billiard, etc. 45 acres. Cavalry. Near Philadelphia. Catalog. The Superintendent, Devon, Pa.

## SWARTHMORE

PREPARATORY SCHOOL FOR BOYS  
Thorough preparation for any college. Separate Lower School for boys aged 8 to 13. Write for catalog to Registrar, Box 1218, Swarthmore, Penna.

## HARRISBURG ACADEMY 145TH YEAR

Prepares for all colleges; experienced teachers; small classes; ideal location; new plant including junior, middle and senior departments. Large campus, fine playing fields and courts. Arthur E. Brown, Headmaster, Box R, Harrisburg, Pa.

## MAPLEWOOD

home school  
Boys 6 to 15 years. New school property of 90 acres farmland, woods, stone buildings. Moderate rates. Excellent table. Individual thorough training. Only one, J. C. Shortridge, A. B. Harvard, Box 37, West Chester, Pa.

## FRANKLIN AND MARSHALL ACADEMY

A Widely Recognized, Moderately Priced, Preparatory School. Wholesome School Life and Sports. Unusual Equipment and Location. 1900 Boys Prepared for College in the last 80 years. E. M. Hartman, Pa. D., Principal, Box R, LANCASTER, PENNA.

## CARSON LONG

Rate \$500  
\$2nd  
How to learn, how to labor, how to live.

A Military School, 5th Grade to College. In the mountains midway between New York and Pittsburgh. Individual instruction. Enjoying now its greatest years. Box 18, New Bloomfield, Pa.

## CHESTNUT HILL

All graduates have entered college without condition for three years. Excellent health record. Complete equipment. Junior and Senior Schools. Near Philadelphia. T. R. Hyde, M. A. (Tale), Box R, Chestnut Hill, Pa.

## NAZARETH HALL

Founded 1718. A famous old military academy. Moderate rates. Preparation for College and business. Junior School. Personal attention, in class and athletics. Gymnasium. Pool. Week in camp. Rev. A. D. Theodor, D. D., Box 90, Nazareth, Pa.

## PERKIOMEN A SCHOOL OF OPPORTUNITY

For the boy who wants to Make Good  
High Academic Standards. 125 Perkiomen Boys now in 50 different colleges. Industrious spirit. General School Life. Careful supervision. Thorough training for every boy. Junior School with home care. Moderate rates. Oscar S. Kriebel, D. D., Principal, Box 123, Pottsville, Pa.

## KISKIMINETAS

A school for earnest boys, where progress depends on ability—and the "Kiaki Plan". Write for it. Kiskiminetas School, Box 924, Saltsburg, Pa.

## MAINE TO CALIFORNIA

There are representative schools of all types from Maine to California, the Great Lakes to the Gulf listed in these pages. They invite correspondence.

The Department of Education of THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE for a number of years has devoted the time of its trained staff to visiting and reporting upon Private Residential Schools throughout the country. We have data on good schools of every type for every type of pupil.

When help is needed we are glad to assist our readers, without charge. In writing, please give age, previous education, and religious affiliation of the boy or girl, type of school, location and tuition rate desired. Enclose a stamped return envelope and write today to

The Director, Department of Education  
THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE  
420 Lexington Avenue New York City

## SOUTHERN STATES—BOYS

## STAUNTON MILITARY ACADEMY

One of the most distinguished schools in America preparing for Universities, Government Academies, Business. Superior disciplinary training equalled by academic excellence. Col. Theo. H. Russell, R. S., L.D., President, Box R (Cable Station), Staunton, Va.

## Randolph-Macon Academy Front Royal, Va.

College preparatory school for boys. New fireproof buildings. Modern equipment. Healthy Shenandoah valley, 80 miles from Washington. Swimming pool. Summer camp. Moderate rates. Address: Charles L. Meiton, A.M., Box 425, Front Royal, Va.

## MILITARY HARGRAVE ACADEMY

High scholastic standards at low cost. Prepares for college and business. Christian influence. Non-sectarian. Junior Dept. for boys 10-14. Excellent athletic equipment. Catalog. A. H. Camden, A. B., Pres., Box R, Chatham, Va.

## FISHBURNE MILITARY SCHOOL

Home-like atmosphere. Supervised studies. Classes averaging 10. Admits all certificate holders without examination. All sports with individual equipment. Every boy can be on a Team. R. O. T. C. under U. S. Govt. 40th year. Catalog: Col. M. H. Hagdin, Box R, Waynesboro, Va.

## RANDOLPH-MACON ACADEMY BEDFORD, VIRGINIA

Beautiful mountain location at southern end of Shenandoah. Prepares for college or business. Large dormitories. Low rates—liberal endowment. Modern gymnasium and swimming pool. All sports. Catalog. Col. Wm. R. Phelps, Principal, Box R, Bedford, Va.

## GREENBRIER MILITARY SCHOOL

Accredited. New fireproof buildings. New white sulphur springs. All sports. Address: Box R, C.D.L. M. B. Moore, Lewisburg, W. Virginia.

## LEE SCHOOL In the heart of The Blue Ridge

College Preparatory Small classes. Outdoor life. 1600 Acre estate. Gymnasium, Swimming Pool. Write for catalog illustrating unusual site and equipment. J. A. Peoples, Headmaster, Box R, Blue Ridge, N.C.

## Gulf Coast Military Academy

Skilled instructors; personal supervision; wholesome atmosphere. Graduates accredited at Eastern colleges. Two departments—Junior 6 to 14; Senior 14 and over. On beach. Open-air sleeping quarters. Non-sectarian. Open year-round. Write for catalog. R. D. Galtport, Miss.

## RIVERSIDE

Graduates enter college without examinations. Military Govt. aided. "Character First." Mountain lake; largest gym in South; swimming pool. Near Atlanta. Ages 10 to 20. Catalog. Box R, Gainesville, Georgia.

## Georgia Military Academy

One of the South's Most Splendidly Equipped Prep Schools. Open nine months in regular session and two months, July and August, Camp Highland Lake, near Hendersonville, N. C. For catalog, address Col. J. C. Woodward, College Park, Ga. (6 miles from Atlanta.)

## KENTUCKY MILITARY INSTITUTE

Oldest mil. school in America for Boys 8 to 19. Fully accredited all colleges, tutorial attention. R. O. T. C. Horseback Riding, Swimming, etc. 11 Miles from Louisville. Catalog: Box R, LYNDON, KY.

## TENNESSEE MILITARY INSTITUTE

Satisfied patrons in 44 states. Exceptional success with boys who enter college. Experienced faculty. Near Knoxville. Year-round sports. Swimming pool. Band. Christian principles. R. O. T. C. Moderate charges. Catalog. Colonel C. R. Endrey, Superintendent, Box 152, Sweetwater, Tenn.

## JUNIOR Military Academy

Like home in care. Kindergarten through 8th grade. Teacher to every 8 boys. Modified military system. Modern equipment. 63 miles east of Nashville. Open 12 mos. Moderate rates. Headmaster, Box R, Bloomington Springs, Tenn.

## COLUMBIA MILITARY ACADEMY

Courses prepare for any college. Best plant in South. All athletics, golf and swimming pool. R. O. T. C. Write for catalog. Box 504, Columbia, Tenn.

## CASTLE HEIGHTS MILITARY ACADEMY

The South's most splendidly equipped school for boys. Prepares for all colleges and universities. R. O. T. C. Physical Culture system endorsed by Bernard Macfadden. Swimming and Riding. For catalog, write to Col. W. F. H. Godson, Jr., Supt., Drawer R, Lebanon, Tenn.

## Branham &amp; Hughes Military Academy

Ideal school for training boys in moral and physical health and scholarship. New Buildings. Splendid facilities. R. O. T. C. under supervision of U. S. Army Officer. Junior School in separate building. 30 miles south of Nashville. Address Box E, Spring Hill, Tenn.

## WESTERN STATES—BOYS

## LAKE FOREST

NON-MILITARY. Strictly College Preparatory Academy for Boys. On Lake—hour north of Chicago. All Athletics. Endowed. Catalog of J. W. Richards, Box 156, Lake Forest, Ill.

## TODD

for boys 6 to 16, 80th year. 100 boys. Men teachers and house mothers who understand boy nature. Up to date Methods. All Sports. Manual Training. Happy School Life. Hour from Chicago in hill country. CATALOG. Noble Hill, Prin., Box D-1, Woodstock, Ill.

## MORGAN PARK MILITARY ACADEMY

College Preparatory. Separate grade school. Experienced man teacher for every twelve classes. Supervised athletics for each boy. 25-acre campus. 10 buildings. 3 new. Summer Camp. 55th year. Catalog. Col. H. D. Abell, Supt., Box 1828, Morgan Park, Chicago, Ill.

## DAKOTAH SCHOOL FOR BOYS

A home school in the country for boys under 15. Individual care and instruction by college trained teachers. 100 miles N. W. from Chicago. Rates \$900 to \$650. For catalogue address H. K. Baltzer, Box 116, Dakota, Illinois.

## ILLINOIS MILITARY SCHOOL

College preparatory with military training for discipline. Small classes, individual attention. Also separate Junior College. Special courses for young boys. Athletics. Rate \$650. Catalog. Box 13, Alton, Ill.

## ONARGA Military School

ACCREDITED. Trains for character. 4 modernly equipped buildings. 85 miles south of Chicago. Endowed—hence moderate expense. Catalog: Col. J. R. Bittinger, Supt., Dept. R., ONARGA, ILL.

## WESTERN MILITARY ACADEMY

Alton, Ill. Boys taught "how to study." Graduates enter college without examination. Also Business Courses. Individual attention. 8 brick buildings. 80th year. Riding, swimming, etc. Character-building. CATALOG. address Ten Passanary, Box R.

## WENTWORTH MILITARY ACADEMY

43 miles from Kansas City. 48 years of experience in training American youth. High School, Junior College. Catalog. Col. S. Sellers, Box 2128, Lexington, Mo.

## KEMPER MILITARY SCHOOL

Founded 1844. Trains for leadership by a comprehensive system of athletics, military and general activities that reach every boy. An Honor System that builds character. High School and Junior College. For Catalogue address 754 Third St., Booneville, Mo.

## MISSOURI MILITARY ACADEMY

Develops red-blooded American manhood, through carefully co-ordinated military and academic training. Equipment and faculty exceptional. For catalogue address: Col. E. Y. Burton, Pres., Box 124, Mexico, Missouri.

## CULVER MILITARY ACADEMY

(On Lake Maxinkuckee)  
Prepares for any college. Small classes. Unsurpassed equipment. Catalog. The Dean's Office, Culver, Ind.

## A Clean Mind &amp; Sound Body

Highest standards of scholarship and character with wholesome outdoor recreation. Military. R. C. H. Young, S. T. D. Rector. For catalog address The Business Office, Howe, Indiana.

## OHIO Military Institute

95th year. High, beautiful location. Lower school for younger boys. Athletics. Address A. M. Henshaw, Supt., Box 27, College Hill, Cincinnati, Ohio.

## MIAMI Military Institute

Germantown Ohio  
In the Miami River Valley, 14 miles from Dayton. A school of high standards. College preparatory. Military training for manly bearing. Football fields, baseball diamonds. Catalog. Col. Orren Graff Brown, Pres., Box 3128.

## St. John's Military Academy

The American Rugby. Eminently fitted for training American boys. Thorough scholastic and military instruction. Situated on high ground in Waukesha County Lake Region. Catalog. Box 16-M, Delafield, Wis.

## The Association of Military Colleges and Schools of the United States

Illustrated Booklet sent on request.  
Five Park St. (Room 31) Boston, Mass.

## WESTERN STATES—BOYS

**Shattuck School** EPISCOPAL. College preparatory. Business course. Individual attention. Oldest military school in U. S. All athletics—8 coaches. 240 acres. 68th year. Openings for a few students after the Christmas holidays. Catalog. C. W. Newhall, Headmaster, Box R, Fairbault, Minn.

**PILLSBURY ACADEMY FOR BOYS** 52nd year. 19 acres. 7 buildings. Maximum college preparation. Military and Manual Training. Gymnasium. Swimming Pool. Exceptional advantages in vocal and instrumental music. Rate \$700. Catalog. Milo B. Price, Ph.D., Principal, Box 397-G, Owatonna, Minn.

**The VALLEY RANCH School** Valley, Wyoming via Cody  
Thorough Eastern Preparatory School training combined with supervised Western Ranch outdoor life. Christian. Limited. Catalog. Address: Valley Ranch Eastern Office, 70 East 45th St., New York.

**NEW MEXICO MILITARY INSTITUTE** High School and Junior College Every Boy Rides R. O. T. C.  
Colonel D. C. Pearson, Supt. Box S, Roswell, New Mexico

## FAR WEST—BOYS

**PAGE MILITARY ACADEMY**  
A BIG school for little boys. And Page is designed wholly to serve their needs. Matrons give sympathetic motherly attention. Modified military. The largest school of its kind in America. Catalog.  
Major Robert A. Gibbs, Headmaster  
1211 Cochran Ave. Los Angeles, Cal.

**BEVERLY SCHOOL FOR BOYS** "For Sons of Discerning Parents"  
Non-Secretarial and non-military. Sixth grade thru High School. Educators, ministers and laymen on advisory board. Scholarship and sports equitably blended. Annual catalog on request.  
2528 South Virgil Ave. Los Angeles, California

**PALO ALTO Military Academy**  
Exclusively for primary and grammar grades. Homelike. Thoro. Riding, bicycling, swimming and many other health-giving sports. Open 12 months in the year. Summer camp.  
Col. R. P. Kelly, Supt., Box 885-F, Palo Alto, Calif.

**CAL-PREP** CALIFORNIA PREPARATORY SCHOOL FOR BOYS  
An Accredited Preparatory School—Junior College for limited number of students. School—grades five to eight. Thoroughly equipped in every department. Athletics, swimming, riding, music.  
For catalog address Headmaster Box R, Cowana, California.

**T. C. RANCH** A Mountain Boarding School for boys, near San Diego. Sensible curriculum for physical and mental development. Horses, Sun Baths, etc. SPRING VALLEY, CALIF.

## COMMERCE AND BUSINESS

*The Bentley School*

An exceptional school for men who wish to qualify as specialists in accounting and finance. The shortcut to an executive position is through the accounting department. This school has a reputation for turning out an exceptional product.

**TO BE BENTLEY-TRAINED**  
CARRIES PRESTIGE IN BUSINESS  
Men only admitted. High school training or equivalent required. Placement Bureau maintained. No correspondence courses. Excellent dormitory accommodations.

**THE BENTLEY SCHOOL OF ACCOUNTING AND FINANCE**  
The largest school of its kind in the world.  
521 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.  
Harry C. Bentley, C.P.A., President

**RIDER College**

**Pace Institute**  
Day and Evening Professional School of Accountancy, Business Administration, and Secretarial Practice. Weekly field studies of New York Business organizations. Provides intensive technical training for Accountancy (C. P. A. Examinations) and for Business. For Bulletin S, apply to Registrar, 225 Broadway, New York.

**PACKARD** Founded 1888  
**COMMERCIAL SCHOOL**  
Business and Secretarial Courses. Accounting. Correspondence. Graduates in demand. Short intensive course for college people. For catalog address: SECRETARY, 233 Lexington Ave., New York City.

**Business Administration--**  
Accounting—Secretarial—Two-Year Courses. College Grade, for young men and women of executive caliber. Also Shorter Business Courses. Graduates in demand. Send for Special Catalog to F. H. Burdett, Burdett College, BOSTON. Founded 1879. President

**MIAMI-JACOBS COLLEGE**  
Business Administration, Secretarial, Accountancy, etc. Chartered for degrees. Write for catalog.  
W. E. Harbottle, Pres. Dayton, Ohio

**THE BUSINESS INSTITUTE**  
Institute Building 1333 Cass Avenue Detroit, Michigan  
Secretarial, Accounting and Shorter Courses. Individual Advancement. Permanent, free employment service for graduates. Excellent opportunities with the leading automobile companies of America, in Detroit, the "Motor City."  
Write Dept. R.B. for booklet, "A Golden Investment."

**Bryant-Stratton College**  
OF BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION

State authorized to grant degrees  
Box R, PROVIDENCE, R. I.  
Two-Year courses—intensive instruction—equal in semester hours to 4-year university programs. Thorough work. Graduates fill preferred positions. Placement Bureau helps hundreds. Courses in Business Administration, Accountancy and Finance, Secretarial and Teacher-Training. Visiting lectures from leading universities. Sixty-sixth year. Ask for catalog. Mid-year Semester opens Feb. 4th.

**PEIRCE SCHOOL**

of Business Administration  
College-grade courses for young men and young women—Business Administration; Executive-Secretary; Stenographic-Secretary; Accounting and C.P.A. Preparation. Boarding and day students. Proper cultural environment. Write the Registrar for 64th Year Book. Plan St. West of Broad, Philadelphia, Pa.

**BRYANT & STRATTON COLLEGE**  
Complete business training. Advanced courses—Executive Secretarial, Business Administration, Accounting—for high school graduates. Stenographic and business courses—for under graduates.  
Dept. RB, 116 So. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

**GREGG School**  
Prepares young men and women for Stenographic, Secretarial, and Accounting positions. 35 years undisputed leadership. Every graduate placed. Write for Free Book of Facts. Address Principal.  
Gregg School, Dept. R. B., 235 N. Wabash Ave., Chicago

## SECRETARIAL SCHOOLS

**BALLARD SCHOOL**  
CENTRAL BRANCH Y. W. C. A.  
Lexington Ave., At 53rd St., N. Y. C.  
Secretarial Training—Expert instruction. Registration now open. Ballard School graduates always in demand. Estab. 56 years.

**KATHARINE GIBBS SCHOOL**

SECRETARIAL and Executive Training. A School of Unusual Character and Distinctive Purpose. Resident School in Boston.  
Boston New York Providence

**OLD COLONY SCHOOL**

Secretarial and Business Training for Young Women  
One-year course. Resident and day students. Principals, Florence B. LaMoreaux, A. B., Mrs. Margaret V. Fowler.  
315-317 Beacon Street, Boston, Massachusetts

**United States Secretarial School**

327 Fifth Avenue, New York City  
Secretarial & Business Training. Ask for Catalog R.  
Irving Edgar Chase, Director Vanderbilt 2474

**BROWN SCHOOL OF COMMERCE**

Prepares for Private Secretarial and Business Management positions. Send for Booklet  
PLACES GRADUATES  
JOHN J. BROWN, LL. M., Director, 25 W. 45th St., New York

## SCHOOLS OF PHYSICAL EDUCATION

**The Sargent School** For Physical Education  
For Young Women  
Founded 1881 by Dr. D. A. Sargent  
L. W. Sargent, President  
Cambridge, Mass.

**Posse-NISSEN—School of Physical Education**  
For Young Women. 35th year. 3 year regular course. One-year special in medical gymnastics and Swedish massage. Playground work. Intensive summer courses and camp. Dormitories. Apply to Secretary, Box J, 779 Beacon St. Boston, Mass.

**PHYSICAL EDUCATION**  
Two and three year accredited courses preparing young women for positions as Directors of Physical Education. 25th year. Mid-year term opens Feb. 4th, 1929. Chicago Normal School of Physical Education, Box 2128, 5626 Greenwood Ave., Chicago, Ill.

**AMERICAN COLLEGE OF PHYSICAL EDUCATION** ACCREDITED CO-EDUCATIONAL  
2 yr. diploma, 3 and 4 yr. B. P. E. Degree courses. H. S. graduates admitted. Special students accepted. Free placement bureau. Dormitory. Second Semester starts Feb. 5. Dept. R. B. 1019 Diversey Parkway, Chicago, Illinois

**Step INTO A BIG-PAY HOTEL JOB**

**Earn \$2,500 to \$10,000 a Year**

In America's 3rd Largest Industry. Hotels, Clubs, Restaurants, Institutions, Schools, Colleges, Hospitals, etc., are daily calling for Lewis Trained Men and Women. Over 70,000 high-class positions paying \$2,500 to \$10,000 a year open annually in hotels alone. Salaries up to \$3,500 to start.

**BE A HOTEL HOSTESS****We Put You in Touch With Positions**

Without cost let us show you how big pay, fascinating work, quick advancement, can be yours in the great hotel industry. Age is no obstacle—young and old alike have equal chance for success. A common school education is all you need with the amazing Lewis System of Training in Hotel Operation.

**Previous Experience Unnecessary**

Hundreds of Lewis Students are winning success. Totally unacquainted with hotel work before taking the Lewis Course, Anna M. Rall is now House-keeper of an Easton, Pa., Hotel. H. Y. Blake became Manager of a beautiful hotel in Tampico, 3 months after enrolling for the Lewis Course. YOU can do as well. Low cost—easy terms—money back agreement. Write today for Free Book, "Your Big Opportunity," and complete details, mailed without obligation.

LEWIS HOTEL TRAINING SCHOOLS  
Hall BE-139 Washington, D. C.

**OPPORTUNITY COUPON**

Name.....  
Address.....  
City.....State.....

These schools invite requests for catalogues and information. In writing for catalogues, please mention THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE.



SCHOOLS OF NURSING

NURSES' TRAINING SCHOOL



PREPARE for woman's noblest profession in one of the country's greatest hospitals. Close affiliation with Long Island College Hospital supplies our exceptional equipment and instruction, insuring broadest possible experience. 30 months' course. Maintenance and liberal allowance while learning. Vacations. Two years of high school required. Ages 18-35. For booklet address Miss Mildred Constantine, Director of Nurses, 210th Street & Jerome Ave., N. Y.

MONTEFIORE HOSPITAL

Prospect Heights Hospital (Accredited)

165 beds. 30 minutes from theatre and shopping district New York City, offers 2 1/4 year course in Nursing to young women having 18 or more years of high school. \$15.00 per month during training, uniforms furnished. Apply Director of Nursing, 778 Washington Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Overlook Hospital Training School for Nurses,

Summit, N. J., twenty miles from New York City Accredited School, two years and eight months course. Fifteen and twenty dollars a month allowance. Advantages: City and suburban life, recreation, a full nursing curriculum under qualified instructors, modern and well equipped hospital and home nursing training furnished. For information write to the SUPERINTENDENT OF NURSES.

The Woman's Hospital of Philadelphia

One year High School minimum requirement—course three years—Accredited Training School—Class A Hospital—Inc. 1861. C. K. Swank, R.N., Directress of Nurses, 2137 N. College Ave., Philadelphia, Penn.

Mt. Sinai Hospital CHICAGO ILL.

School of Nursing

Offers a 3-year Course in Nursing in an accredited non-sectarian school. Young women with High School education. Allowance \$15.00 per month and maintenance. Scholarship to Columbia. Classes start September and February. Write Dora Levine, R. N., Director of Nurses.

CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL OF MICHIGAN—Detroit

An accredited School of Nursing, offers to high school graduates a three year course. New hospital and attractive residence with single rooms. Maintenance, text books, and small allowance given. Affiliations provided. Margaret A. Rogers, Principal, 5224 St. Antoine St., Detroit, Michigan

HOSPITAL LABORATORY SCHOOL

6 Months intensive training in hospital laboratory work. An ideal education for women. Mary Louise, Director. Free tuition, maintenance, and small allowance given. No previous experience necessary. INSTITUTE graduates located all over the country. Send for Catalog R.

NORTHWEST INSTITUTE OF MEDICAL TECHNOLOGY

3408 East Lake St., Minneapolis, Minn.

TRAINING SCHOOL FOR NURSES

(Accredited)

Lake View Hospital offers a three year course in general nursing to high school graduates over 18. Free maintenance and monthly allowance. Nurses' home owned and operated by hospital. Located on beautiful North Side. For information write Superintendent of Nurses, Dept. R. B., 4420 Clarence Avenue, Chicago.

Washington Boulevard Hospital

Take a course in our accredited School of Nursing. Three years study, eight hour duty, delightful living quarters. Requirements: High School Diploma or equivalent. Free tuition, maintenance, monthly allowance. Write for Bulletin, to SUPERINTENDENT OF NURSES, Dept. R. B., 2449 Washington Blvd., Chicago, Illinois

Henrotin Hospital

Young women interested in the nursing profession. The Chicago Polytechnic Training School for nurses of the Henrotin Hospital offers a 3 year course. Graduates eligible for State Registration in U. S. Comfortable home with board, laundry provided. Monthly allowance. Write T. L. Chicago. (Dept. of Nurses for particulars.)

DOUGLAS PARK MATERNITY HOSPITAL

Offers a twelve months course in Obstetrical nursing. Allowance, room, board, washing.

1900 S. Kedzie Ave., Chicago, Ill.

PROFESSIONAL SCHOOL

Learn Laboratory Technique:

It offers wonderful opportunity; interesting and very remunerative career. Study in an accredited medical professional laboratory. Excellent equipment, efficient instructors. Training 6 months. Courses open to physicians and non-medical persons. Also shorter courses by appointment. Students may enroll on the first of any month. Courses: Clinical Pathology, Bacteriology, Blood Chemistry, Serology, Basic Metabolism, Radiology, Physio-Therapy.

Gradwohl School of Laboratory Technique

3514 Lucas Avenue St. Louis, Missouri

KINDERGARTEN TRAINING

KINDERGARTEN & PRIMARY TRAINING

34th Year. Accredited. High School graduates admitted. 3 1/2 year diploma. Study in residence. A Bachelors degree semester starts January 27. Address registrar for illustrated bulletins. Dept. 8, CHICAGO TEACHERS COLLEGE—504 Wrightwood Ave., Chicago

UNIVERSITY



Courses of Liberal Arts and Sciences; Teachers College; School of Commerce; Professional Courses in Theology, Law, Dentistry, Medicine, Pharmacy, Chiropractic and Music. Training School for Nurses, with degree; special courses for School and Health work. Positions secured for those who wish to earn a salary here. Write for catalog stating course desired. Address Box E.

These schools invite requests for catalogues and information.

MUSIC, ART, ORATORY, DRAMATIC ART AND DANCING

NED WAYBURN

Conducts Day and Evening Classes in

EVERY TYPE OF DANCING for STAGE and SOCIAL AFFAIRS

...at surprisingly low cost

Special classes for Reducing and Building up. Home Study Course for those who cannot come to the studios—costumes, scenery and electrical equipment for rent. Entertainment Bureau. Call or write for information desired. Booklets FREE.

NED WAYBURN STUDIOS OF STAGE DANCING, Inc.

1841 Broadway (Entrance on 8th St.) New York City at Columbus Circle Studio VT. Open all year round, 9 A. M. to 10 P. M., except Sundays. Closed Saturdays at 6 P. M. Phone Columbia 2500

The Aliene 35th YEAR DRAMA-DANCE

ELOCUTION, MUSICAL COMEDY, PHOTO-PLAY Art of SINGING. Elective Courses for Stage, Teaching, Directing, and Personal Culture (Appearance while learning) Student Book Co. and Art Theatre Street Personality, Artistry, Debuts and Placements. Pupils—Mary Pickford, The Astaire, Lee Tracy, Dolly Sisters, Laurette Taylor and others. Advisory Directors: Wm. S. Brady, Sir John Maria Harvey, J. J. Shubert. Catalogue of study desired mailed free.

Aliene University, 66 W. 85th St., N. Y. (East 2)

INTERIOR-DECORATION

Four Months' Practical Training Course. Also Complete Professional and Design Courses. Spring term starts February 4th. Send for Catalog 9-R. Also Home Study Course starts at once.

Send for booklet 9-D

The N. Y. School of Interior Decoration

578 Madison Avenue New York City

GRAND CENTRAL SCHOOLS/ART

Individual talent developed by successful modern artists. Drawing, Painting, Sculpture, Commercial and Applied Arts. Interior Decoration. Credits given. Day and evening classes. Catalogue.

7812 Grand Central Terminal New York City

N. Y. SCHOOL OF FINE AND APPLIED ART

REGISTER FOR JANUARY FRANK ALVAN PARSONS, Free Book About Our Plan to Save a Half Year. Interior Architecture and Decoration: Stairs and Costume Design; Illustration and Advertising Design: Teachers Training, Life and Painting; also Evening and Saturday Evening Courses. Address Secretary, 322 Broadway, New York, 9 Place des Vosges, Paris. CATALOGUES

MARYLAND INSTITUTE

1825-1925 BALTIMORE, MD.

Courses in Fine Arts. Teacher Training. Advertising and Costume Design. Interior Decoration. Stage Craft, Occupational Therapy, etc. Rinehart School of Sculpture. Catalogue on request.

THE ART INSTITUTE OF PITTSBURGH

Illustration, Advertising Art, Painting, Fashions, Magazine, etc. Taught by professional artists. Half usual time. Cultural environment. Supervised student residence. Also "Home Study." Postcards for graduates ready. SEND FOR CATALOG. 547 Sixth Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

The School of Famous Graduates

597-599 FIFTH AVENUE (NEW YORK)

FASHION ACADEMY

Costume Design for trade, screen and stage; individual instruction; direction of

EMIL ALVIN HARTMAN

America's Foremost Instructor of Fashion Art

NEW YORK—PARIS 18 East 32nd Street, Fifth Avenue, NEW YORK CITY

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF ART

Illustration, Advertising Art, Interior Decor. Dormitories. Catalog. Address: Secretary, 230 E. Ohio St., Chicago

AMERICAN ACADEMY OF ART

Practical "Study Studio" instruction in Advertising Art, Illustration, Life, Lettering and Design, Fashions, Interior Decoration, Layout and Art Directing. Ask for our new "Study Studio" Catalog.

Harry I. Timmins, Frank H. Young, Directors.

396 S. WABASH AVENUE, CHICAGO, DEPT. R

LAYTON SCHOOL OF ART

LAYTON ART GALLERY, MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Courses in Painting and Sculpture, Commercial Art, Teacher Training, Interior, Costume, and Industrial Design. Next Term begins February 11. For illustrated catalog address

CHARLOTTE R. PARTRIDGE, Director

Dept. R. M. 439 Jefferson St., Milwaukee, Wis.

COMMERCIAL ART

for Advertising, Fashions, Magazines, etc. Noted Artists. In half usual time. Dormitories. All graduates placed.

Free Folder. Versatile School of Art, Box R, 398 N. Michigan St., Chicago.

Institute of Musical Art of the

Juilliard School of Music

Frank Damrosch, director. All branches of music. For students of ability and serious purpose. Catalog.

120 Claremont Ave., New York, N. Y.

AMERICAN ACADEMY OF DRAMATIC ARTS

Founded 1884 by Franklin H. Sargent

For 44 Years the Leading Institution for Dramatic and Expressional Training

Prepares for Teaching Directing

Develops Poise and Personality

Midwinter Term begins January 15th

Extension Dramatic Courses in co-operation with COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

Catalog describing all Courses from Room 177-N, CARNEGIE HALL, New York

112-A Carnegie Hall, NEW YORK Circle 1786

FEAGIN SCHOOL OF DRAMATIC ART

Acting-Directing-Producing-Teaching-Entertaining-Public Speaking. Diction, Pantomime, Fencing, Stagecraft, Develops Personality. Evening Classes. Children's Class. Enrollment open.

112-A Carnegie Hall, NEW YORK Circle 1786

JOHN MURRAY ANDERSON—ROBERT MILTON

SCHOOL OF THE THEATRE AND DANCE

COURSES IN ACTING AND STAGECRAFT DANCING OF ALL TYPES

A Responsible Person Desired to Represent School in each City

128 East 58th St. (Plaza 4524) New York

Williams School of Expression and Dramatic Art

Teachers', Lyceum, Dramatic and Personal Culture Courses. Collegiate courses in English and Pedagogy. Degrees. Gymnasium, Theatre, Dormitories. Next entering term will be January 24, 1929. Catalog.

115 DeWitt Park, Ithaca, N. Y.

The National School of ELOCUTION

The oldest chartered School of Expression in America. Degrees granted. Public Speaking, Physical Training, English, Dramatic Art, Professional and Finishing Course. Dormitories. For Catalog, address B. C. SHREVE, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. 4816-12 Second Street.

NEW ENGLAND CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

THE OLDEST AND FOREMOST AMERICAN SCHOOL OF MUSIC. RALPH L. FLANDERS, Gen. Mgr., Huntington Ave., Boston, Mass. Send for Descriptive Booklet.

DUNNING SYSTEM of Improved Music Study, Inc.

Only systematized plan for teaching endorsed by Loebehtsky. It makes you a specialist. Best investment both musically and financially. Full information.

8 W. 40th St., New York City

ITHACA CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

Special advantages for those who look forward to concert or educational work. All branches of musical instruction. Degrees. Dormitories. Two, three and four year courses. Spring term begins January 24, 1929. Send for catalogue.

15 DeWitt Park, Ithaca, N. Y.

THE COMBS CONSERVATORY, Phila.

Accredited—44th year. Member National Association Schools of Music. All branches. Degrees. Normal Training. Public School Music. Supervised Practice. Technical Classes. 4 Pupils' Recitals a week. 2 Pupils' Symphony Orchestras. Dormitories. G. R. COMBS, Director, Box R, 121 E. Broad Street.

AMERICAN CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

Accredited. Certificates, Diplomas, Degrees granted by authority, State of Illinois. All branches of Music and Dramatic Art. Dormitory accommodations. 40th year, under new.

Address for free catalog.

John J. Mattsstadt, Pres. 354 Kimball Hall, Chicago

BUSH CONSERVATORY—CHICAGO

AN INSTITUTION OF NATIONAL PROMINENCE

teaching MUSIC, Dramatic Art, Expression, Opera, Languages, Dancing, 125 instructors, special courses for teachers and students. We own our dormitories. Enroll NOW.

R. B. Schweitzer, 639 North Dearborn Street, Chicago

DETROIT INSTITUTE OF MUSICAL ART

MICHIGAN'S FOREMOST SCHOOL OF MUSIC

All Branches of Music. Accredited. Diplomas and Degrees. Free Catalog. 8 p. 8 - 52 Nelson Ave. Detroit, Mich.

Boillotat Music Studios

Piano, viola, voice, theory and composition. art. Certificates and diploma. Training classes for those wishing to specialise in private or class teaching.

Address H. Nelson Boillotat, Mus. Bac. 1181-1182 Wurlitzer Bldg. 1509 Broadway, Detroit, Mich.

Cincinnati Conservatory of Music, Inc.

EST. 1867

Bertha Bear, President. Send for complete free catalog describing this unique school of international reputation. Noted faculty—all branches—degrees. R. T. HOWARD, Registrar, CINCINNATI, OHIO.

These schools invite requests for catalogues and information.

In writing for catalogues, please mention THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE.

# Now YOU CAN WRITE SHORTHAND IN THE PLAIN A-B-C's

## No Need to Learn a Whole "Foreign Language" of Signs and Symbols

**W**HY have you never learned shorthand? Isn't it because you felt that it would take months and months of study and involve considerable expense, as well?

Do you know that, according to government statistics, 88% of those who do expend their time and money on ordinary shorthand fail to use it! Think of the discouragements—the blighted business careers! Typists and clerks unable to advance to positions with larger salaries, because they simply never could master all those intricate signs and symbols!

Now, a remarkable new system makes it possible for *anyone* to learn to write shorthand in an astonishingly short time! This system employs only the familiar letters of the alphabet, that you have always known. It is so simple that you can master its basic principles in your own home in a single hour of study. So compact that in three to six weeks, at home, you can become a proficient Speedwriter. So efficient that you can attain, in that time or less, a far greater speed than many writers of other systems ever attain, even after years and years of practice!



"I wanted to make a start in the business world, but the thought of the time I must spend on shorthand discouraged me. Then I heard of Speedwriting! Six weeks later I started to work in a lawyer's office, taking all his dictation."  
Margaret E. Streeter,  
Pawtucket, R. I.



"Knowing all the characters before you start, is like beginning halfway through your course! Just two months' study of Speedwriting netted me a better position, and a much larger salary!"  
Anne Bohack,  
Yonkers, New York.

### Mail Coupon for Free Book

Speedwriting, Inc., Dept. RM-901,  
200 Madison Ave., New York City, N. Y.

Without obligation please send me your illustrated book "Speedwriting" and complete details about this new, natural shorthand.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

State.....

I am interested in Speedwriting for: Stenography ( ) Engineering ( ) In Executive Work ( ) Reporting ( ) Professional ( ) Clerical ( )



Executives find Speedwriting valuable for saving time and increasing efficiency.



Miss Emma B. Dearborn, originator of Speedwriting, for eighteen years taught practically every known system of shorthand, in such distinguished educational institutions as Columbia University, the University of California, Rochester Business Institute, and Simmons College, Boston. She saw how very unsatisfactory the old systems were—what a crying need there was for something easier, shorter, more practical.

## Speedwriting

The NATURAL SHORTHAND

**EVERYWHERE** this new shorthand has been greeted with enthusiastic approval. Presidents of great corporations, high salaried executives, sales managers, ministers, reporters, lawyers, engineers, teachers—men and women in all the professions and all lines of business, as well as those just preparing to enter the business world—all unite in their praises of Speedwriting.

Miss Emma B. Dearborn, eminent authority on shorthand, is the originator of this wonderful new system. Speedwriting is simply a scientific condensation of the English language, based upon natural habits of speech. No more accurate or more legible shortened method of recording thought has ever been devised. Speedwriting notes can be read years afterward by anyone familiar with the system. They can be written either with pencil or on the typewriter.

### Full Details Free!

This booklet will tell you just how Speedwriting can save time, eliminate drudgery and increase efficiency in your particular line of work, whether you are an executive, a professional or business man or woman, an experienced stenographer or a beginner. Mail the coupon NOW!

**SPEEDWRITING, Inc.**

Dept. RM-901, 200 Madison Ave.

New York City, N. Y.



## Electricity

Is the most wonderful power of the present day. Master it, and you have mastered the best-paying calling of this "live-wire" century.

We teach Electricity practically in our seven-story school building, the most completely and expensively equipped of its kind in the world. Booklet "E. FREE. Write for it TODAY. Forty-eight pages that are richly illustrated and deeply interesting. Day and night sessions.

The New York Electrical School  
37 West 17th St., New York.

## BODEE INSTITUTE



A Vocational Trade School Offering Unusual Advantages to Men 18 to 50 who desire to enter a High Salaried Trade

Steady demand now and always will be because it is a human necessity. EARN UP TO \$4000 A YEAR—salary of business of your own if preferred. Easily learned in three to six months by actual practice—you learn by doing—no entrance examinations—no previous training necessary. Remarkably low cost—entrance fees as low as \$15. Railroad fare to nearest school included. Fast time positions if necessary to earn while learning. Send for Catalog No. 9, the facts will convince you.

A REAL OPPORTUNITY—INVESTIGATE NOW  
New York 1785 Broadway Philadelphia 1305 North Broad St. Brooklyn 85 Court St.



## LEARN A TRADE Be Independent

Easy to Learn Watchmaking and watch and clock repairing by our practical method of individual training

EARN UP TO \$100 a Week

Free Book Learn in few months to fill big pay job or start your own business. Big shortage of trained watchmakers. Day or evening school. No books or classes. You can earn part of your tuition on actual repair work you do in school. Write for free book.  
NATIONAL SCHOOL OF WATCHMAKING  
1348 S. Michigan Ave. Dept. 45, Chicago, Ill.

## MISCELLANEOUS

**PAINT SIGNS and SHOW CARDS**

We quickly teach you by mail or at school, in spare time. No previous experience needed. Big future. Interesting work. Oldest and foremost school.

**EARN \$50 TO \$200 WEEKLY**

John Vassar, N. Y., gets \$25 for signs; Edgar Ford, Crawford, N. Y., writes: "Earned \$200 while taking course. Don't delay. Send today for complete information, samples and guarantee."

**DETROIT SCHOOL OF LETTERING**  
170 Stinson Ave. Est. 1899 DETROIT, MICH.

Free Information on SCHOOLS  
THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS  
SCHOOL AND COLLEGE BUREAU  
Dept. A. 15 N. Wells St., Chicago, Illinois

**STAMMERING** is a disease of the mind and cannot be cured unless treated as such. This is my method. It is characterized by success. Let me tell you how and why. Private, personal instruction.  
W. E. Bassett, 254 West 54th St., New York City

**STAMMERING** easily, permanently corrected. Win happiness and success. Ask for full information and special phonograph record. Send dime for postage.  
12074 Woodward Ave., The LEWIS INSTITUTE, Detroit

## STAMMERING

PERMANENTLY corrected at the Bogue Institute. Founded 1901. Scientific training. Results guaranteed. Attractive, homelike dormitories, recreation rooms, etc. Limited enrollment. Mail coupon now.

Bogue Institute for Stammerers, 10733 Bogue Bldg., 1147 N. Illinois St., Indianapolis, Ind.

Without obligation on my part, please send me complete information regarding your scientific cure for stammerers.

Name.....

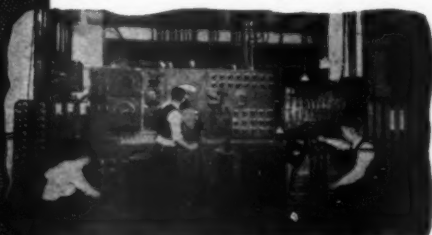
Address.....



# Learn Electricity By Actual work—not Books in 12 weeks at Coyne



*Students Doing Actual Work on  
Power Transmission Apparatus*



*Students Working on Massive  
A. C. Control Equipment.*



*Students Practicing House-Wiring  
In Skeleton Houses*

**Learn to Earn \$65 to \$200 a Week!  
Or Go In Business for  
Yourself and Make \$3,500  
to \$15,000 a Year**

Yes, 3 months at the *Great School of Coyne*, located in Chicago, The Electrical Center of the World, will make you an *Electrical Expert* capable of commanding big pay. The whole world of electricity is open to the practical man—the man who has had actual experience with electrical apparatus. Coyne gives you a practical training on the greatest outlay of electrical apparatus of any institution in the World, everything from door bells to power plants.

## **Not a Correspondence School**

We don't make you a mere "paper" electrician. We train you by practice on our mammoth outlay of actual equipment. We train you in house-wiring by having you do it exactly as it is done outside—not just by reading about it. The same applies to armature winding, power plant operating, motor installations, automotive work and hundreds of other electrical jobs. That's why we can train you to become a *Master Electrical Expert*.

## **Learn by Doing—Not by Books**

The Coyne practical course is not books, or useless theory. We train you to work with your head and hands on the same kind of electrical apparatus as you will find "out in the field." Age, lack of experience or education is no drawback. Our students range from 16 to 60 years of age. Coyne gives you Free a Life Scholarship which enables you to stay as long as you want without extra charge or return later for more practice, and assists you to a position after graduation. We also include Free a course in radio.

## **EARN WHILE YOU LEARN!**

*We help students to secure jobs to earn a good part of their living expenses while studying and give you lifetime employment service after graduation.*

**Send For Free Book**

Send for the Big Free Book which shows the Great School of Coyne and a great part of our massive electrical equipment. You will be convinced that the only place to get a practical electrical training is in the Great School of Coyne.

**COYNE ELECTRICAL SCHOOL**  
H. C. LEWIS, President  
500 S. Paulina St., Dept. 98-80, Chicago, Ill.

**FILL IN ~MAIL TODAY**

H. C. LEWIS, President  
Coyne Electrical School  
500 S. Paulina Street, Dept. 98-80, Chicago

Dear Sir: Please send me free your big catalog and full particulars of your special offer.

Name.....

Address.....



## "Grace, I'm Earning \$3,600 a Year!"

"YES I'm assistant manager of the Green Parrot Tea Room now. The work is simply fascinating, and I am making nearly \$70 a week in salary and bonus. How did it happen? All through ambition and a little ad, Grace."

### Manage a Tea Room

Amazing opportunities now opening everywhere in the rapidly growing tea room field. Splendid salaries—fascinating work. We teach you entire business in spare time at home, and show you how to earn while you learn. We put you in touch with positions. Be independent. Write for fascinating 44-page book, "Pouring Tea for Profit." Mail the success coupon today!

#### SUCCESS COUPON

Lewis Tea Room Institute,  
Dept. BE-182, Washington, D. C.  
Please send me without obligation, your free 44 page book, "Pouring Tea for Profit."  
Name.....  
Address.....  
City.....State.....

**EARN UP TO \$125<sup>00</sup> A WEEK**

Making crowns, bridges, plates, etc., for dentists. You can learn **MECHANICAL DENTISTRY** in a few months by our practical personal training. **NO BOOKS OR CLASSES.** Start your own dental laboratory or secure big pay employment. **\$4,000 DENTISTS REQUIRE MORE McCARRIE TRAINED MEN** to do their laboratory work. Uncrowded field. Schools in Philadelphia, Boston, Cleveland, Detroit and Chicago.

**WORK YOUR WAY THRU SCHOOL.** We help you secure spare time job while learning. Day or night school. Free Book on Mechanical Dentistry. Send for copy to **McCARRIE SCHOOLS of Mechanical Dentistry** 1338 S. Michigan Ave. Dept. 193, Chicago, Ill.

**FREE BOOK on Mechanical Dentistry**

**\$100 a Week for TAKING PICTURES**

We furnish Camera and Teach You How

**FREE BOOK** explains opportunity on Motion Picture Camera Man, Portrait, News or Commercial Photographer, also Motion Picture Projection. Write now. New York Institute of Photography, 10 W. 33rd St., New York, Dept. 32

**Illinois College of Photography**  
Prepares you in from 6 to 8 months to earn \$200 to \$500 a month as a photographer or photo-engraver. Thorough practical training. Expenses low. Constant demand for our graduates. 35th year. Enroll immediately. Free catalog. Box 6128, Effingham, Ill.

**TELEGRAPHY**  
(Morse and Wireless) and RAILWAY ACCOUNTING taught thoroughly. Big salaries; great opportunities. Oldest, largest school. Endorsed by Telegraph, Railway, Radio, and Government officials. Expenses low—opportunities to earn large portion. Catalog free. **BOGGS' INSTITUTE** Learn Street, Valparaiso, Ind.

These schools invite requests for catalogues and information. In writing for catalogues, please mention THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE.

#### PROFESSIONAL SCHOOLS

**Make Money In ELECTRICITY**

**Learn in Los Angeles!**

BE an electrical specialist. Gain quick success in this most fascinating and profitable field. Learn at National in the center of tremendous electrical projects costing more than \$100,000,000.00—unlimited opportunities now.

Practical, intensive training by National's job-experience method in 6 to 9 months. All technical essentials included. School endorsed by leaders in electrical industry. You learn all branches of electricity: radio. Million dollar institution; all modern equipment and training facilities. Life scholarship. No age limit. Free employment service. Over 17,000 successful graduates. 23rd year. Big illustrated 64-page catalog sent FREE. Write today.

**NATIONAL ELECTRICAL SCHOOL**  
Dept. 103-F, 4006 So. Figueroa, LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

### ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING B. S. Degree

Foremost, best-equipped electrical school in America. 24 years old, offers complete practical resident course in Commercial Electrical Engineering—in One Year—Electrical Engineering—B. S. degree in 3 years. Shorter resident courses available in Armature Winding, Automotive Elec., Light, Heat and Power. Also special courses to meet tremendous demand for trained men in RADIO, BROADCASTING, ELEC. REFRIGERATION. Recognized expert faculty. Splendid laboratory facilities.

**EARN WHILE YOU LEARN!**

Our employment Department will help you secure a position to which you may devote a part of each day studying, the remainder at the school. Low tuition fee. Board and room reasonable. Daily broadcasting WISN (formerly WISN) School orchestra, Fraternities.

**FREE CATALOG** Write today for our catalog. Find out about our specialized method of training and the details of our "Earn While You Learn" plan. Mention age, education, and the course you are interested in.

**SCHOOL OF ENGINEERING** E. Wells & Jackson  
of Milwaukee R. B. 1228  
Milwaukee, Wis.

**Chicago TECH College**

**Engineering Architecture Electricity Drafting**

Enter any time. Opportunities for self-support while studying. 2-yr. diploma; 3-yr. B. S. degree; and short courses. 20th Year. Write for copy of our "Earn While You Learn" plan. Mailed free.

Dept. 8-71  
118 East 26th St.  
Chicago

**Chicago Technical College**

**ELECTRICITY Easily Learned IN A FEW WEEKS**

Learn with real tools on real equipment. No books, no printed lessons, no dry lectures. McSweeney's shop plan system of training makes real electricians in shortest possible time. 90 days' training fits you for a big-pay job at \$50 a week, and up. Write for big electrical book FREE—also remarkable tuition offer, which includes FREE R. R. fare. Guarantee satisfaction or money back.

**McSWEENEY, ELECTRICAL SCHOOLS**  
Dept. 79-T, Cleveland, O.

**ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING**  
Condensed course complete in one year. Theory and practice. Catalog on request.  
**BLISS ELECTRICAL SCHOOL** 322 Tahoma Ave., Washington, D. C.

**2-YEARS TO ENGINEERING DEGREE!**  
Be a Civil, Electrical, Mechanical administrative or Chemical ENGINEER in 96 weeks. No entrance examinations or high school diploma required. Low tuition and expenses. Degrees conferred by State authority. Catalog FREE.  
**TRI-STATE COLLEGE**, Box E-9101, Angola, Ind.

**REAL JOBS OPEN—AUTO FIELD**

8 WEEKS fits you for a BIG PAY. JOB—no books, no LESSONS—all PRACTICE. CAL work. Write for FREE BOOK and remarkable tuition offer including FREE RAILROAD FARE.

**CLEVELAND AUTO SCHOOLS** Dept. CLEVELAND D-23 OHIO

**LEARN MECHANICAL DENTISTRY**

**Earn up to \$5,000 a year**

You can Earn While Learning this modern money making business and become Your Own Boss. Big Demand. Are no barrier and no previous experience required. You learn by doing actual work in rubber and gold. Day terms. Individual instruction. Day and night school. Write NOW for Catalog R. Railroad fare allowed—no extra charge.

**NEW YORK SCHOOL OF MECHANICAL DENTISTRY** 147 W. 33rd St., NEW YORK

## SCHOOL INFORMATION

There are good schools to fill almost every conceivable educational need listed each month in THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE'S School Section. They are glad to send catalogues and answer letters of inquiry about their particular types of work. Our advice is to write immediately to the schools which interest you. You cannot begin a careful consideration of the available schools too far in advance.

If you need assistance the staff of our School Information Department will be glad to help you with the accumulated personal knowledge of eight years of intimate contact with private schools in all sections of the country. Fill out the coupon or write us fully. This is a Free Service. Address—

The Director,  
Department of Education

### The Red Book Magazine

420 Lexington Ave.,  
New York City

Please send me information and catalogues about boarding schools.

(Please check) for Boy, aged . . . . . years.

Girl, aged . . . . . years. Grade in school

. . . . . Now attending . . . . .

. . . . . School  
(Name of School)

Health . . . . .

Religious affiliations . . . . .

Location of school (name states) . . . . .

Fee (Approximate fee for board and tuition for school year.) \$ . . . . .  
(School fees range from \$600 to \$1300 per year according to location and advantages.)

Remarks . . . . .  
(Type of school desired and special features.)

Please send catalogues and information to

Name . . . . .  
(PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY)

Address . . . . .







# Owning and Possessing

By Angelo Patri • Decoration by Franklin Booth



THE year draws toward its close, and thoughtful people take account of their progress, reviewing the year that is past and all those that have gone before it. Many a heart is unnecessarily saddened by the thought of the meager hoard of goods and gear laid aside.

Always edging the shadow is the underlying light. It is a man's duty to do his share in carrying forward the promise of life, and in the performance of that duty he must struggle and acquire and save and spend. It is also true that most of us possess far more than we own, and that such possessions far outweigh in real values those for which we hold a deed. Mere ownership of a precious thing is not sufficient to make it our own. Only when we love and understand it can we possess it. And that love and understanding has been bought with a price.

The child you reared, educated, tended to a proud maturity—what ownership have you there, save the understanding and love that is between you? The friend by whose side you have suffered and enjoyed, whose faltering spirit you have strengthened and comforted—what ownership have you to his heart? Yet how truly you possess it, and how rich it makes you feel this gray day!

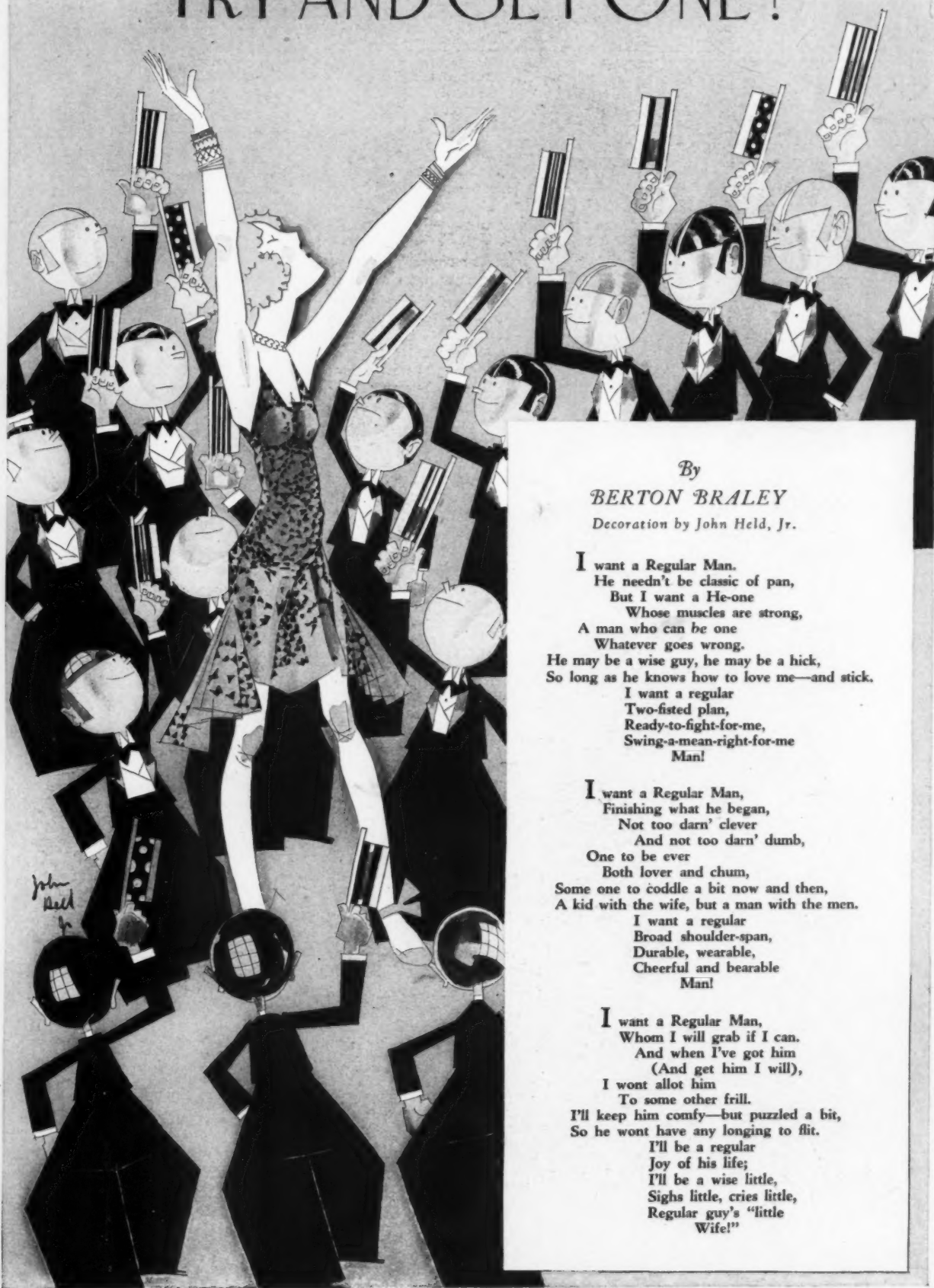
It was under this law that Adam and Eve lost their garden. It held no meaning for their brash spirits. They had not lived long enough to learn that one cannot eat his happiness. Although they had been given dominion over the garden and all that dwelt there, it was not theirs. A flaming sword of the spirit shut them out.

Men have fought and died in battle to win the treasures of the earth, and rarely has the victor enjoyed his spoils. Only when his spirit held something in common with that of the prize he grasped could he hold it. Only when he had paid for it with travail of spirit could he possess it.

Somewhere along life's journey we learn to discriminate between owning and possessing. We learn to cut away most of the things we own, to carve away all the extraneous matter from the soul of us, and so know the beauty and peace of life's adventuring. We are no longer young when this comes to us; but it comes in its season, at the close of our brief year on earth.

It may be that at the close of this December some of us, in reviewing our achievements, may find ourselves far richer than we thought.

# TRY AND GET ONE!



By

BERTON BRALEY

Decoration by John Held, Jr.

I want a Regular Man.

He needn't be classic of pan,

But I want a He-one

Whose muscles are strong,

A man who can be one

Whatever goes wrong.

He may be a wise guy, he may be a hick,

So long as he knows how to love me—and stick.

I want a regular

Two-fisted plan,

Ready-to-fight-for-me,

Swing-a-mean-right-for-me

Man!

I want a Regular Man,

Finishing what he began,

Not too darn' clever

And not too darn' dumb,

One to be ever

Both lover and chum,

Some one to coddle a bit now and then,

A kid with the wife, but a man with the men.

I want a regular

Broad shoulder-span,

Durable, wearable,

Cheerful and bearable

Man!

I want a Regular Man,

Whom I will grab if I can.

And when I've got him

(And get him I will),

I wont allot him

To some other frill.

I'll keep him comfy—but puzzled a bit,

So he wont have any longing to flit.

I'll be a regular

Joy of his life;

I'll be a wise little,

Sighs little, cries little,

Regular guy's "little

Wife!"

*The Red Book Magazine Models and Artists Series*



Photo by W. F. Seely,  
Hollywood, Calif.

**WINOLD REISS:** Modernism in art is still practiced largely by untutored dilettanti who have a hard time explaining what its quips are all about. Mr. Reiss is one of the men who, because they know how to apply it practically, are giving *raison d'être* to the "new direction." In 1913 he established himself in New York, coming directly from his studies in the Royal Academy and the Kunstgewerbeschule in Munich. His method is essentially the conversion of natural forms into decorative arrangement; the Crystal Room at the Ritz-Carlton and the South Sea Islands Ballroom, Sherman Hotel, Chicago, are fine examples of his manner. But Mr. Reiss also ranks high as a portrayeur of the American Indian; and his journeys to the West, the Northwest and Mexico have been productive of tribal character studies that will in the future be of great historic worth. Another notable contribution to present-day Americana is his series of portraits of the Southern negro. His studio is in Greenwich Village, New York City.



**ERIKA LOHMANN:** The stage, art and literature provided an atmosphere that brought forth Miss Lohmann. At the age of four, she was one of the pupils of Isadora Duncan, and continued her studies of the dance until she was fourteen. Eventually she took up painting. The success of the several exhibitions of her canvases, and the fact that one of her woodcuts is listed as among "the fifty prints" of '28, bear witness to her artistic distinction. In posing for Mr. Reiss she adds to her personal charm a helpful professional, critical candor.



Photo by  
Bagby  
New York

**ERMINIE GAGNON:**

Five-foot-two of dark-tressed, gray-eyed French-Canadian ladyship is Miss Gagnon, hailing from Port Daniel, N. B. A beauty contest which she won, aged fourteen, transposed her habitat to New York. Naturally the keen-eyed artists vied with one another for the privilege of perpetuating her beauty in paint, plaster and so forth. She was, and is, glad to pose. Yet it could never be her sole employment. Already she "has been screened," and like as not Broadway will see her in the dance, come next season. Athletics, all kinds, she dotes upon, but swimming she likes best.



Photo by Westervelt  
New York City

**DE ALTON VALENTINE:** Cleveland is Mr. Valentine's birth town. There he did his bit in the realm of general learning; there illustrating was made known to him via the local school of art; there too he attained his introduction to newspaper art, and its gratifying stipends. Thus emancipated from financial worries, he set out to conquer other fields, and by the water-level route quickly found his way to Chicago. Here again he tilled the newspaper field, and betimes studied, later taught, at the Academy of Fine Arts. Then, ten years syne, the great adventure, the big-time—New York, by the water-level route. Buoyancy is Val's second name; getting into the swim is the thing he craves; and he has the goods. From his studio he looks upon the doings of the merry Greenwich Villagers. Inspiration! Incentive! Six months of the year his wife and he spend in Bermuda.



# CAMILLA HORN:

In Berlin, Germany, Camilla, ten years old, was already a skillful seamstress. So expert had she become at that profession when she was sixteen, that she ventured into business on her own, aiming to earn money enough to enable her to become a singer. Presently she was the employer of a dozen sewing girls. Then came the financial collapse, wrecking Camilla's infant industry. She got a job in a musical review. One of the movie demi-gods espied her—legs. It was just the pair to "double" for the obese set owned by a famous star. And Herr Munau, who was organizing the cast for "Faust," said: "You are Marguerite." She arrived in New York "ganz allein." The urbane albeit none too Teutonic Mr. McCarthy prevailed upon her to pose. Transitory. She is in pictures, of course.

Photo by  
Chas. E. Bulloch  
New York City

# G. J. MCCARTHY:

With its closely adjacent Genesee Falls, its handsome Buffalo Street, and magnificently cupola-ed courthouse, Rochester, New York, is indeed one fine thriving city. Artistic, too. Mr. McCarthy was born there sometime back. He gave the home town minute consideration, and decided that with all its charms, it could not compare as a stamping-ground for art with his State's premier city—to wit, New York. Hither Mac went, and submitted to a thorough coaching at the Art Students League—all that was needed to rank him prominently as an advertisement illustrator. So uniquely effective was his technique that one Chicago studio offered him a salary that carried him to the lake metropolis. In a year he returned to New York, and decided to lay his course toward magazine illustrating. He discarded his successful technique, went to Paris, and came back with a new manner that found favor at once. With Donald Teague (subject of an earlier sketch) Mr. McCarthy each year takes a trip abroad. These two are New York's singlet artist bachelor team.



Photo by H. Williams  
New York City

Photo by  
De Mirjan Studio  
New York City



## RUTHEASTMAN:

It is a bit difficult to imagine how it would sound in baby-talk to say: "I want to be an artist." Anyway, that is the best remembered of the many cute things Miss Eastman used to say when she was baby Ruth at Roslyn, L. I. In a very few years it developed that behind the childish chatter lay real purpose, determination, aye, irrepressible impulse; and in her early teens we find her enrolled in that high school of the profession, the Art Students League, New York. Concluding her studies there, she sought greater perfection in the schools of Paris and London. Returning to New York, her proficiency in designing of covers and posters gained quick recognition. Girls are her favorite subjects, and girls, she says, grow beautiful in no other country as they do in her homeland. Hobbies, recreation? Well, she confesses to a platonic liking for golf.

**GERTRUDE WAXEL:** Since her tenth year she has been a New Yorker, but before that she was a Chicago girl. One time the late painter Goldbeck did so splendid a thing for a Palmolive Soap advertisement that its title "The Girl in the Bubble" still sticks to its original, Miss Waxel. She is of the theater. Her rôles have been varied and important, and she has made her mark in the movies, too. Her career as an actress, however, has just begun; she is still deep in her histrionic studies, and has not overmuch spare time for posing. So Miss Eastman has become the sole purveyor, artistically, of Miss Waxel's singular beauty.







Photo by  
De Haven Studios  
New York City

**FLOYD DAVIS:** In making an artist of himself, Mr. Davis had all the breaks. He was born in Chicago. Old enough to inform his parents of his ambition, he met with no objections; indeed, his folks fostered, without forcing, his aspiration. After due consideration of art schools, he decided to bother not at all about academic instruction. Untrammelled by tradition and professorial leadings he meant to give expression to his individuality. The strongly personal note in his work attracted deserved notice, and his studio became a busy workshop. Then he met Miss Gladys Rockmore, charming and in her own right a luminary of the art world. A partnership for life was formed, and the firm removed to New York. In a few years the pair intends going to France, and if they like it, stay there for good and all.



**WINIFRED CARTER:** Miss Carter's cradle stood in East Williston, Long Island. Before she became a tall, blue-eyed blonde she had spent some years at school in England, had returned to New York and graduated from a finishing school. A term in an art academy taught her to look askance at an artist's career; but for blondes, tall, beautiful and blue-eyed, there is a niche reserved in art. So she became a model. Her marriage to an army officer who took her to Texas to live interrupted her career for a time. Then there came a chance to go on the stage, which brought her back to Broadway; and lately most of her time has been devoted to posing.

# When Beauty is at stake —take care

Use a soap made for the sole purpose of safeguarding good complexions—  
a soap containing Nature's greatest cleanser—Olive Oil

**T**IME was when women were told "Use no soap on your face." For then all soaps were judged to be too harsh. And Nature's great skin cleansers—the oils of olive and palm—were beyond the reach of most.

Today the advice of skin specialists is *wash the face for natural beauty*. And today the prized olive oil that soothingly cleanses pores and keeps skin tissues youthful and fresh, is found scientifically blended in a great complexion soap, Palmolive.

Modern make-up methods require, above all else, a thoroughly *clean* skin as a necessary base for cosmetics. And natural beauty is impossible if the skin itself is not properly cared for, is not carefully cleansed by the use of a soap especially made for fostering good complexions.

Palmolive was developed in response to this need. Its bland emollient oils, in scientific blend, gently penetrate the pores, release their accumulations, keep the skin fabric conditioned to meet the

For your sake and ours, we publish this in the interest of all concerned who value a good complexion. Some people, we learn, think ordinary toilet soaps, soaps claiming to be "for the complexion," have Palmolive effects on the skin.

That is wrong. They don't. Palmolive complexions come only from Palmolive.

abuse modern life gives complexions.

Today it is the beauty soap of the world. Even in beauty-wise Paris, home of cosmetics, Palmolive has supplanted French soaps by the score—is today one of the two largest-selling soaps in France. For French women find in Palmolive their ideal in a soap—have given it a pinnacle place, for its cosmetic qualities, in beauty culture.

No soap, we believe, can excel in all things. After 64 years of soap study, we are convinced that a soap effective for general use cannot be gentle enough for the delicate skin texture. So Palmolive is made and offered for ONE exclusive

purpose, the fostering and safeguarding of a good complexion. To gently guard your youth and charm, and for nothing else.

Women by the thousands, largely on expert advice, have turned to Palmolive; and the result in beauty held and youth retained have made "that school-girl complexion" the rule, rather than the exception.

Hence today Palmolive has become the largest-selling toilet soap in the world—favorite of millions in every land and clime.

There are, we admit, toilet soaps at 25c and more that approach Palmolive quality. But Palmolive—due to enormous production—sells for but 10c, no more than ordinary soaps.

When you are asked to "try" another soap that claims Palmolive quality and results, *take care!* When beauty is at stake use genuine Palmolive, a soap you know is safe to use—a soap that embodies Nature's formula to "Keep That Schoolgirl Complexion." Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co., Chicago, Illinois.

## *In Paris, itself, Palmolive fast supplanting French soaps*

In France, mecca of the beauty seeker, home of the cosmetic art in its most sophisticated aspects, Palmolive is supplanting French soaps. *Palmolive is one of the two largest selling soaps in France today!* Please remember this when tempted to "try" an unproved soap on your face.

**Palmolive Radio Hour**—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 9:30 to 10:30 p. m., eastern time; 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., central time—over station WEA and 32 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.



Retail  
Price 10c

## *Soap from trees*

The only oils in Palmolive Soap are the soothing beauty oils from the olive tree, the African palm and the coconut palm—and no other fats whatsoever.

That is why Palmolive Soap is the natural color that it is—for palm and olive oils, nothing else, give Palmolive its green color!

The only secret to Palmolive is its exclusive blend—and that is one of the world's priceless beauty secrets.

4190

**KEEP THAT SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION**

-  
-  
d  
  
-  
e  
-  
n  
r  
  
e  
e  
y  
  
t  
e  
-  
o  
  
r  
d  
t  
u  
-  
t  
-  
i  
-





EDWIN BALMER, *Editor*

ASSOCIATE EDITORS: ARTHUR MCKEOGH, New York; DONALD KENNICOTT, Chicago.

ART DIRECTOR: HENRY A. THIEDE

A COMMON-SENSE EDITORIAL

## On Knowing Everything

By BRUCE BARTON

I HAVE an acquaintance who bought stocks when they were low and sold them at a very large profit. Having been right on this important matter, he now knows everything.

A few days ago he informed me positively that there is no God.

That evening I was reading Professor Michael Pupin's book, "The New Reformation." Here is one of the greatest of all scientific minds, writing with scholarly calm and restraint; yet everywhere between the lines one catches the gleam of a reverent faith.

Unlike my wise friend, Professor Pupin does not know it all. But he does know *this*—that nothing he has learned in the laboratory has made it impossible, or even difficult, for him to believe.

Those who talk glibly about the conflict between science and religion really mean the conflict between science and theology.

Theology taught that the earth is flat; science proved it round. Theology taught that it was created in six days; science discovered the processes of creation stretching back for millions of years.

Little minds were rocked by such discoveries; larger minds were elated. Said the great scientist Tyndall: "Not only is Emerson's religious sense en-

tirely undaunted by the discoveries of science, but all such discoveries he comprehends and assimilates. By him scientific conceptions are continually transmuted into the finer forms and warmer hues of an ideal world."

Why should Emerson, or anyone, be disturbed by the increasing fund of human knowledge? What matter if some of our older conceptions have had to give way?

"God has said, 'I am truth,'" a wise philosopher wrote. "He has never said, 'I am what you have been accustomed to think.'"

William James said that we inhabit the world in much the same way that domestic animals inhabit our homes. They see and hear everything, but how little they know the significance of the very activities in which they take part! What possibilities are in us, of which they cannot dream!

Why should it be hard to believe that there are possibilities in the universe as far beyond our comprehension as our spirits are beyond their comprehension? The petty lenses of our scientific instruments have penetrated only a few inches. Those who think that these little discoveries have banished faith imagine that they are very wise and up-to-date.

But the Tyndalls and the Pupins are on the other side.

# Richness in chocolate



*Salmagundi*



*naturally  
follows the  
turkey*



## *A Thanksgiving Treat — Salmagundi*

Give the family gathering (or the particular friend) the great pleasure of delving into the riches of Salmagundi Chocolates. Salmagundi means, among other things, a medley of good things. In this well-liked assortment is a balanced variety of the best things made of chocolate, sugar, fruits, nuts, spices, and flavors.

Many people who have added Salmagundi to their personal list of pet indulgences first discovered it through the thoughtful

kindness of a friend, at Thanksgiving or other holiday. Be a friend.

Packed in a trinket chest of metal, designed by a famous artist to fit the finest candies made.

Sold only by those selected stores that receive Whitman's *direct*, handle them with care and guarantee every package. The Whitman sign indicates the store.

Stephen F. Whitman & Son, Inc., Philadelphia  
New York Chicago San Francisco  
© S. F. W. & Son, Inc.

*Whitman's*  
Chocolates





Photo inset from  
Yerkes Observatory

# Our Christmas Stars

Decoration by  
Frederick J. Garner

IT is the season of the Star in the East, of chimes and carols:

*We three Kings of Orient are—  
With our gifts have traveled so far. . .*

The known world has traveled far since the event from which we date our years. It has spread from Asian valleys and a strip of Mediterranean shore across unimaginable oceans to a hemisphere unguessed before.

But the skies have stretched still more. The sun and moon were disks only; the stars, tiny, twinkling gleams. Five were known to wander—Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn. No eye could make them more than points of light; no mind could shape them into worlds.

Slowly men saw that the sun must be far away—so distant, indeed, that though it seemed no larger than a shield, it must be huge. As large—said an Athenian thinker, two thousand years ago—as the peninsula of Greece, the Peloponnesus. But this thought stirred a scandal. Eighteen centuries later men made fair estimates of the size and distance of the sun; but the greatest astronomer, Herschel, seriously argued whether it was inhabited.

The sun is a star nearly a million miles broad, more than ninety million miles away. The ancients counted a few thousand stars; our telescopes photograph a thousand million.

No miles can measure their distances. Light travels from sun to earth in eight minutes. There is a star-cluster in the Constellation

Hercules; the light by which we see it started toward us thirty-six thousand years ago. So we may describe the distance: that star-cluster is thirty-six thousand "light-years" away. Yet it lies not on the limits of our galaxy; other stars are seven times as remote.

Yet all these thousand million stars are our neighbors. They move in the great galaxy with us and our "Milky Way." Beyond them stretches space; and then begin the spiral nebulae,—one is pictured above,—a great, gleaming whirl in the sky.

The eye makes out merely a pale patch; the great telescope of Yerkes Observatory, pointed upon it hour after hour, resolves it upon a photographic plate into this ultimate wonder of the sky.

The Great Nebula in Andromeda! Another thousand million stars like ours—another galaxy of Sun, Sirius, Aldebaran, Orion and all the "Milky Way;" another "universe" of stars—and worlds—out there in space! That is a spiral nebula! Our telescope shows us a million more such systems of stars, the nearest eight hundred fifty thousand "light-years" away. The most distant—who shall say?

Thus extend the heavens on this Christmas Day—space and stars, space and stars again, a thousand million here and multiplied a million more; but all to the limits of infinity obey one Law.

"The heavens," sang the psalmist, "declare the glory of God; and the firmament showeth his handiwork."

And he saw only the few, near stars. What glory to God for the skies of today!

# Mermaid and Centaur

Illustrated by  
Forrest C. Crooks

By Rupert Hughes

MRS. GREBLE edged along to a portrait in the most defiant modern manner and tried to enact enthusiasm. She knew that she ought to like it, and so she liked it. It was the latest thing to like. And so she liked it very much.

But her husband lingered before a little canvas that was neither new enough to be modern nor old enough to be antique. The catalogue gave the painter's name as Vrchlicky. That was what first attracted Greble to it.

A naked mermaid was half lifted from the swirling foam by the hair. Her captor was a huge centaur—man and stallion—who stood belly-deep in the surf where he had plainly ventured for his prey. He had probably watched her with infatuation until he had found his chance to capture her for his own.

But one had hurried to her rescue, a creature of the sea, a merman, half giant, half fish. He had flung himself at the invader, gripped the centaur by the throat, and was fighting for his female now—in the eternal unchanging Now of a painting. The hooved centaur was also throttling the merman with his great right hand, striking at him, too, with his forefeet, rearing and plunging, savagely determined to keep the prize he would snatch from her element to his.

The painter had probably taken his idea from the earlier and highly dramatic canvas, "The Rescue" by I. M. Gauguin, but that had presented a merman fighting with a satyr who had caught a mermaid in a net. Artists have been stealing amiably from one another since they began to copy one another's Aphrodites and Madonnas with slight alterations.

Greble loved a fight and a riddle. He tried to excite his wife and elicit her guess as to the outcome. But she was impatient to finish the gallery and get to her shopping. She could pretend a passion for what artists called artistic, but her husband was a business man, horribly a business man, and she always corrected his delusions. So she cast up her eyes when he exclaimed:

"Now, that's what I call art. It's got an idea. You see that centaur wasn't satisfied with his own kind of people. He couldn't love a—whatever they called a lady-centaur. The fool had to go crazy over a sea-girl. He couldn't live in her world, and she can't live in his."

"Mermaids can breathe! Aren't they always sitting on rocks and combing their hair?"

"Well, she might live, but she wouldn't be happy, not on land—not for long. She'd slip away from him, even if he picked her up and flung her across his back and carried her miles away to his own—pasture, or wherever it was centaurs lived. She'd die in time, I guess. But she has another lover—one of her own kind. And he's come out to save her. I don't think he's got a chance, but he's willing to die for his girl. That's something."

"It looks to me like the centaur will kill him. But you can't tell. He's a slippery cuss, I'll bet, and he may win. I wish to God I knew how it was going to come out."

"The rocks are slimy and maybe the lad from the ocean will

trip the horse over backward into the waves and hold him down till he is drowned. Then he and his girl will swim away together."

"At that, the centaur's a decent enough fellow, I guess—as centaurs go. Maybe he'll kill the sea-boy, and carry off the mermaid. Then what will happen? Will she pine away, or will she—I tell you what:

"Maybe some day she'll get the centaur to take her down to the sea for a look. She might even persuade him to wade out a little with her on his back. And then she might escape, or she might drag his head under."

"Maybe he'll try to outsmart her and fasten her to him with a rope. Then she'd never get away. But she might struggle till they both drowned. I tell you, this is a great picture! I wonder how the artist finished it in his own mind. I'd like to talk to him."

He was so puzzled that he asked the attendant where this Mr. Vrchlicky was to be found. He indicated the name with his forefinger, only to learn that the painter had been dead for a good many years—twenty or more.

This was a blow to Greble.

"Now I'll never know how it came out. And I'd like to. It's a great story and it teaches a grand lesson."

His wife snapped at him:

"Paintings that teach lessons and tell stories are not artistic."

"Why not?" he asked—a childish question particularly infuriating to artists, and never yet answered, certainly not by Mrs. Greble, who moaned:

"You and your everlasting why-nots! Will you never come along?"

He went along, but he kept frowning and pondering the answer to the conundrum. He was still troubled after they had reached the hotel, and after dinner, after a drama at the theater. Even after he had taken off one shoe, on his way to bed, he twisted his face into a knot of perplexity and paused with the other shoe unlaced. Mrs. Greble did not ask him why, for she knew, and she was sleepy. He startled her by a sudden word:

"Mamma, I've just thought! The story of the centaur and the mermaid is the story of Jason Brafford and that girl Zarna."

"Who's Jason Brafford—and who's that girl Zarna?"

"Don't you remember? The farmer out in Midfield who fell in love with the diving-girl just before we moved away? I wonder how that affair came out. If we knew, we'd know what happened to the centaur and the mermaid."

This is the story of Jason Brafford and Zarna.

THE orchard was so heavily in bloom and the farmer so tall that, though he bent low to push through, the petals filled his hatbrim and poured across his eyes in a fragrant snow. His broad back dripped with them. They showered on the tight curls of the Airedale that heeled him close.

And he was sorry; for every blossom had meant an apple to the harvest.



## The Battle of Love

always has engaged great writers; and the love contest is most fascinating when not only the rivals but when the lovers themselves are opposed. "Mermaid and Centaur" is the love-battle of two men for a girl—and a struggle, also, between the man and the woman in love and mated but opposed. For the overpowering impulse to pair together has seized a man and a girl as contrasted in nature as mermaid and centaur; a man and a girl bred in elements as antagonistic as land and water, and yet in love. The author of "The Old Nest" and of "She Goes to War" here presents his most dramatic love-story.

As he stalked past the house there was a voice at the window, a weirdly sweet voice for so childish a treble:

"H'lo, honey!"

"H'lo, honey!"

His tone was gruff, yet strangely tender. There were always tears in his thoughts when he spoke to his sister, who was always at that window, always in that baby's cradle where she had dwelt for eighteen years.

He crossed the long front yard and went out to the road's edge to the post that upheld the zinc box labeled "Jason Brafford." He pushed down the red iron flag and took out what had been left by the rural free delivery postman—a few letters and circulars and

catalogues for him, a few for the hired men, a postal card apiece for the cook and the hired girl, and the morning paper, the *Midfield Budget*.

He ripped open his mail, glanced at the contents and jammed everything into his pocket except the paper.

He always saved that to read aloud to his sister. Sometimes he let her read it to him, though not often, for her voice hurt him like a music too beautiful for the stupid words that made up the gossip of the *Budget*—a little about the big world, and much about the town.

The mail for the rest of the farm populace he left in the dining-room, then washed up well, and went into Rita's room, kissed



Clenching the maniacal Queri in her arms, Zarna implored: "Harry! For God's sake, don't hurt him any more! Please!"

her, told her the news of the day, then spread the paper before him, and skimmed it with his eyes for something of interest, while she petted the dog as he stood up and laid his head on the cradle-rail a moment, then stretched himself at his master's feet. He was a morose one-man dog and merely accepted Rita's fondling because he had been told to so often. Jason mumbled:

"Not much of anything here but more stuff about that street carnival. Grand opening tonight."

"Ooh! It's tonight! That's so! You must start early."

"I'm not goin'."

"Why not?"

"Rather stay here with you."

She squeezed his thumb with the uncanny tendrils of her baby fingers:

"What's a street carnival like, Jason?"

"I never saw one. They wouldn't ever let one come into Midfield till this year. Only lettin' this one in because the Knights of Syria have got to raise a pile of money quick or lose the big building they ran up when the boom was on ten years ago."

"One of the farmhands — Moe — was tellin' me most of these carnivals are—or used to be, anyways—just a big kind of circus side-show with an awful lot of gambling games going on and a mob of camp-followers—mostly thieves and crooks. Moe says they've been cleaned up a good deal lately, but they're still just a big side-show."

"What's a side-show like, Jason?"

It broke his heart suddenly once more to hear that eerie voice from the cradle piping such a question. Rita had never seen a circus, a clown, an elephant, a trapeze-performer, not even a freak— His mind caught back that ghastly word as if he had spoken it aloud, for he knew that some of the farmers spoke of Rita by that term, and it was unbearable to him. He had never known a soul of such spiritual perfectness. He had never known

another soul that never uttered a complaint, or any that had such reason for eternal lamentation.

He could not grow used to Rita's martyrdom, though it had gone on since her birth. Her mother had died then.

Brafford stared out at the orchard and thought how strange it was that an apple tree should mother anything so unlike itself as an appleblossom and that an appleblossom should grow into any-





uch  
had  
e it  
as  
ny-

thing so unlike itself as an apple. And how different different apples were on the same tree, on the same bough.

It stunned his brain to think that his mother, who had been so pretty, pink and soft, should have brought into the world himself and his sister—as unlike each other as they were unlike her or her husband, the nervous little man who should have been a professor of something instead of the poor farmer he had made.

Jason had been a long baby, and had grown to six feet before he was eighteen. He was beyond that now and so ashamed of it that he would never let himself be measured. He had always been ungainly and silent except for his noisy blundering hands and feet and his occasional outbreaks of unhuman laughter. His features were rough-hewn, his eyes deep-orbited, his mouth and nostrils large, restless and muscular.

But Rita was something like a comic valentine come to life, or one of those grotesques that caricaturists enjoy. There was nothing comic about her to Jason.

Her head had grown, yet her body and her members were hardly larger than an infant's. Beneath the vast forehead, her delicate little features were grotesquely exquisite, and her voice was the shrill little caressing tone of a bird grown articulate and incredibly intelligent.

She had even been wise enough to realize the waste of vain regrets for what could never be. But her brother could never tame the clamor of protest in his heart. He had to blame somebody for everything evil in the world, and in the most complex cruelties of accident he saw a malice. There was nothing that was not done "on purpose," the ravage of hails, blistering drouths, the vandalism of floods, rust in wheat, scale on trees, failure of crops, low prices from over-abundance—all were contrived or viciously permitted by Somebody. And Somebody was guilty of inventing Rita's damnation and mocking her innocence with a punishment no criminal had ever earned.

He would go out at night and toss his fists aloft, or run along the lanes, plunging and flinging himself about to give escape to his consuming frenzies, like a bronco that will not be broken and cannot unseat its merciless rider.

In Rita's presence, of course, Jason gave no sign that she was suffering more than an illness for a little while, or that her keeping to her cradle was anything but the luxurious choice of a queen too dainty to walk and preferring to hold royal levees in her own chamber. Only once had his sorrow for her stormed out in her presence. Then he saw that he almost killed her with terror and pity. After that he was always grimly, doggedly cheerful.

She knew, of course, what agonies he was fighting, but she never dared to mention them, except in the meaning eloquence of the way she sometimes clenched one of his big thumbs or began suddenly to buffet his great hands in the doll-mittens of her own and cry, "Ooh—ooh!" and seize upon any pretense for frantic laughter.

Watching him slyly now and knowing that he had forgotten her question in some everlasting questioning of the deaf and dumb heavens, she brought him back:

"What's a side-show like, Jason? What's it like?"

He shook the grief from his face and put on the mask of indifferent contempt he wore for everything she could not share:

"What's a side-show like? Why, it aint like much of anything—just a passel of tattooed people, and snake-charmers and Circassian princesses and sword-swallowers and foolish things like that. You haven't missed much, honey."

He always said that. He knew that it lacked novelty and inspiration, but he had to get along without inspirations. Rita wanted to pretend that she was the luckiest person alive because she had been graciously spared the annoyance of side-shows, but she had to think of something to drag him out of the bog of woe and she could think of nothing better than the morning paper.

"Read me a lot about the carnival, anyway."

He tried to put a sneer into his tone as he skipped about:

"It's mostly big words and bigger lies: 'World's Supremest and Most Unique of Spectickles. Lavish Lux—Luxu—Lux-u-ri-ousness'—gosh, what a jawbreaker! 'Astounding plenitude of attractions. Most Superlative Combination of Faskinating and Thrilling Features ever Persented to any city. Congress of Wonders. A Million Laughs. One Week only."

"Marvel-Land. The Hawaiian Hula Palace. The Scenic Railway. Peekatorium. Monkey Circus and Speedway. Merry-Go-Round. The Giant Whip. The Court of the Imperial Midgets. Mind-readers. Crystal-gazers. The Tattooed Countess. The Wrestling Lions. The Boxing Kangaroo. Princess Zarna and her Singing Seal—"

"What's a seal like, Jason? Do they honestly sing? Did you ever see one?"

"Once. I heard more than I saw! Sing? Whew! They bark like a pack of dogs with a bad cold. And they waddle around and balance things on their noses."

"I've seen pictures of 'em in some of my books. But they're always laying around on ice. They're kind of pitiful, though, and they look awfully pettable. It would be nice to see one."

His throat ached. She would want to see a seal! He tried to laugh:

"I'd get you a pack of 'em, but they'd keep you awake. They yawp something awful, and I don't know as they'd feel very much at home in our pond. It don't size up very good with the Ar'tic Ocean."

She was unwontedly persistent for one who rarely asked for the moon a second time.

"But Zar— What's her name? Zar—"

He referred to the newspaper: "Zarna."



"Zarna has her seal in the street-carnival, and she can't carry the Ar'tic Ocean with her. I don't guess she brought the ocean to Midfield."

They had a grand laugh over that. Jason laughed till he had to wipe his eyes as he roared:

"She can't carry the ocean—that's pirty good! No, I don't s'pose she brought the ocean to Midfield."

"Maybe she has a wagonload of water or something for it to swim in—a kind of ice-wagon, like."

"I suppose maybe, she might have. Well, anyhow, they got other things at the carnival—cannibals, giants—"

"You find out how Zarna carries the seal, will you?"



taur  
they're  
h, and  
ied to  
They  
much  
Ar'tic  
or the



Zarna ran up the steps and cast off her shawl. Jason's heart stopped when he first saw her in all her contours.

"Yes, I will—and they got two llamas and a laughing hyena, a black leopard, a—"

"How big is a seal, Jason?"

"Well, as I remember, about as long as our dog here, but lots fatter."

"It would be nice to see a seal."

Jason took refuge in the paper again:

"Consult the Crystal-gazer and learn your future"—gosh, I don't want to know mine."

He laughed with violence, but she was silent. He understood at once. God help her, she had no future!

Suddenly it came to both of them, as if for the first time, that she had no future. She was denied all the promise the world has found of escape from woe, defeat, the dark despair in the word "hope," the medicine, the lantern, the ladder, the gift of wings.

Rita's sympathy for Jason and for the denied womanhood and

romance she might have had contorted her brows and her mouth into the look of an infant frightened and in mortal pain. She whimpered; a wail broke from her like a child's cry in the night. But she clapped her tiny palms together and twisted her sobs into a laughter:

"Ooh—ooh, Jason, go on! Go have the lady tell your future—all about the beautiful blonde you're going to marry, and the journeys you're going to take—and all those things. Go on and have your fortune told, and hurry home and tell me."

He pounded out a laugh: "Haw! haw! haw!" The noise at least was good. "Can you see me bringin' home a blonde!" he went on. "Gosh! I got trouble enough with the cattle we got already. Haw! haw! haw!"

He guffawed and she shrieked, and the hired girl, Delia, who came in to give them their supper, stood in the door and catching the vibration, laughed a real laugh that shook the dishes on her tray till the salt-cellars fell over, the coffee was shaken out of Jason's cup and the milk tossed overboard from Rita's glass.

GOING to the carnival was a tedious pilgrimage; the road was crowded beyond anything ever known even on pleasant Sundays, and, besides, Jason had taken pity on the household and invited the hired girl, her particular hired man Moe, as well as the fat cook, Mrs. Gumbert, who weighed (Please turn to page 144)

# The Flirt

*A Love Story of Annapolis by*  
**Frederick Hazlitt Brennan**

*Illustrated by William Meade Prince*

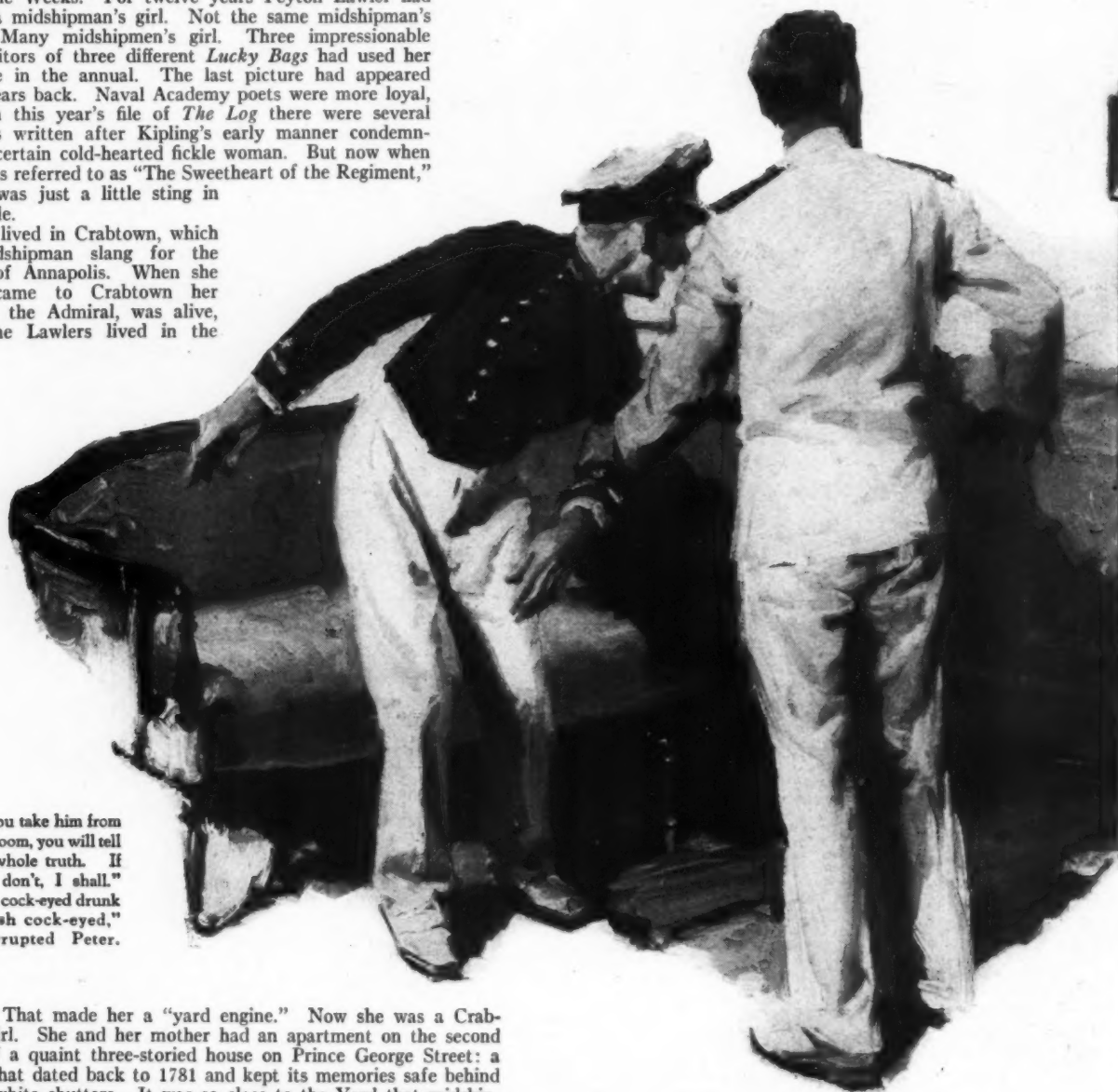
JUNE Week had come again. She was very tired of June Weeks. For twelve years Peyton Lawler had been a midshipman's girl. Not the same midshipman's girl. Many midshipmen's girl. Three impressionable art editors of three different *Lucky Bags* had used her picture in the annual. The last picture had appeared five years back. Naval Academy poets were more loyal, and in this year's file of *The Log* there were several ballads written after Kipling's early manner condemning a certain cold-hearted fickle woman. But now when she was referred to as "The Sweetheart of the Regiment," there was just a little sting in the title.

She lived in Crabtown, which is midshipman slang for the town of Annapolis. When she first came to Crabtown her father, the Admiral, was alive, and the Lawlers lived in the

"If you take him from this room, you will tell the whole truth. If you don't, I shall."  
"I'm cock-eyed drunk — jush cock-eyed," interrupted Peter.

Yard. That made her a "yard engine." Now she was a Crabtown girl. She and her mother had an apartment on the second floor of a quaint three-storied house on Prince George Street: a house that dated back to 1781 and kept its memories safe behind lovely white shutters. It was so close to the Yard that midshipmen with town liberty could loiter until four minutes of reporting time in the Lawler living-room and keep off the "pap sheet" by a sprint down Prince George Street and Maryland Avenue.

Midshipmen still loitered, for Peyton Lawler at thirty rated 3.5 at least in the appraisals of the Academy. When she was eighteen, she had been a "4.0 Queen." Four-O is the highest possible mark. A 3.5 now, and the day might come when she would sink to a 2.5 or just passing grade. But not while her hair had the swirling color of a Circassian walnut's heart. Not while her eyes kept their veiled, dusky purple lights. Not while she could dance through a hop of twenty numbers and never show she weighed anything at all. Never a 2.5 until she revealed her



weariness of flirtations with boys of eighteen or twenty-two and an occasional ensign. Never a 2.5 until she suggested more obviously how sick she was of the game.

June Week and the afternoon before the Admiral's reception and ball. Dress parade had just broken up. Twenty-four hundred midshipmen in blue and white on a rectangle of green. They had paraded the colors. Girls fluttering handkerchiefs. Proud parents trying to find sons in ranks of boys who all looked alike. Sun-glints on the rifle-barrels. Music.

Peyton had stayed at home. She always felt especially blue at dress parades June Weeks. She used to cry a little afterward.



It was at a dress parade she had last seen Larry. He had been Midshipman Commander that June Week. Standing there very straight with his staff on the little patch of earth you could see through the trees beyond Number Four Gate. Larry the magnificent, Larry the heart-breaker! He had gone out to the fleet without so much as a good-by. Larry had called her a little flirt, had said she didn't love him, had said he couldn't leave her in some colony of naval officers' "widows" to flirt her reputation away with shore-duty men. Larry wasn't the marrying sort then, anyway. His blue eyes matched the color of the Severn, and he had salt-spray freckles that ran up under his crisp blond hair. His grin was eager for far ports, and his restless feet were at home only on the deck of a battle-wagon outward bound.

It had been her first love-affair. Perhaps had she been older she might have. . . . But now the boys were dropping in to say their good-bys. Peyton, in a filmy white dress, rated—well, she should have been marked a 3.9, at least. She received them in the living-room. It was a warm and sticky afternoon, as afternoons usually are in Crabtown June Weeks, and Peyton had punch for the boys in a big bowl the Admiral had used on his

flagship. The punch wasn't spiked. The boys would be on good behavior, very good behavior, until after graduation exercises in the morning.

Peyton's mother stood in the next room weeping over her annual collection of pets. The boys in there were calling her "Mother Lawler" and promising with awkward solemnity to write letters. They would, probably, write one letter each some time within the next two years.

Peyton did no weeping. . . . "Oh, yes, Jack. So you took the Marines? You'll be at Quantico?" (Jack had proposed to her three times during his Youngster year.) "Well, let me hear from you, Eddie. You will, wont you? Honor bright?" (A sweet boy, Eddie, and he'd make a salty officer. Handsome young dog, too. Still, she had only smiled wanly when Eddie in his Second Class year proposed "jumping ship" and eloping with her to Baltimore.) And Sandy. Good old Sandy! "Whither bound, Sandy? Oh, you're on a cruiser? China station! Now, don't try to paint old Shanghai red, Sandy. It would take too much paint." (Sandy had a sense of humor, thank heaven. He would be her friend forever, even if she had driven him to the point of suicide when he was a plebe.) And Johnny! "Oh, the *New Mexico*? Hurray for you, Johnny! She's a great ship. But you'll probably be shifted to a sub after a year." (A little tug at her heart. Battleship was all right, but a sub—) "Destroyer, eh, Joe? You'll base at Pedro, then. Be sure and look up Alice Mershon. I'll write her and warn her to watch for you on shore leave." (Joe was such a wild boy. That ride to Baltimore two years ago. Wow!)

They came and talked awhile and shook hands and marched quickly away—slim, bronzed, clean-looking boys. Soon they would be scattered across the world as the boys of other years had scattered.

She would pick up newspapers and read that so-and-so had crashed in Florida, or so-and-so had been caught in a gun-burst at Guantanamo, or so-and-so was at the bottom of some far-off bay in a stricken submarine. And then would come the tiny heart-ache and the memories.

And would they remember her? As she talked and laughed and joshed and shook hands hard, she knew they would. Boyhood dreams had materialized in her for short, sad, sweet days. . . . The sweetheart of the regiment! Theirs had been mostly first loves, idealistic and fine—and she had not bothered long with those that

weren't. For her part—well, it kept her in touch with Larry. These boys had older brothers or friends in the Fleet who knew Larry.

Every summer when the battle-wagons stood in the bay and steamed away again for the midshipmen's cruise, she felt closer to Larry. And when the boys came back, she strove to penetrate the stereotyped midshipman chatter of being plastered in this port or nearly left behind in that, with eager little questions: "Pick up any news of Larry Brooks? . . . Did Sam mention where Larry is now? . . . Oh! Did you see Larry at Gibraltar? European squadron still, eh? Tell me, how is Larry looking these days?"

Good-by, boys, good-by. And the best of luck. Keep salty! She found herself alone in the room with one boy, Peter Holt. He had dawdled behind the others, impatiently waiting for them to shove off. He was a tall, dark-haired youngster with intense



black eyes and more maturity in his face than the others. He stood one in the graduating class, a "savvy" man, the honor student. Two stripes in military, too.

Peyton tried not to wince as they faced each other. (This was going to be a little difficult. With the rest of them the scars had healed. Peter was this year's flirtation.)

"Well, Peter," she said, "it's time to say by-by, I suppose."

"I'm excused from supper formation," he said.

(Quite difficult. He was determined to be dramatic. Why, oh, why hadn't she dropped him weeks ago?)

"Let's sit down and talk for a while, then," she remarked, smiling away an awkward pause. "But I suppose I'll have to get ready for the reception soon. Frightful bore and such a jam always. Mother wont let me out of it, though. Are your parents here?"

"Yes. They're at Carvel Hall," he said, looking at his hands.

"I certainly expect to meet them. I want to tell them what a smart son they have."

(Maybe the big-sister line would work.)

His face darkened. His lips quivered. Suddenly he blurted:

"I've told them I am engaged to you."

She sat up very straight on the hair sofa. He had taken a chair not far away.

"You shouldn't have done that, Peter. We aren't engaged, are we?"

"I consider that we are."

"But we're *not*. Now, be sensible, Peter. We've had great times together this year. Don't spoil it at the end."

He looked up, his eyes misting.

"Don't you love me, Peyton?"

She avoided the bald "No." She had not thought he would take this so seriously. She couldn't hurt him.

"That's not the point, is it? The point is that I am much older than you. Mercy, I'll be gray-haired before you get two stripes."

Her laughter faltered nervously. She listened for her mother's footsteps and heard her mother's voice on the porch of Captain Rodgers' house next door. No help from that quarter.

Peter said: "If I am willing to risk it, you should be, if you love me. That's all that matters."

Peyton said: "You will forget me in a month when you are out in the Fleet. A girl in every port, Peter. Pretty girls. Young girls. Girls your age."

He refused to be bantered with.

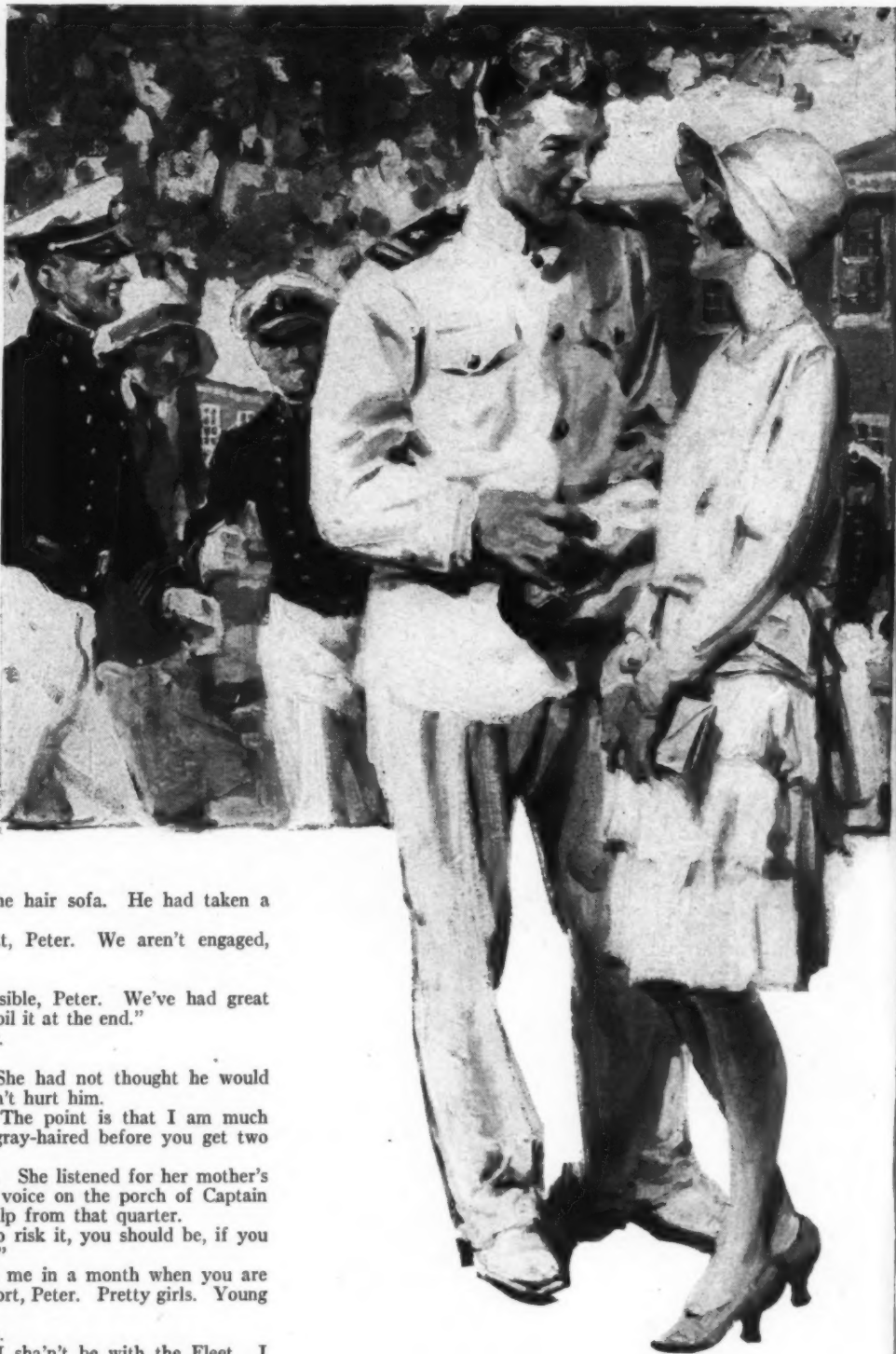
"In the first place," he said, "I sha'n't be with the Fleet. I got stuck with ship construction. I'm to do a year post-grad at Technology, maybe two. Then I'll be ashore at a Yard. So you see—dear—I'm ready to marry and settle down—with you."

(He was different from the others. He was older than his twenty-two years. It wasn't puppy love with him. She'd have to tell him—No, she couldn't.)

"Let's talk about it tomorrow, Peter," she evaded weakly.

He shook his head.

"I've made up my mind I wont leave this house until you tell me yes or no." He got up and came to the sofa and stood over her. "Oh, sweetheart, I love you so much. You mustn't be afraid of a few years. It doesn't make any difference. Why—after I've messed around with construction, I'll have gray hair and wrinkles when I'm a two-striper."



"You think so now, because you're young and foolish, Peter boy. Thank you—lots—for asking me. But I—no—now, please run along and let me get dressed—"

He reached for her and kissed her on the temple and tried to hold her in his arms, but she freed herself and got up.

"Wont you—you go now?" she begged unsteadily.

Mistaking her mood, the boy folded his arms and laughed triumphantly, and said: "I'll not stir a step until you say you'll marry me."

It was on her tongue to say: "Don't be silly. I don't love you. I never did love you, child." But the words had no sound



Larry said a strange thing:  
"When do I meet the husband  
and the kids, Peyton?" "Oh,"  
she answered, "I haven't any."

when she tried to utter them. Instead, she said: "I will never marry you. Never."

The finality of her tone took all the life suddenly out of him. He sank back, dejected, and looked at his hands. Only a certain pathetic doggedness was left.

"You're going to marry me," he said, as if trying to convince himself that his suspicion of the truth had no foundation, since she had not put the truth into words. "And I stay right here until you promise."

"I'm not going to marry you, Peter. And I think you are a very silly boy not to realize—why. Since you are determined to stay here, I'm going to leave."

She walked to the door.

There was panic and throat-aching, tearful grief in him, but he would not admit defeat.

"I'm going to stay here," he said.

"Suit yourself, Peter," she remarked over her shoulder, and trembling from nervous reaction, she left the house.

Mrs. Lawler called from the Rodgers' porch: "I'm having supper here, Peyton. Will you shut up the house when you leave for the Admiral's?"

Peyton nodded and turned aimlessly down Prince George Street. She walked toward Maryland Avenue, passing midshipmen and girls, midshipmen and parents, midshipmen in groups and pairs. Now and then some one spoke to her, and she responded automatically. She moved in a wretched heat of self-loathing.

"You miserable little wretch," she told herself, "see what you've done to that poor kid! See what you've done to him. This is

your last middie, Peyton Lawler. From now on you stay on the porch with the tabby-cats and grow old gracefully."

At Maryland Avenue she dodged the midshipman hang-out on the far corner and walked up Maryland toward the Statehouse in the Circle. Her last middie. No more playing around. No more trips to the football games. (Don't yell going through Baltimore!) No more walks along the Sea Wall. No more visits to John Paul Jones' tomb in the Chapel, while a middie squeezed her hand in the soft, weird light of that historic crypt. No more sailing in the Bay. No more cheers for middies who loved her and were doing valiant deeds to earn a block N. ("Stand, Navy, down the field, sail set to the sky. Navy's sons will never yield, so Army, you steer shy-y-y!")

When she reached the Circle, she saw him.

Larry!

He was in uniform and crossing the street alone. She recognized him with a gasping, joyful surety. Larry! She knew his walk. The non-reg cap over one eye. The swing of his shoulders. The piercing glint of eyes that peered as if he always had a sea-wind in his face. Larry!

He saw her too. They met at the corner.

He stopped. His cap came off in an awkward, hesitating hand. But when he spoke, it was as if they had seen each other eight weeks ago instead of eight years.

"Why, hullo there, Peyton! I'd just started out to find you." And then he added with his old grin: "Say, this is great."

She put her hand in his.

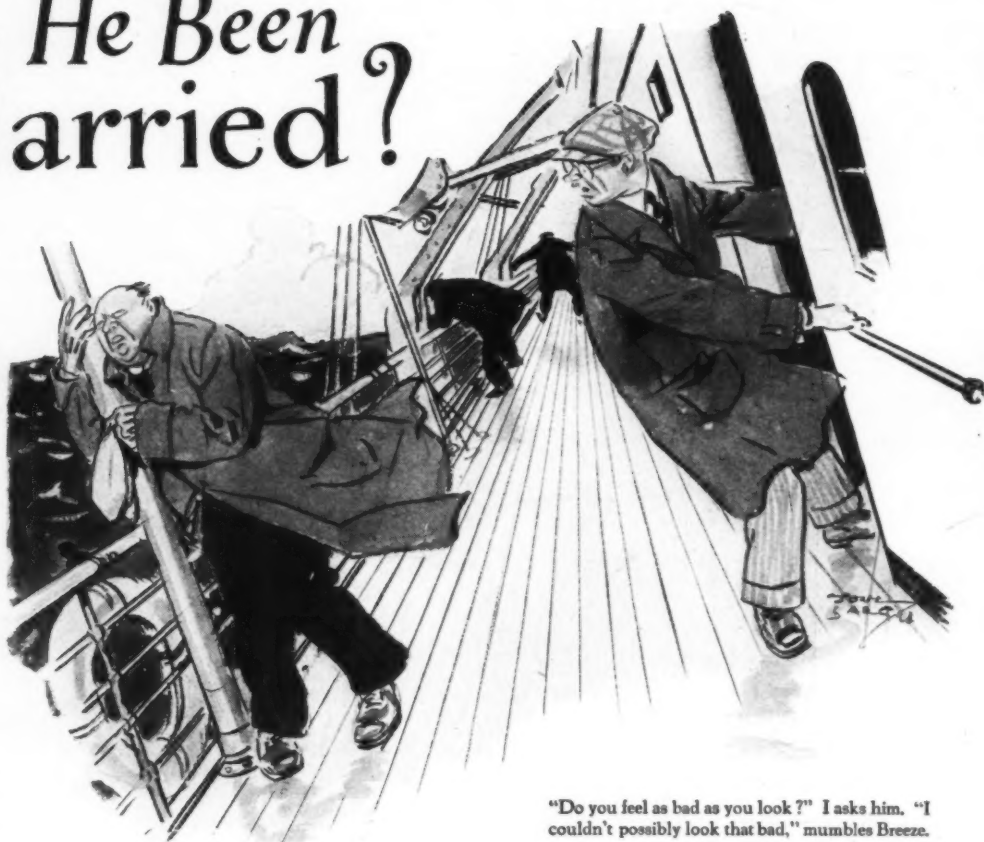
"I—I—think so too," she managed (Please turn to page 120)

# How Long Has He Been Married?

Illustrated by  
Tony Sarg

By  
Sam  
Hellman

By popular demand, Breeze brings his bride to America; and here they are homeward bound.



"Do you feel as bad as you look?" I asks him. "I couldn't possibly look that bad," mumbles Breeze.

## NEITHER Breeze

Emerson's bride nor my blusher had ever been to the States. He'd been hooked and dragged to the altar by a Fifine in France, while it was in England that me and Jennie had agreed to divide double restaurant portions. The gals are keen enough to take the hop across, but seeing as we're going home for good and not for a junket, I'm a bit uneasy.

"Think they'll like America?" I asks Breeze over a beaker of brew in the Bois.

"*Pourquoi pas?*" he shrugs. "America's not so hard to take. Of course, I can't speak for your skillet-wrestler, but as far as Chérie's concerned, Heaven's where I hang my hat. That's the beauty of these gigglers from Gaul. They're brought up with the idea that the sun rises and sets in their husband's ear-muffs—"

"And the English wrens?" I cuts in.

"Well," returns Emerson, "I haven't married many of 'em lately, but I guess Jennie'll be happy enough over there if you'll plant marmalade trees in the back yard, stage fox-hunts in the Lexington Avenue subway and let her elope to the Riviera every now and then with somebody who understands her."

"She can even write letters to the *Times*," says I, "and wear hats like Queen Mary's, if it'll make her feel at home. . . . Seen anything of the floating ribs today?"

"I couldn't swear to it on a stack of wheats," comes back Breeze, "but I am under the impression that I did see Chérie this morning. However, as there were six modistes, four couturières and a bevy of bag-peddlers in the room at the time, I might possibly have confused the *Frau* with the unemployment situation in Peru or something I shouldn't have eaten."

"That wench of mine," says I, "does nothing these days but fly from buy to buy, and flit from fit to fit. She may be married to me, but she's practically living with the Rue boys."

"The who boys?" frowns Emerson.

"The Rue boys," I repeats. "Rue Rivoli, Rue St. Honoré and Rue de la Paix. The way that girl's spreading herself for joy rags, I'd be broke if it wasn't for one thing."

"What's that?" asks Breeze.

"She's spending her own money," says I. "Even so, it's going to cost me *beaucoup* to get the stuff in."

"Get the stuff in!" exclaims Emerson. "You mean to tell me you're figuring on paying duty?"

"Why not?" I inquires. "Isn't it being done this season?"

"Yeh," says Breeze, "it's being done, all right—by hicks and saps and guys who were dropped by their nurses; but nobody in the know thinks of declaring anything nowadays, except maybe their belief in infant damnation."

"It may be as you so deftly put it," I returns, "but not being in on the know—"

"Leave it to me, Futile," cuts in Emerson. "I'll fix it so you can even walk ashore smoking opium, carrying a bag of smuggled square-cuts in one hand and a stolen sable coat in the other."

"I don't doubt your ability to get me off the boat," says I, "but who gets me off the dock? After all, you can hardly expect a young man with a good common-school education and a mild case of astigmatism to spend the rest of his life wandering about a North River pier with nothing but a stolen sable coat and an English lass of sturdy yeoman stock to—"

"You'll have no trouble," promises Breeze. "The name of Emerson is not entirely unknown in official circles."

"Possibly," I admits; "and the chances are they've even heard of Longfellow and Lowell."

"We'll have the freedom of the port," goes on Emerson, ignoring the sally, "probably dine at the captain's table going over, and—"

"That's fine," I enthuses; "but it's too bad we can't have our own ocean and private parallels of latitude. Have another drink, and we'll go buy a liner and charter the Atlantic."

While we have been hoisting a few, don't get the impression that Breeze's brags are born of the bowl. They're as natural



with him as flat feet and a tendency toward aging annually. That bird can talk more about what he's going to do, and do less about what he's talking about, than anybody outside of the Congressional directory. In the months we'd prowled around Europe together, he'd promised me everything from a personal interview with Napoleon to a bright day in London.

We get as far as the drink I'd suggested, when Chérie and Jennie suddenly drag themselves into our midst and bleat for tea. Both of 'em look like they'd been run through a clothes-wringer and laid out on a busy traffic crossing to dry. It's funny what a frump a day's shopping will make out of a filly. A man'll swing an eight-million-dollar deal without even mussing his mustache. A woman'll go downtown for a package of left-handed button-holes, and stagger home resembling something between the wreck of the *Hesperus* and the fag-end of a misspent life.

After his *Frau's* tea'd up, Emerson addresses her. "Aren't you through yet?" he growls. "What are you buying now—the fixtures and the good will?"

"You want that your wife should look nice, not?" she comes back.

"I haven't got a wife," snaps Breeze. "I got a fitting form. —Say, how about those passport pictures? Did you get 'em?"

"Oui," says Chérie, "and I am of a desolation complete. *Regardez!*" And she digs into her bag and fetches out a bunch of photos. I catch a flash of 'em over her shoulder.

A passport photographer in any country can turn a Follies eye-ful into a good likeness of a stranded coal-barge or a burned-down glue factory at dusk; but what this one's done to Madame Emerson's pan is a shame for the neighbors.

"Hello!" I exclaim. "Where'd you get those pictures? Isn't that the Dijon woman that killed her husband and cut him up for dog-meat?"

"*C'est moi*," almost shrieks Chérie. "It is I."

"Surely," says I, "you must have been out of the room when it was taken."

"*Non, non*," denies France's sweetheart. "I can tell it is of me from the pin on the waist."

"Well," I decides, after closer inspection, "it probably does you justice, but what you need is mercy."

"*Et comment*," sighs Chérie. . . .

A few days later we board the *S.S. Maldemer* at Cherbourg in the midst of a storm that makes almost as much racket as the porters on the tender, and that's damning the storm with no faint praise. The blow gets worse and more of it when we leaves the harbor, and I'm no bubbling fountain of health and personal magnetism when I shakes myself out of the sheets and drags myself on deck the next morning.

Compared to Breeze, however, I'm a little ray of sunshine dancing on a dewdrop. The boy's a charming study in pastel shades of pea-green with overtones of jaundice yellow and bilious gray.

"Seasick?" I asks at a shrewd venture.

"No," moans Emerson. "I must have eaten something last night that didn't agree with me."

"Hell," says I, "I didn't think food had that much nerve. Do you feel as bad as you look?"

"I couldn't possibly look that bad," mumbles Breeze.

"You sick too?"

"Me?" I exclaims.

"I got so much vim, my vigor is jealous. I'm going up now

to box the compass a few rounds before breakfasting heartily." And I sings merrily:

A life on the ocean wave, a life on the ocean wave,  
John Brown's body lies a-moldering in his grave.

I feel about as much like singing as I feel like doing the can-can on the topsail mizzen-mast, but Emerson's due for a lesson in humility. Even people in perfect health get no pleasure out of my voice, so you can imagine how cocky it makes the boy friend feel.

"When you see me next," says I, lurching toward the door, "I will have within me a couple of grilled herrings, a brace of Yarmouth bloaters, a mélange of bacon and hen-fruit, and such other odds and ends as go to the making of a well-fed gentleman. . . . Anything I can do for you?"

"Yeh," gasps Breeze feebly. "Take that life-preserver and throw it overboard. I don't want to be saved."

Outside the cabin, I sways into the room steward, a pleasant old limey I'd oiled with *argent* before sailing.

"A bit of breakfast, sir?" he asks genially.

"Listen," I yelps. "Can't a first-class passenger walk around this skiff without being insulted by the help? Any more sarcasm out of you, and I'll have you flogged at sunrise."

"Thank you, sir," bows the flunky. Try and do or say something on a liner for which you wont be thanked! Also try and get thanked for something you wont have to pay for.

A few turns on the promenade deck with the wind in my teeth gives me a grip on myself, and the storm showing signs of abating, I soon develops enough confidence in the pit of my tummy to leave the wild open spaces for the smoke-room. There I bumps into Joe Davis, a lad I used to play around with in the old days. He's doing an experiment with ice in a glass.

"Your missus along," I asks, after we've chin-chinned awhile, "or is this just a pleasure trip?"

"I'm alone," replies Joe. "That dame of mine wouldn't cross on a bet. She once got seasick on the Erie Canal, and since then she has to blindfold herself every time she takes a bath."

"Talking about seasickness," says I, "Breeze Emerson's on the scow with me. Remember Breeze?"

"So he's here!" scowls Davis. "And I thought last night it was the wind that was doing all the blowing. The last I heard of that goof," goes on Joe, "he was on his way to France to sell the frogs breakfast-food. Did he have any luck?"

"Not with Toasted Nifties, the Cereal Supreme," I tells him, "but he did pretty well with a side-line."

"What was it?" asks Davis, sarcastic. "Bass-drums or tin horns?"

"Himself," I admits. "Sold a bill of Emerson, Preferred, to



On general introduction, we find he staggers under the monicker of Rodolpho zu und von Bischoffstein-Altrowitz.

the niece of Marcel Alceste Pommefrite, one of the biggest food magnates in Europe. Breeze is now related by marriage to some of the very best francs in France."

"It sure does beat hell and Armenian rugs," grumbles Joe, "how the *femmes* fall for the fat-heads. You married too?"

"Yep," says I. "English gal. Her old man's also in the fancy fodder business. Breeze and I are going to represent the two layouts in the States. We're partners."

"No matter what arrangement you've made," predicts Davis, "you'll be the silent one if Emerson's anything like the fife and drum corps he used to—"

"He's not so worse," I cuts in loyally. "You can get along swell with him if you only bear in mind that he's not saying anything when he's talking."

By noon the storm's all shot, and Breeze and his stomach have reached enough of an understanding for him to be up and about. However, neither he nor Jennie, who'd also spent the night afraid that the boat wouldn't sink, show any great interest in lunch, so Chérie and I break bread and caviar alone.

After chow I spends an hour or so with the *Frau*, following which I joins Davis in the smoke-room at seven-up and several down. We'd been at it for some time when Emerson gives us a crash. He's pale, but there's a sparkle of triumph in his eyes.

"I've fixed it," he announces, with barely a nod of recognition for Joe. "We're going to sit at the captain's table."

"Wonderful!" I exclaims, knocking over a long, cool one in my enthusiasm. "The great moment I have lived for has arrived! Man and boy, for thirty years I have plotted and intrigued for a seat at a captain's table, but never have I gotten nearer than the second engineer's and the linen-room steward's. Once," I recalls, as if it were yesterday, "I arranged to feed with the captain of a dredge on the Chicago Drainage Canal, but it developed that he didn't have a table."

"What, no table!" gasps Joe, cutting himself in on the deal.

"Kid all you want," growls Breeze, "but if you had any idea what an honor it is—"

"It may be even five in one hand," says I, "but I don't dine with anybody unless I know something about him, be he prince or porpoise. There are captains and captains. What are this lad's morals? Is he high church or low church, and how does he stand on the revised prayer-book? Can he look his children in the face when they ask him what he did in the Great War? Personally," I goes on, "I'm a man of the world and believe everybody's innocent until a jury thinks so too, but I got to consider Jennie. Caesar's wife can't be suspicious."

"Oh, hell!" snarls Emerson, and tears himself out of the room.

"How do you imagine he did fix it?" I asks Davis curiously. "Don't you have to be a Congressman or slightly deaf or something to put on the nose-bag at the skipper's board?"

"They usually do pick a bunch of stuffed shirts and elevated chins," returns Joe, "but we're traveling light on prominence this trip. I haven't noticed anybody on the passenger-list that even rates a grand-jury indictment. Breeze," he continues, "probably just went up and crashed the cap for an invite. You'd be surprised how many things you can get merely by asking for 'em, especially in these latitudes."

The missus refuses to take a chance with dinner, but at eight bells the rest of our party drapes itself around the captain's table, Chérie dressed up like a cross between Astor's favorite beagle-hound and Vanderbilt's pet horse. With the sparklers she's featuring, the ship's wasting money on running lights.

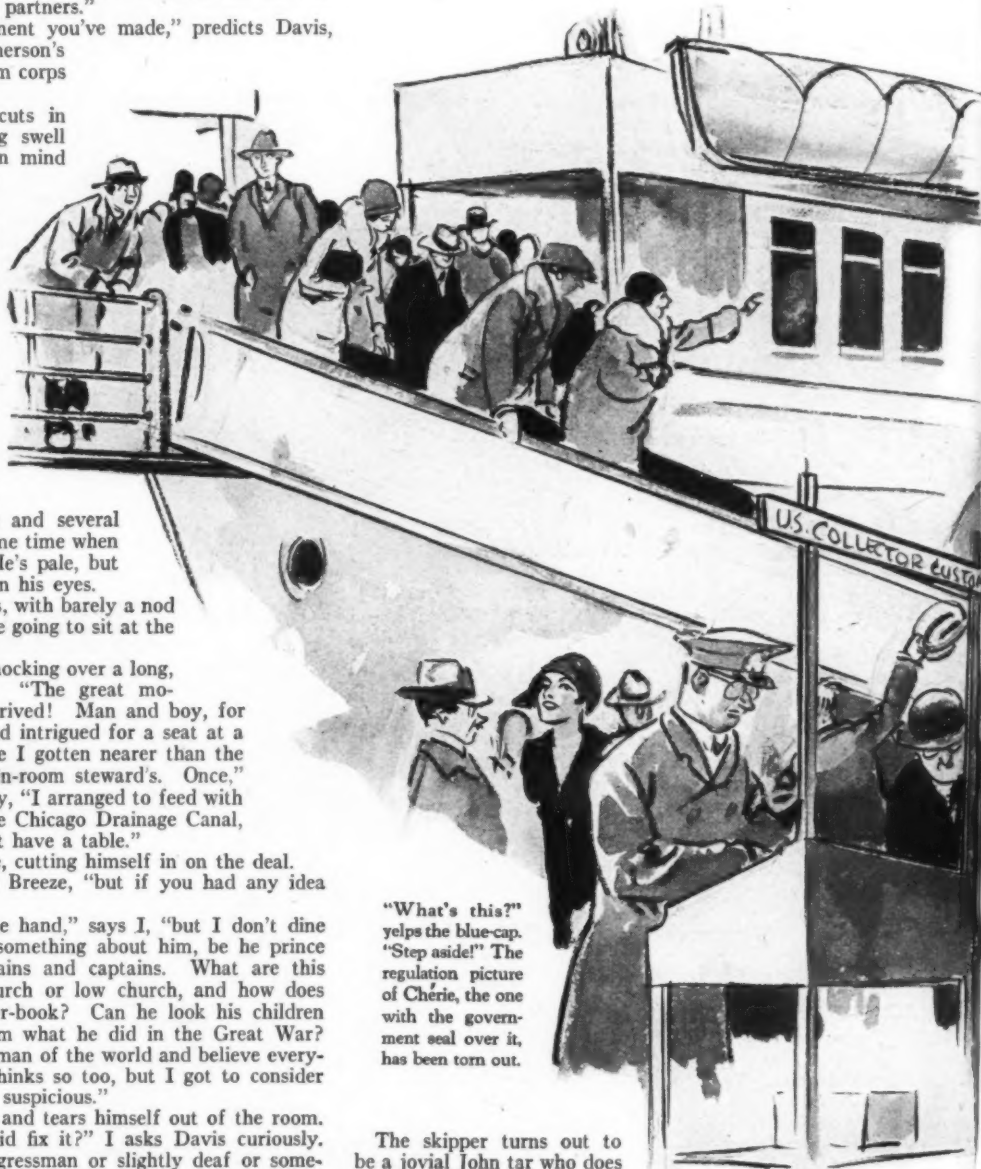
"Is it that I look nice?" she asks us before the rest of the guests have squatted.

"Columbia, the gem of the ocean," returns Breeze gallantly.

"I love thy rocks and frills," says I. "Are they yours or are they real?"

Besides our gang, the captain's infested with three other boarders,

a couple of janes who were mere tots when the war of 1812 was put on for a run, and a handsome bobo who might have been anything from a grand duke to the boots at the Adlon Hotel in Berlin. On general introduction we find that he staggers under the monicker of Rodolpho zu und von Bischoffstein-Altowitz. Try that on your televisior.



"What's this?" yelps the blue-cap. "Step aside!" The regulation picture of Chérie, the one with the government seal over it, has been torn out.

The skipper turns out to be a jovial John tar who does his sea-going best to start the conversational ball a-rolling, but his luck is nothing to write the Admiralty about. Everything he offers dies the death. Then Breeze, who's been choking to death on unused words all day, tries his skillful hand at thawing the frost.

"Ever hear the story," he opens up, "of the cloak-and-suiter who'd never been abroad before but wanted everybody to believe he was a great traveler?"

"Undoubtedly," says I, encouragingly.

"Well," goes on Emerson, "he was standing by the rail one day when another passenger came along and made some remark about how wet the Atlantic Ocean was that morning, or something."

"Hm," sneers the cloak-and-suiter, "call this an ocean?"

The wheeze draws a grin from the captain,—the one, I imagine, he keeps on ice for just that story,—a pair of pallid puckers from the senility sisters, but only blanks from Rodolpho and Chérie.

"I do not understand," says she. "Is it not that the ocean is of the same wetness all the time?"

Notwithstanding which the party perks up some. Chérie, who's parked between me and Rodolpho, goes into a conversational huddle with the dashing foreigner, palavering in French, and by the time the roast's reached, the rest of the bunch might as well have been out in Red Oak, Iowa, inspecting the new public abattoir, as far as they're concerned.

Breeze and I and the two old-age addicts chew the rag with the skip about the weather, in the course of which Emerson drops a few suggestions as to the proper navigation of liners in storms. The subject of weather being about as much of a treat to a sea-captain as legs are to a London busman, you can imagine the gala he's having. Dinner's hardly over before the old salt makes some excuse about having to look after the binnacle or the barnacle, and beats it.

The century plants also evaporate, but Rodolpho follows us up to the lounge for coffee and cordials. That doesn't wow Breeze any. The *entente* developed on the other side of the table hasn't gone so big with the boy friend.

Spotting Davis over in a corner by himself, I invites him to join us at Java. Though apparently strangers to each other, I notices, or imagine I do, a peculiar look pass between Joe and Rodolpho when I introduces 'em. However, what conversation follows is the ordinary haywire of guys meeting for the first time.

When we sees 'em again, they're strolling on the deck in the flood-light of a full moon, and you couldn't have driven a truck between them, either.

"Nice moon," I remarks sociably.

"Ha," comes back Rodolpho, with an amiable grin. "Call this a moon?"

The next morning the sea's kicking up a fuss again, and both Jennie and Breeze decide to stick to their staterooms and catch up with their reading. Not so Chérie, though! That old devil ocean hasn't anything in its repertory that'll keep her down. She's up even early enough to have breakfast with Rodolpho, and for the two days the storm lasts, they're hardly apart.

"Tell me," says I, when I happens to catch her alone, and largely to make conversation, "what do you know about this Apollo from Belvidere you're running around with?"

"He is charming," flutters Chérie, "is he not?"

"He is not," I comes back, "but then, I don't charm so easily. Who is he and what does he do for a living?"

"Rodolpho," says she, "is of the Austrian nobilities, but for long times he live in America. He have the big estates—"

"That's what he tells you," I cuts in. "How do you know he isn't a card sharp—a cheater at cards?"

"Card-cheater!" exclaims Chérie. "For why should an Austrian nobilities be a cheater with the cards?"

"For the same reason," I returns, "that a Spanish princess might be a zither-player. It has been estimated by the Secaucus Tulip Growers Club that ninety per cent of all first-class steamer passengers over the age of eleven are card-sharps. Does that mean anything to you?"

"*Ma foi!*" expostulates Madame Emerson. "What would a card-cheater want with me?"



AFTER a bit Davis suggests we drop up to the smoke-room and take a hand in the pool. That's K. O. by me, but Emerson's not so keen for the gamble despite the fact that he'd been bragging before dinner of a system he had for outguessing ships' runs. I practically have to drag him out of the lounge, leaving Chérie alone with Rodolpho.

"Can such innocence be!" I gasps. "Don't you know that the gamblers always grab the prettiest woman on the boat for a come-on? You're the prettiest woman on the boat, aren't you?"

"It may so be," smiles Chérie; "but Rodolpho a cheater with the cards—*jamais la vie!*"

"Well," says I, "if he isn't, there's (Please turn to page 140)



# Changelings

MR. TERHUNE, writing of his dogs, tells of other animal visitors to his famous home—and of an extraordinary Christmas adventure.



THE little old lady sat primly erect among the window-seat's inviting cushions. She disdained to loll back. In her own long-vanished youth gentlewomen were not supposed to loll. She balanced a teacup and saucer deftly in her black silk lap, while she talked in precise Victorian diction with her hosts—the Mistress and the Master.

She was like a Jane Austen character come back to life, or a demure fashionplate from *Godey's Ladies' Book*. About her was an indefinable hint of antique lace and lavender.

Her pale old eyes behind the trim gold spectacles gazed forth in placid contentment over the sweet lawns of the Place. Flower-girt and starred with century-aged oaks, the emerald of the shaven grass rolled billowingly down to the fire-blue lake a furlong below. The fragrant hush of midsummer was in the air.

Suddenly the pale old eyes focused with an unwonted sharpness. Into the placid face came a blank look which merged into grotesque incredulity. Then, as if recalling that a gentlewoman must not give visible sign to violent emotions, the little lady turned to her wondering hosts and said with an apologetic half-smile:

"My dears, if—if we were living in the days of Aesop's Fables, I should—well, frankly, my dears, I should *almost* fancy I had just seen a fox walking across the lawn out there—a fox with a monkey riding on his back—a monkey that is smoking a pipe. I—I grow old; and my eyes are—"

"Your eyes are telling you the truth, as usual," the Master reassured her. "But I don't blame you for doubting them. I suppose a pipe-smoking monkey riding on the back of a fox is not to be seen on every lawn in this North Jersey hinterland of ours."

"But," expostulated the old lady, "it is quite impossible that a—"

"Perhaps you'd like to hear how it all began, and then what happened?" suggested the Mistress. "It's a queer story; and to this day part of it is an absolute mystery. At least, it's a mystery to all of us except to dear old Laddie, here!"—stooping to stroke the classic head of the giant bronze-and-white collie drowsing on the rug at her feet. "Laddie was part of it—a very great part of it. So he knows. But he can't tell. It's a kind of Christmas story, too. Would you like to hear it?"

ON a crisp early spring morning the Master strolled down to the brood-nest shed, behind the stables. In this blanket-floored pen, for the past week, Sunnybank Lady, the temperamental little gold-white mate of Sunnybank Lad, had been locked every night. Every morning the Master had hurried to the brood-nest as soon as he was dressed.

Lad trotted gayly along at his side, as always, and stood dancing impatiently as the Master unfastened the door to let the fly-away gold-white collie out. But today Lady did not come rushing out to greet the visitors as usual, or to lure her sedate bronze-and-white mate into a romp.

"I don't know about the monkey," the Master used to say, "but I'm dead sure the fox thinks he is a collie."

Instead she lay weary and weak, deep in the scratched-up huddle of torn blankets. She wagged her tail in feeble welcome to the Master, and peered up at him as if in appeal to his godhead to bring back life to her litter scattered around her. Lad stood gravely sniffing at her and her pitiful brood, as though trying to find the reason for his adored mate's keen grief.

There was a step outside the brood-nest door. The Master turned, to see the Place's English superintendent, Robert Friend, who had just come back from the woods, where he had set two men to work at the cutting of dead trees for winter hearth-fuel.

"We're out of luck!" said the Master. "Lady had eight pups during the night, which died. That's the way with collie pups. They're either the easiest or the hardest animals on earth to raise. Lady has always had tough luck. Wolf is the only pup of hers and Lad's that ever lived to grow up. The poor old girl is in bad shape, and she's heart-broken. I wish we could find a newborn live mongrel pup somewhere for her to foster. She ought— What have you got there?"

The superintendent was pulling something from under his coat, handling it in gingerly fashion. The thing was rufous red and tiny and shapeless, and was making futile motions with its awkwardly widespread paws.

"It's a baby fox," explained Friend. "Sam found it in a tree-stump, back yonder in the woods. The mother wasn't anywhere around. Sam brought it to me. It can't be more than a day old. I'd have put it back in the stump, only I know the dam wouldn't have anything to do with it after she smelled the touch of a human's hand on it. I remembered how unhappy the Mistress was when her pet coon got killed, last fall. I thought maybe she'd like it, to take Rameses' place. I could bring it up for her, on a bottle. It—"

"You can do better than that," interrupted the Master. "You can give it to Lady to bring up. It will do just as well as the newborn mongrel pup I was talking about. Wait."

# A New Story of "Lad"

By *Albert Payson Terhune*

Illustrated  
by  
Charles Sarka



watched him worriedly, and Lad too, vibrant with interest at the odd sight.

Then, when the superintendent had taken the rest of the pups away from the sorrowing mother and out of the nest, the Master knelt down among the torn blankets, holding the fox cub in one palm, while with the other hand he grasped Lady's neck with gentle firmness. He snuggled the baby fox against her warm underbody. At the touch Lady shrank back a little. Quieting her with his voice and still holding her from snapping at the infant intruder, he continued to hold the fox against her. With no hesitation at all the wisp of wilderness babyhood began to nurse. He was starvingly hungry.

Lady growled forbiddingly, straining her firm-held head to get at the ravenous little outlander. Inch by inch the Master allowed her nose to approach the eagerly nursing foxlet.

She sniffed at it in hostile fashion. Then to her inquiring nostrils was borne the scent of her own babies, along with the vulpine taint. She ceased to growl, and nosed the cub doubtfully. This for only the briefest moment.

Then the scarce-silenced growl was followed by a soft crooning as she nuzzled

the foster-baby closer to her and began industriously to lick smooth its rumped reddish fur. The Master nodded approval, and got to his feet. His task was done. Henceforth Nature would handle the case, even as Nature has handled such cases since the birth of time.

Back to the house and to his long-delayed breakfast went the Master.

"Lady's pups were born in the night," he reported to his wife.

Lady had been sniffing with weary resentment the vulpine scent that began to fill the nest. The fox-odor was exotic and vaguely hostile to her, especially at this moment when Nature warned her to protect her own brood from any possible enemy.

The Master picked up the dead puppy she had been licking. He picked up another of the dead pups at random and held one on each side of the newborn and helplessly shivering fox cub, softly rubbing them against its sides and back and stomach. Lady

"And they all died. All except one fox."

"One—what?"

"One fox. A dog-fox. That's her only surviving child. Laddie's stepson. After breakfast come down with me and I'll show it to you."

Briefly he explained what had happened. He wound up his recital by saying:

"So you see we're saddled with another denizen of the Wild. What we're to do with him, I don't know. If Lady hadn't needed him, I'd have had Robert kill him. You're still grieving over Rameses. And the raccoon was a better pet in every way than any fox ever could be. I know a little about foxes. And I don't know anything good about them. But whatever wild thing may be tamed,—coon or fox or bear or deer or bird,—remember that one of two things is bound to happen: Either it will sneak back to the Wild some day, or else it will be tamed into losing the inherited fear that is its only protection, and it will be killed by a hunter or by some other animal. We're just storing up heartache if we keep this fox-cub. As soon as Lady doesn't need him any longer, we'd better get rid of him, somehow. He—"

A guest was announced—Harry Steele, an old friend and neighbor. Wondering at so early a call, the Mistress insisted on his coming into the dining-room and joining them at the breakfast table. In one hand Steele was carrying with great care a small basket from which edges of canton flannel bulged.

Lad, as a rule, paid no heed to visitors. But he walked along at Steele's side, into the dining-room, pressing close to the guest and smelling with puzzled interest at the basket.

"I don't know whether I'm going to be welcome, this morning, or whether you people will throw me out," said Steele as he faced the Mistress and held the basket toward her. "I've brought you a present. If you don't want it, just say so, and I won't be sore. But I remember how fond of Rameses you used to be, and how unhappy you were when he was killed last September. So I've brought over a successor to him, if you'll accept it. He's barely a week old. Last night his mother was run over by a car that came whizzing into our dooryard when she was running across the drive. This poor little chap can be raised on a bottle, I'm sure. He—"

Steele finished the sentence by lifting the wicker lid from the basket. In the middle of an expanse of canton flannel and cotton batting crouched something which, at first glance, seemed to be an infinitely small and infinitely wizened human baby. It blinked up dazedly at the Mistress. Then it wound its ten prehensile talons around an exploratory forefinger she held toward it.

The Master had not needed to glance into the basket to guess its contents. Again and again he had gazed upon the latter's fad for the difficult task of breeding monkeys, for his own amusement, in a superheated wing of a rambling country-house three miles from the Place.

"Fine!" declaimed the Master. "I've always said the Place would seem more homelike if only we had at least one live animal on it. What could harmonize better with a bunch of collies than a nice little fleasome monkey? Now, if only some loving friend will bring us a young rattlesnake or a youthful warthog or even an

ichthyosaurus, we'll just be one grand happy family. All except me. I'll go somewhere else to do my living."

But he was alone in his annoyance at the new gift. The monkey's queer humanness and the confiding way it gripped the Mistress' forefinger had roused in the woman a protective fondness for the squirming atom. Lad, too, was nosing at it in protectively inquisitive fashion, its helplessness making the same appeal to him as to the Mistress. The Master saw all this, and he gave up the hopeless fight.

"To save the bother of bringing it up on a bottle," he ventured in heavy sarcasm, "let's turn it over to Lady. Her only living offspring, at present, is a fox. A monkey can't seem much of a novelty to her, after that."

The Mistress ignored the irony of his suggestion.

"Good!" she cried. "That will be the very thing. I am going to carry it down to her. I'm sure I can get her to believe it's hers.







Across the living-room was advancing a most impossible apparition. With a screech Meed leaped straight through the long French window.

nance they derived from Lady.

Presently they were scampering about the largest puppy-yard, gamboling wildly with each other and with their gold-white foster-mother. As the need for day-and-night maternal care slackened, Lady threw off her never-too-strong mother-instincts and became her changelings' playmate rather than their dam.

It was pretty to see the trio at play. The fox was lightning-swift of motion, at an age when collie pups would still have been pudgily awkward. Sure and dextrous was he in every move. Faster was he, at rollicking maneuvers and at short dashes, than was Lady herself. Also, when she essayed correction in the way of nip or slap, he would flash his needlelike milk-teeth into the nearest point of her anatomy instead of rolling on his back for mercy as do chastised baby collies.

The monkey was slower of development. But under the warmth of early summer and the dual rations he waxed strong and agile. It was amusing to watch Lady's blank expression when, in the course of a romp, he would leap lightly in air and either land on the middle of her

It wont do any harm to try. Walter Peirce had a collie that brought up a baby monkey. Why shouldn't Lady?"

To everyone's amazement, except the Mistress, Lady was induced to accept the wrigglingly hungry monkey with little more difficulty than had attended the adoption of the fox. It was not the first nor the thousandth time that a dog had been used as foster-mother to fox or to monkey, or even to lion cubs.

Thus set in an odd era at the Place. The two fosterlings thrived apace on the nourishment which Nature had intended for eight greedy puppies. Lady evidently considered them her own children. She washed and fed and cared for them after the best methods of a true collie mother.

Faster than would the average collie pup, did the two changelings shake off their first impotent clumsiness and learn to move about. At the end of three weeks they were lapping warm milk with a raw egg beaten up in it. This in addition to the suste-

furry gold back or on the top of the kennel-house. Or perhaps he would vary this by mounting to the top of the kennel-yard's wide shade tree in less time than Lady could follow him to the foot of it.

"I don't know about the monkey," the Master used to say, "but I'm dead sure the fox thinks he is a collie. I wonder if Lady thinks so too. Sometimes I catch her staring at him and at the monkey with a queer kind of bewilderment, when they're playing. She has vague doubts about it, I think. They're amusing enough, those two freaks of hers. I grant that. But I was right, just the same, when I said we sign the death-warrant of any wild thing when we try to domesticate it. Watch and see."

As it happened, the Master's prophecy was to come true. Two years later, as the fox was wandering through the home woods, a hunter shot and killed the luckless animal that had lost its native instinct to get out of danger's way. At about the same time the monkey died of acute indigestion. But (Please turn to page 98)

# Help Yourself to

OVER the footlights, and upon the screen, Frank Adams' plays have amused millions; and for millions more, he makes the page a pleasure.

## The Story So Far:

ANNE HARKNESS was, as Inspector Lavin phrased it, the kind of a girl a man would be wanting for a wife. And yet Anne found herself whirled into the most amazing adventure that a nice girl ever encountered.

For Anne answered an advertisement of the noted artist Stephen Bernaberry. And while she was talking with Bernaberry his hysterically jealous model Carlotta Pascoe shot him—and was about to shoot herself when Anne snatched the revolver from her. A moment later Carlotta had calmed down sufficiently to urge Anne to go before the police came—it was none of her affair, and why should she be mixed up in it?

Shocked and bewildered, Anne made her way out of the studio, and away from the building. But a little later the afternoon papers informed her that she was indeed very much mixed up in this affair—for the canny Carlotta had told the police that Anne had done the shooting; and the last fingerprints on the gun, made by Anne when and after she had snatched it from Carlotta, confirmed the statement.

Anne lived with her mother; but that good lady was not at all the sort of person to help in a dilemma like this. And so Anne, desperate and terrified, bought a ticket with most of her small store of money, and took the first available train out of town.

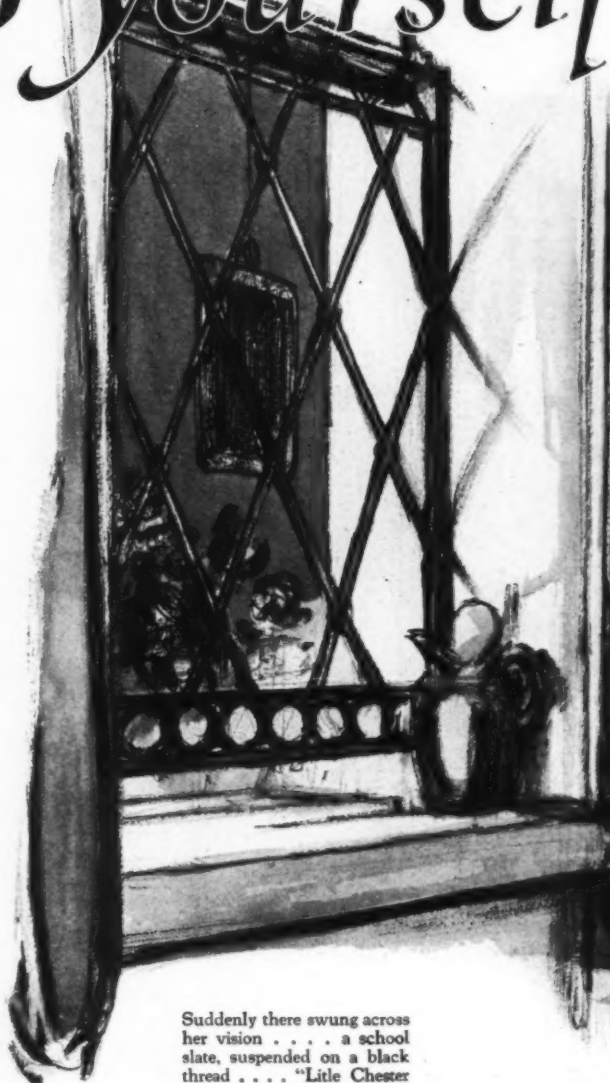
But when the Fates pick a girl—even a nice and lovely girl like Anne—for a tremendous adventure, they seem never to know when to stop. For on the diner Anne made the acquaintance of a handsome lady in a green costume which included a wonderful emerald bracelet and a brand-new wedding ring. Indeed, Anne was amiably conversing with this lady in her drawing-room when the collision came. But that by no means accounts for the fact that when Anne recovered consciousness in a neighboring farmhouse, it was she herself who was wearing the emerald bracelet and the new wedding ring, and the green costume lay over the foot of her bed. To the reporters Anne pretended amnesia—she couldn't remember who she was. But the ring and the bracelet and the dress caused her presently to be transported to the luxurious home of Mr. Peter Bernaberry, brother of the murdered Stephen—a gentleman in some mental perturbation, for his brand-new wife had run away, and his brother had that same day been murdered.

And presently Peter came into Anne's room. "Of course," he said to her, "I know that you are not my wife, but who are you?"

Anne fell back upon her formula. "I can't tell you."

He laughed bitterly. "It doesn't matter. If she has paid you to tell that story, I sha'n't raise her price." He rose as if to leave.

"Wait, Mr. —er—I'm afraid I don't know your name."



Suddenly there swung across her vision . . . a school slate, suspended on a black thread . . . "Little Chester Collins, Hiz Slayte."

"Bernaberry," he flung back at her. "Peter Bernaberry."

"The illustrator!" Anne gasped.

"No. He's my brother." Then: "Stephen Bernaberry is dead."

Anne nodded: "I know."

"But here's something you don't know," he added: "I'm going to kill the woman who shot him." (*The story continues in detail.*)

SHE lay as if frozen. Did he know, then, who she was?

He must have noticed the change in Anne's expression, the coming of terror. For he started toward her, and—Anne screamed.

Peter Bernaberry's look of hatred changed to one of concern. "I'm sorry," he said. "I'd forgotten how shocked you must have been by the accident. I should not have discussed my own disaster with you yet. But it seemed—"

The nurse entered. "I heard some one scream—"

"It was I," Anne explained. "I tried to turn over, and my leg—"

"Of course. You mustn't do that without help."

"Thanks," contributed Peter Bernaberry.

"Not at all," Anne told him. The formality of their exchange of courtesies reminded Anne of the preliminaries to a duel.

While the nurse was fussing about, attending to Anne's hastily thought-up wants, Peter stood looking on idly for a moment.

# Happiness

By Frank R. Adams

Illustrated by  
Henry Raleigh



kill secretly and then evade the legal penalty. On the contrary, Anne felt that avenging his brother's killing was what Peter Bernaberry had planned as the final act of his existence. After that, he did not care what happened.

His remark to her, therefore, had been in the nature of a statement of intention to defer direct action so far

as she personally was concerned until some later date. Just why, Anne did not entirely understand.

But she was grateful for the respite. And in spite of the fact that she was in danger of immediate death if Peter Bernaberry found out who she was, she was otherwise in the one spot in all the world where the police would never deliberately look for her.

Dr. Mikkeldorp called.

"You know who you are, now?" he asked confidently.

Anne hesitated. Then, "Yes," she answered, "I am Mrs. Peter Bernaberry."

"Good. Then there is nothing the matter with you but a twisted ligament in the leg. I can take care of that for you if you wish, although I am a specialist in what goes on at the other end of the spine."

"I hope you will." Anne rather liked the pompous physician.

"All right. My prescription is two weeks in bed, a lot of fussy attention by Nurse Bingham, here, and a little tender affection from your new husband."

Peter Bernaberry had walked in just in time to inspire the last part of Dr. Mikkeldorp's remarks.

"In a day or so we can remove the bandage from your head, and you can arrange your hair so that you will be as beautiful as ever. Although," he continued critically, "I think you are rather Madonnalike in that strip of white gauze which encircles your features. What do you think, Mr. Bernaberry?"

"She's beautiful enough," Peter admitted grudgingly.

"Um." The Doctor considered this gravely. "If he doesn't appreciate you, young lady, come to me, and I'll see what can be done about it. That is, of course, if Mrs. Mikkeldorp doesn't object."

When the Doctor was gone, Peter Bernaberry sat down astride a straight-legged chair

"You are a curious kind of girl," he said absently.

At that, the nurse looked up sharply.

He noticed it, and added: "Perhaps that is one of the reasons why I married you."

He turned and left the room.

No, he did not know yet that she was Anne Harkness, the girl for whom the police were searching. The fact that she was alive proved that. The mere entrance of the nurse would not have kept him from his vengeance if he had been set upon it. He certainly cared nothing about consequences to himself. He had not given the impression that he meant to





"Mrs. Harkness had little to contribute to what we already know about her daughter,"

with his arms folded across the back, an attitude that Anne was to find characteristic with him, a sort of a nervous, "on-your-mark" position from which he could leap into instant action.

"Well?" he said, looking at her soberly.

"The question," Anne replied, "might better come from me."

"What question?"

"The one you were intending to ask me: 'What are you going to do?'"

"Oh, my course is simple," Peter replied. "I'm going to keep you here until my wife comes back. You might write that to her. Tell her if she doesn't face the music, you'll have to."

"Face the music?" Anne repeated. "You sound as if you hated her. Do you?"

The man considered. "I don't know. All I can say is that she was the most glorious woman I have ever known, the only glorious one, I guess; and yet she fooled me. My brother was killed by a woman; he was the only other human being I really cared about in this world. Those two things together have not made me feel any more friendly toward the members of your sex. Eventually I'll find the individuals who specifically have turned all my emotions to hatred. In the meantime you will forgive me, I'm sure, if I regard all of you as my enemies."



Peter told Anne. "The girl seems to have been a sly minx who deceived even her mother."

"And me as a prisoner of war?"

"It rather seems like that, doesn't it?" He smiled without any particular mirth back of the grimace which, in reality, only hardened his features. "At least I'll keep you here until Mrs. Bernaberry sees fit to exchange hostages."

"But how can you keep me if I do not want to stay?"

"That seems ridiculously simple. You cannot walk at present. That simplifies matters for a few days—long enough, I imagine. If it is necessary to hold you here after you recover from your injury, I have only to assert my authority as your husband."

"But you're not my husband."

"Everyone thinks I am. You have tacitly admitted that I was, in front of a number of reliable witnesses."

"How if I proclaim my real identity?"

"That, as Dr. Mikkeldorp will testify, would be merely a recurrence of the amnesia caused by the shock of your accident. Dr. Mikkeldorp could scarcely be discredited even in court. He is the final authority on cerebral disorders in this State. That's why I sent him to take care of you when I thought you were my wife. . . . No, I see no reason to expect that you will be going away before my real wife returns."

Anne looked at him inquiringly.

(Please turn to page 125)

# Armistice

By  
*Christine  
Joep-Slade*

Illustrated by  
Kenneth F. Camp

*HERE is an unforgettable event, told by an Englishwoman familiar with war and speaking for those, throughout the world, who may be brave enough "to live quietly."*

**DURING** the war years Emily Barling had lived her second spring, swifter, more vivid, more glorious than the first. After the fleeting of busy wifehood and motherhood, in her forties and fifties had come like a gift this strong, vigorous, masculine life of organizing and planning, this terrific vitalizing sense of personal accomplishment as commandant of a big hospital. It had been terrible to relinquish it, to sink back to wifehood and domesticity, to lie fallow in a home and garden again. It was so hard to live quietly, to have the days dribble and drift away. Emily Barling thought all the sympathy for the post-war young was misplaced. They at least had preserved the right to live violently on the nerves and emotions; that was ceded to them eagerly, generously, almost forcibly. No one gave thought to the women who had been clawed out of their backwaters to live a satisfying, full, rich life of war service—and then pushed back to nothingness, to the difficult business of just being alive. Theirs was the real tragedy.

Passionately, desperately, Emily Barling at fifty-seven desired to live again; endlessly she sought the means of doing so. None of the things that are open to you in a country village when you are a fairly well-to-do, fairly well-preserved matron of fifty-seven with a married family, feed the emotions you are no longer entitled to, but still possess.

They yeasted unappeased in Emily Barling; behind her placidity, the mask of her gentle tranquillity, was endless, bitter rebellion.

It is hard for the woman who has enjoyed, even for a short spell, a vivid, decisive individual life of her own, to live second-hand; it is hard for her to rid herself of surplus emotion, to use up vitality, to find outlet for imagination.

As the world is constituted today, no one wants the emotion, the vitality, the imagination of the woman of fifty-seven.

Lucky women, the infinitesimal minority, may dissipate it in writing, music, sculpture.

Emily Barling had no gift but the suppressed, hidden volcanic gift of living.

Her life, her capabilities, her home responsibility, gave her no outlet.

When she dreamed, it was of the war years. She dreamed of them as other women dream of love, or fame. They came back to her with the terribleness of lost ecstasy. Gorgeous, marvelous days of movement, of accomplishment—above all, soul-satisfying, heart-easing service.

Peace is not easy for women who have known war.

Drifting is not easy for those who have felt the glory of direction, purpose.

There are millions who would have war back with its hell, its agony, its sweat, that they might feel in themselves again the throb of life.

During the war God Himself seemed to lean out of Heaven to teach them how to live. Life had meaning, significance. The path was clear as a divine mission.

Neither God, nor the churches, nor any philosophy has taught the world how to live decently or gloriously in peace.

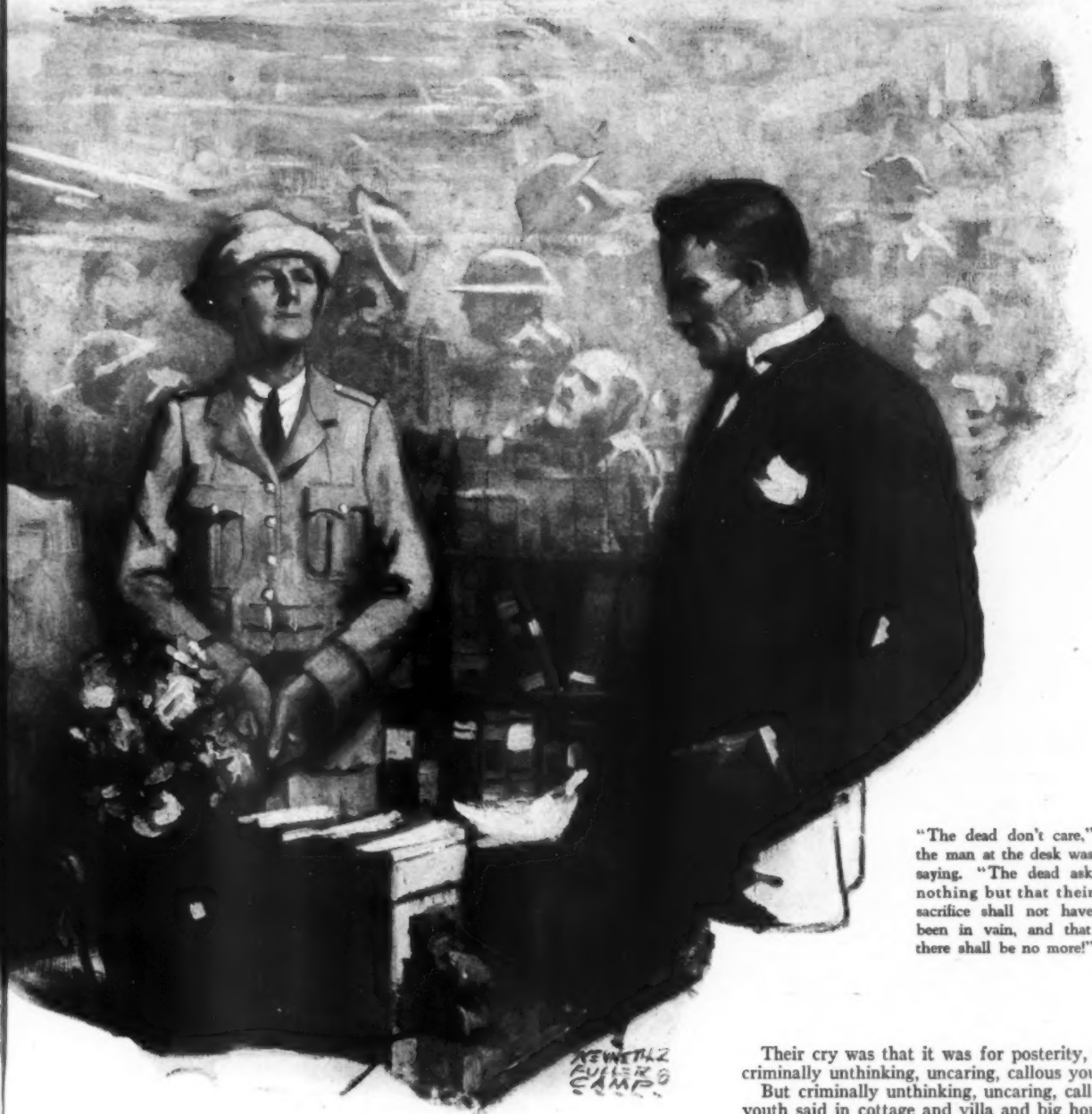
That is the tragedy of today.

That was the tragedy of Emily Barling.

No one had taught her, or her kind, how to accommodate herself to peace, or shown her how to live quietly; nothing indicated how she would use herself up decently, honorably or with any satisfaction to herself. . . .

The village was interested in the new tenant of the old white house because he had money, because it was so obvious that he





"The dead don't care,"  
the man at the desk was  
saying. "The dead ask  
nothing but that their  
sacrifice shall not have  
been in vain, and that  
there shall be no more!"

Their cry was that it was for posterity, for  
criminally unthinking, uncaring, callous youth.

But criminally unthinking, uncaring, callous  
youth said in cottage and villa and big house,  
"There are so many war memorials. What's  
the good of them? We don't want any more!"  
—and shrugged.

Their first set-back came from the newcomer in the white house.  
He refused to contribute to the fund for the erection of the war  
memorial or to have anything to do with the scheme. After the  
first deputation he was not even at home to the committee. Emily  
Barling herself canvassed him in vain. He did not wish to be  
associated with the idea in any way.

The attitude created resentment against him. He merely dug  
himself in further. In the cottages the rumor took shape that he  
was a naturalized German, but his appearance and his quiet North-  
country voice dissipated this rumor for the more intelligent mem-  
bers of the community.

To Emily Barling his refusal seemed a personal insult.

His refusal to be incorporated with the resuscitation of the war  
infuriated her. It was like a denial of her right to associate her-  
self with it, to perpetuate its glory, which was her glory. It  
festered in her mind.

"All this fuss about an old war memorial!" said the post-war  
generation.

(Please turn to page 138)

was going to burrow in there, to make a nest for himself. He was  
a quiet, grave, lean man with a face like a box locked over his  
thoughts. He was a bachelor of fifty-three or -four, and liked  
old prints and cats and gardening. That completed him.

He took root, and people ceased to wonder or comment.

It was not until the great, belated idea of a local war memorial,  
that followed Earl Haig's death in London, that he was jerked  
to the surface of people's minds again.

The war memorial was a sudden inspiration of Emily Barling's.  
It took complete possession of her; it dominated her.

In a lesser degree it took possession of all the matrons of Wil-  
lowbent Village; eagerly and whole-heartedly they identified them-  
selves with it.

They had no war memorial. They would have one.

Not one of them realized it was primarily a memorial to them-  
selves, a record of discarded energies and relinquished activities, a  
desire to perpetuate the drama of their own lives, the great scene  
and act of their days.

# The Girl Who Was Too Beautiful

By  
Virginia Dale

*Being a dramatic critic, Miss Dale is familiar with the extraordinary viewpoints and feelings of people whose life is indulgence in emotion.*

Illustrated by  
Rico Tomaso

THIS is the story of a great motion picture star who dropped suddenly from the screen—and why. It can be told because she will never read it. The loves and hates and ambitions and sorrows, even the joys of Hollywood, are foolish history to her now. It tells a little, but not all, of the girl who took her place. Trentoni, the great Italian director, is responsible for the new beauty so strangely like the star I shall call Thyme McAn. . . .

A scream ripped into the desert quiet. It was a piercing, frightened scream. The Hi-Art film people in their little encampment there "on location" awoke with a start. Trentoni leaped to the flap-door of his tent, his silk-pajama-clad figure making an odd contrast to the heavy canvas wherein he stood framed. He waited a moment listening, his eyes roving over the unmoving scene. Then, "What's the matter?" he shouted.

From Thyme's tent a woman stumbled. She was Thyme's maid, and she ran toward Trentoni, her slippers catching in the sand, the bright saffron of her kimono slipping from one scrawny shoulder; and as she ran, she screamed again. She almost fell as she reached the director. He shook her, taking time to remember even as he did it that he had never seen anyone register horror so completely. He wondered fleetingly whether he had overlooked a good screen "bet" in this Norah, whose face could change so perfectly into a mask of horror.

"What is it?" he demanded. Other people were coming from their tents. The place which a few minutes before was a still, unwhispering desert, suddenly was vital with fear.

"She—she—" Her voice broke. Then she caught it up and seemed to throw the words from her. "She's dead! Thyme McAn's dead!"

"Dead!" Trentoni threw Norah from him, and his sandaled feet made a flying path to Thyme's tent. Fearfully, the others followed.

The tent was in two parts, for even in the desert Thyme McAn

52



The tent room had suddenly become a shrine. The maid Norah

must be sheltered in luxury. On the sands themselves a Chinese rug had been stretched; cushions and hangings and low tables were everywhere, and three soft chairs as well. But it was in the inner room that the very softness and perfume of Thyme McAn were most manifest: the wide couch was covered incongruously enough in fine handmade lace from Madeira. And there, amidst the laces and the satins, Thyme McAn lay still.

It seemed the tent room had suddenly become a shrine, where a careless goddess had lived, a shrine where now the goddess was Death.

Trentoni, trembling terribly, walked over to the satin couch. Her white body lay in the mist of dawn as if glad to rest.

was

P  
whit  
in a  
othe  
E  
the  
"v  
The  
"No  
bran  
Edna  
sal



was crouched, praying. . . . Even then Trentoni was wondering how this could be kept from the newspapers.

People were pushing in to see, exclaiming. Their faces were white. Some one sobbed. The maid, Norah, was already crouched in a corner praying. In helpless little couples and threes the others poured out their frantic excitement.

Even then Trentoni was wondering how this could be kept from the newspapers.

"Wait!" he cried. He stooped over the strangely resting figure. The place was thrown into stillness. The director stooped closer. "Not dead!" he burst out at last. "Thank God, not dead! Fetch brandy—there is some in my tent," Trentoni ordered. Already Edna Cooper, the character woman, was pressing forward with *sal volatile*.

Thyme stirred uneasily, as if regretting that life called her back.

The camera man and a prop boy were sent off to the town, eleven miles away, for doctors.

They waited. Everyone was telling what he had been doing when they heard old Norah's scream. "I was sound asleep," Edna Cooper declared. "Wally was just trying to find a cigarette," contributed Windsor, the leading man. "God! If we'd only looked out, we might've seen something." "I was dead to the world—" some one else began, and stopped. Dead to the world? So Thyme McAn had seemed to be, with her restless, craving beauty stilled. Everyone, shifted anxiously. Trentoni chafed Thyme's white wrists.



The flap door of another tent a hundred yards away moved cautiously. A man glided out with never a backward glance for the woman he left fearfully behind. He was Harry Helton, the juvenile. She was Lasca Lane, Thyme's "double."

"She's coming around," Trentoni said. Thyme's cornflower eyes opened. She looked around tiredly; then her eyes closed again. There was nothing more to do for her then. The picture people waited, curious, driven by curiosity and fear, the fear for themselves. Through everyone's mind ran the thought: "If this gets into the newspapers, what will it mean to me?"

AT last Trentoni rose. No use to question Thyme now. He instructed the character woman to fan Thyme gently. Edna Cooper took her place beside Thyme's satiny couch. She said afterward that Thyme never opened her crushed lips, would not answer a question.

"Come outside. She must be quiet," Trentoni said. They clustered around him. "There hasn't been a scandal for so long now," Wally said gloomily. He knew what it would mean to him if some ugly story got out about this; he had been on a party in Frisco, two years before, that had kept him off the screen for months, innocent bystander though he had been. "What will Hays say?" some one quavered.

"If we're all dragged into court, will they ask a lot of questions about—about us?" It was Lasca Lane who spoke so shrilly. No one had noticed just when she had come—except Trentoni. He wheeled at the sound of her shrillness.

"Yes," he said shortly. His eyes went swiftly from face to face. They stopped again at Lasca. Her uncanny likeness to Thyme seemed to mock him. She was the copy of Thyme done in softer lines. And besides that outer semblance, there was something more. "Some girls are made for triumph—like Thyme," the Italian thought swiftly. "Some just think they are—like Lasca. It's a canker that eats into them."

"Where's Helton?" Trentoni heard himself asking, as if outside himself.

"I don't know," Lasca answered quickly, though the director had not put the question to her. Trentoni remembered that afterward.

"Here he is," young Mark cried. "For the Lord's sake, man, where've you been?"

"What's the matter?" Helton asked shakily as he pushed his way into the tent.

"It's Thyme," the heavy spoke up. Trentoni knew he was watching Helton, memorizing his reactions so that later he could run through them like a reel of film, and know his first impression that the juvenile was only acting surprise, was true. The too-handsome face of Helton seemed to go jerkily into emotions, as if the will had difficulty in being obeyed. Watching, Trentoni wondered how long it would be before he could get Thyme, stretched there so bruised and broken, to talk.

"Listen," the director said suddenly. He turned to his assistant: "Mark, get everyone here." They clustered about him, players, property-men, technicians, the stablemen who had been brought along to look after the horses, for the picture in production was a grand affair of much riding on what was supposed to be the hot, wide spaces that shifted beneath an Arabian sun. When they were all there, Trentoni spoke again.

"I want everyone,"—he looked from one to another,—"I want everyone to swear that what has happened, and anything more we learn of what has happened, shall remain forever a secret."

THERE was a brief silence. The heavy interrupted that silence.

"Yes, but Chief, the guy that did this ought to get his—"

"I will attend to that," Trentoni shot his answer. He regarded them, one by one, as if they were children and he a wise father trying to guard them from a danger they might bring upon themselves. He began again, sternly: "It is not only for Thyme, do you not see?" The preciseness of his carefully acquired English cut commandingly. "It is for you all. Yes, I admit it is mostly for Thyme. She is the darling of the screen, and that some one should do this to her is far too ugly to be known. But neither would it be good for you, any of you." And he deftly referred to this Hollywood scandal and that, and what it had meant to the people who had participated, even innocently, in them.

The group was frightened. One by one they took a solemn vow. "And you!" Trentoni turned to Lasca. He could feel her eyes yearning toward Helton though they gazed straight at him. "Swear!" he commanded. "All right—I do," she answered at last.

"It is done, then," Trentoni wheeled abruptly again to Mark.

"You stay here. Do not let anyone in the tent but Edna. And you—" He turned again sharply to Lasca: "Come to my tent. I wish to speak with you alone."

He saw the look that flew this time to Helton. Then her head went up defiantly. "Why not?" she drawled insolently.

Everyone gasped. That instant's insolence of Lasca's is responsible for all the gossip about her today. "She'd never have dared," the heavy has always said, "if there hadn't been something between her and Trentoni even then."

Trentoni was outside his own tent, the sun looking down high and bright and warm. Already the sands throbbed with hot life. Mark hurried to him and said: "Oughtn't we to look for tracks or something?" But all around them in the little camp there was a muddle of footprints, back and forth from one tent to another, and wavering crazily to the place three hundred yards off where the horses and vans and Trentoni's airplane huddled. From there the tracks of wheels and horses and men careened off toward the town together.

Trentoni remembered suddenly how Thyme had slipped off her small suede slipper just here the night before, laughing up at him as she had emptied it of sand in a thin fine spray. And now she was lying inert and shattered, while Lasca Lane, in all her tormenting likeness, came toward him strong and defiant. The director put his hand to his head as if to brush away the mad thoughts of suspicion that whirled within it. But he could not thrust aside the conviction that Lasca, somber and craving, was the only one to enjoy instant profit if Thyme were out of the way. Hi-Art might well insist, considering the investment in the picture already made, that Lasca should "double" in the remainder of it, for Thyme McAn; her eerie similarity might even be "faked" for close-ups.

HE hardly knew what to say as he followed her into his tent.

She stood inscrutable. In spite of himself Trentoni cried: "You don't even care! You don't care that this contemptible thing has been done to Thyme!"

She muttered, "We weren't friends,"—and then seemed to be waiting.

"Do you not realize that is a dangerous admission?" he threw out.

"No," she replied coldly. "A lot of people weren't her friends, you know."

"Little people, jealous people, people who envied her," Trentoni said bitterly.

"Perhaps. But anyhow, you can't fasten this on them for that." She paused a second, then went on: "Why don't you wait until she's ready to talk? If she won't, what's it to you?"

He was fascinated in spite of himself, by her courage. Since he had been in America, she was the only person with sycophancy not over her like a cowl.

"Where were you when that Irishwoman screamed and we all ran to Thyme's tent?" he demanded.

"In my own tent, of course."

"But you did not come as quickly as the rest."

Her eyes, so like Thyme's, looked at him secretively. Then the tiny curtains of their lids dropped, hiding whatever secret she had. "Thyme McAn," said Lasca, "wasn't my friend." She said it as if it explained everything, as if it were at once a defense and confession.

It struck him suddenly that Lasca had always been courageous—courageous and patient. It had been Lasca who had ridden Thyme's horses at break-neck speed, she who had jumped the eight-foot gap in "The Open Trail," she who had stood, slim and beautiful, high on the cliff to make a dive like a knife-wound on the blue bosom of the Pacific eighty feet below—and Thyme who had been adored for the "bravery" by the public. Long, patient hours she had posed, this Lasca, unphotographed, while electricians and camera men focused lights, only to have Thyme replace her for the actual "shots."

A queer sort of adulterated understanding swept over Trentoni as he looked at Lasca now, somber where Thyme had been always gay, cold where Thyme had been always glowing, defiant where Thyme had been warmly willing. He resented the sympathy which poured through him, and he said brusquely: "I will talk to you later. Go now."

She went, swinging her hips as Thyme did, almost as if she swaggered over the sunburnt sands to her own tent. But inside it, her swagger dropped from her. She was stripped down to bleak despair. Her hands went icy. In her mind beat a single question: what would Helton do now?

Outside, there was immense confusion, the beating of feet over

And  
tent.  
head  
s re-  
have  
ome-  
high  
life.  
racks  
there  
o an-  
ls off  
From  
ward  
f her  
him  
y she  
tor-  
e di-  
mad  
I not  
was  
way.  
pic-  
inder  
n be

tent.  
ried:  
stible

o be

threw

ends,

Tren-

for  
wait

Since  
ancy

e all

Then

ecret  
She  
a de-

eous  
dden

the

and  
d on

who

tient  
icians

her

toni  
ways

where  
athy  
talk

she  
le it,  
leak  
ques-

over

the sands, Trentoni's voice raised in taut direction, anxious murmurs from the players who found it impossible to keep from reiteration of their own personal fears of scandal. The sun, like a brass disk, was looming now in the sky, and through everything came at intervals the wail of the Irish woman, praying and lamenting.

Trentoni went again to Thyme. "Are you better?" he asked softly. She looked at him. "Do you know who did this?" he



"I am going to fly back with Thyme," Trentoni announced; and he carried her to the plane.

asked. She looked away. Edna Cooper shook her head. "She won't say." The character woman leaned over Thyme. "Tell us, dearie, do. You must." Thyme closed her eyes.

The sound of old Norah's prayers rasped Trentoni. "For the love of God, Mark, can't you keep her quiet?" he cried.

"I think she's off her nut," Mark answered. "She acts

like a madwoman to me."

"Bring her over to me," Trentoni said briefly.

It was several minutes before the director was able to arrest the old woman's attention.

"Listen," he said roughly at last. "You were in the tent close to hers. Did you not hear anything?" In his excitement his words took on the suggestion of his native accent.

Norah's voice rose. "I heard—I heard—" Her voice pierced the desert. Outside, the picture people strained their ears to hear. "I heard—I knew—all sorts of things. Things such as you didn't. And I knew. I knew."

"You knew what?"

"I knew. I knew," she repeated, rocking herself to the rhythm of her phrase.

Trentoni silenced Mark with a look. They waited. After a moment she leaned forward and in a whisper began: "I knew. Last night, and before, I heard the banshee. The night before, no. But before—it came, and it came! Quiet it was, so quiet such as you mightn't know. And moaning, it was. I heard and I knew. But she in her pride thought she could make it go. But the banshee,"—her voice caught,—"the banshee can't be humbled by the pride of a mortal."

Trentoni muttered to his young assistant: "The banshee. According to Irish superstition that is a spirit which hovers over a person spotted for death. Take her away—and tell some one to watch her."

Trentoni was thinking how Thyme's world had been paved with the emotions of others. She trod over them gayly. Had it always been like that with her? "My mother used to sew," she had told him once after too many cocktails. (You remember the newspapers used to say her lady mother lived in a castle on the Scottish moors.) "After my old man decamped," Thyme had continued on that unwary night, "there were four of us kids to take care of. I tell you, it took all the money in the old (Please turn to page 122)

# Tell Your Own Fortune

By Doris Webster and Mary Alden Hopkins

## Part II—YOUR FUTURE

**M**OST events happen from a person's inside rather than from outside. Even being struck by lightning may be due to a tendency to go out when it is wiser to stay in.

An individual's future is determined largely by his personality. One with a persecution complex attracts troubles, while an optimistic nature attracts good luck. A spendthrift is always poor, and so is a miser, while the temperament that budgets an income reduces money-troubles to a minimum. A timid person has few real adventures but is always a-twitter over trivialities.

Your future is rolled up inside of you. If you are going to marry a vixen because she is pretty, don't blame your bad luck when she snaps at you. Instead of reading the stars to learn if your house will burn down, notice whether you have a tendency

to throw hot matches in the waste-paper basket. A cautious person usually escapes disasters.

With this as a basis, you understand to what a large extent you can figure out your own future and that of other people. The questions which follow are arranged to bring out such traits as have a strong influence on a person's actions, each group indicating the presence or absence of a certain characteristic. One trait alone does not show very much, but that same trait in the company of others changes the whole picture.

This article, like our books based on the same principle, may be used to advantage by a courting couple, or at a party. Though it is offered as a game, yet it may help to give the player a glimpse of his undeveloped possibilities.



### Key Number 0

People will continue to enjoy having you as a guest. You will never get on their nerves and will adapt yourself to all kinds of company, because you are thinking about them instead of thinking about what they are thinking about you. Your chief danger will be in money matters, for you will have a tendency to assume that other people know more about financial matters than you do. Your chief satisfaction will be in your friendships, which will be lasting because you give more than you demand. You may be bossed, but you won't know it, and you'll keep right on being happy even when you have a fine chance to be miserable.

### Key Number 1

You get more sense as you get older, or rather the courage to release the sense you always had. You will either adapt yourself to disquieting situations or else remove yourself from them. We are sorry to tell you that the tendency of persons of your temperament is to get away from unpleasant realities by taking to drink,

instead of freeing themselves by aggressive action. In time you will learn that the thing you want to do doesn't interfere with other people as much as you think it does, and you will be able to enjoy yourself without that ridiculous feeling of guilt.

### Key Number 2

You will get along with any man or any woman unless they take undue advantage of your kindly nature. You will adapt yourself to circumstances and take on the color of your environment without yielding any of your personality. You



will drift away from trouble, and though you will not be extremely wealthy, you will get all the things you want—the motorboat and country camp and tennis-court. If you are a man, your wife will adore you, even though you put burnt matches back into the matchbox. If you are a woman, your husband will boast about you behind your back.

### Key Number 3

Your chief interest lies in your work, whether it is in your office or your home. Marriage is of less importance to you—consequently you will not wreck it by jealousy, nagging or tyranny. Your chief happiness will come from an unexpected source. You are the promoter type, and a scheme which you have not yet thought of is the one that is going to bring you prosperity. It will be an advantage to you to ally yourself with a methodical



## DIRECTIONS FOR FINDING YOUR KEY NUMBER

Answer each question "Yes" or "No" to the best of your ability. If three or more questions of Group 1 are answered "Yes," begin your key number with "1;" if they are answered "No," omit "1" from your key number. In the same way, add "2," "3," "4," and "5" to your key number if the majority of questions in those groups are answered "Yes," omitting them if the majority are answered "No." When you have ascertained your key number, turn to the indicated fortune.

### GROUP 1—[write key number here]→

YES NO

Do you refuse to speak to a person of whom you disapprove?

Do people pry into your affairs?

Do other people get you into trouble?

Are you always having to do what you don't want to do?

Are you extremely sensitive?

### GROUP 2—[write key number here]→

Would you rather have love than freedom?

Do you have close friendships with both men and women?

Is it easier for you to confide in a person of the opposite sex?

Do you think most people are happier married than single?

Does domesticity appeal to you?

### GROUP 3—[write key number here]→

YES NO

Would you rather exert yourself to change things than make the best of them?

Are you in danger of biting off more than you can comfortably chew?

Would success compensate you for years of struggle?

Do you enjoy making plans for your business or housekeeping outside your working-hours?

Do you get peculiar satisfaction out of achievement?

### GROUP 4—[write key number here]→

Do you read books or articles about your work?

Did you rank above the average in school?

Are most of your friends (present company excepted) capable men and women?

Do you enjoy doing highly skilled work?

Are you often asked for advice on practical problems?

### GROUP 5—[write key number here]→

Would you rather direct than work under good supervision?

Do you, or would you enjoy driving a car in traffic?

Are you good at teaching people?

Do dogs obey you?

Do you tend to assume control in an emergency?

person who will wet-blanket your wildest schemes and nurse the practical ones. If money or fame comes to you, you will be able to hold your own in the new environment.

#### Key Number 4

You never go looking for trouble, so you won't get into scrapes, but this same caution will bar out adventure. You are not likely to run your own business for long because you prefer, though you may not realize it, to let others take the responsibility. But you are likely to rise in some cultural position, like educational or editorial work. You will do thoroughly whatever you do, and will make your home a fitting setting for your intellectual, artistic nature. You will be, in your small way, a discriminating collector of books or objects of art.

#### Key Number 5

Number 5 people don't hate hotels as much as they think they do, or they wouldn't live in them as soon as their income allows. These men tend to be club-men and the women to be globe-trotters. Your money is more likely to come to you from inheritance than from marriage. The probabilities are that you will not develop the go-getting spirit that earns money, yet you will have most of your heart's



An unkind, domineering individual would break you. You will love your children too much for their own good, and will never be able to understand why they don't turn out the way you expect them to, but their success will reconcile you to the upset of your plans.

#### Key Number 13

You will write, but to express your personality rather than for gain or fame. Or it may be that you will paint pictures or play, for though it is clear that you are the artistic type, one cannot tell through which channel your inner urge will seek (For remaining key numbers, please turn to page 132)



desire. Watch your mail and telephone, and be ready when Opportunity rings the bell.

#### Key Number 12

It will be, or is, a delight to be married to you, provided the person to whom you are married is able to forgive you your faults. Now, these are of omission rather than of commission, and you will make up for them by your unselfish devotion. You will not be a startling success in your career unless some kind, dominating person pushes you forward.

By  
Sophie  
Kerr

What price is paid  
for great wealth?  
What in happi-  
ness? In love? In  
ideals? At this  
moment when all  
America is money-  
mad, Sophie Kerr  
has written a great,  
thrilling, signifi-  
cant story.

*The Story So Far:*

"MONEY," Lucia's mother had said prophetically, "buys a great deal for the body, a few things for the mind, but nothing, nothing at all for the heart and soul."

It was at a costume ball that Lucia Thayer, lovely daughter of a professor in a plain-living little university town which had clung to its high ideals, met Alden Osgood, son of the great Quincy D. Osgood, multimillionaire and financial power. And these two fine young people, with their so-different standards and educations and backgrounds, fell in love with each other.

They were married, a few months later, with the simple and sincere sort of celebration the Thayers could afford. Alden's mother in an access of emotion unusual to her took the priceless pearls from her own neck and gave them to her new daughter; and Quincy D. slipped a note into Lucia's hand which, when she opened it on shipboard later, informed her that he had created a trust-fund giving her an income of twenty-five thousand a year in her own right.

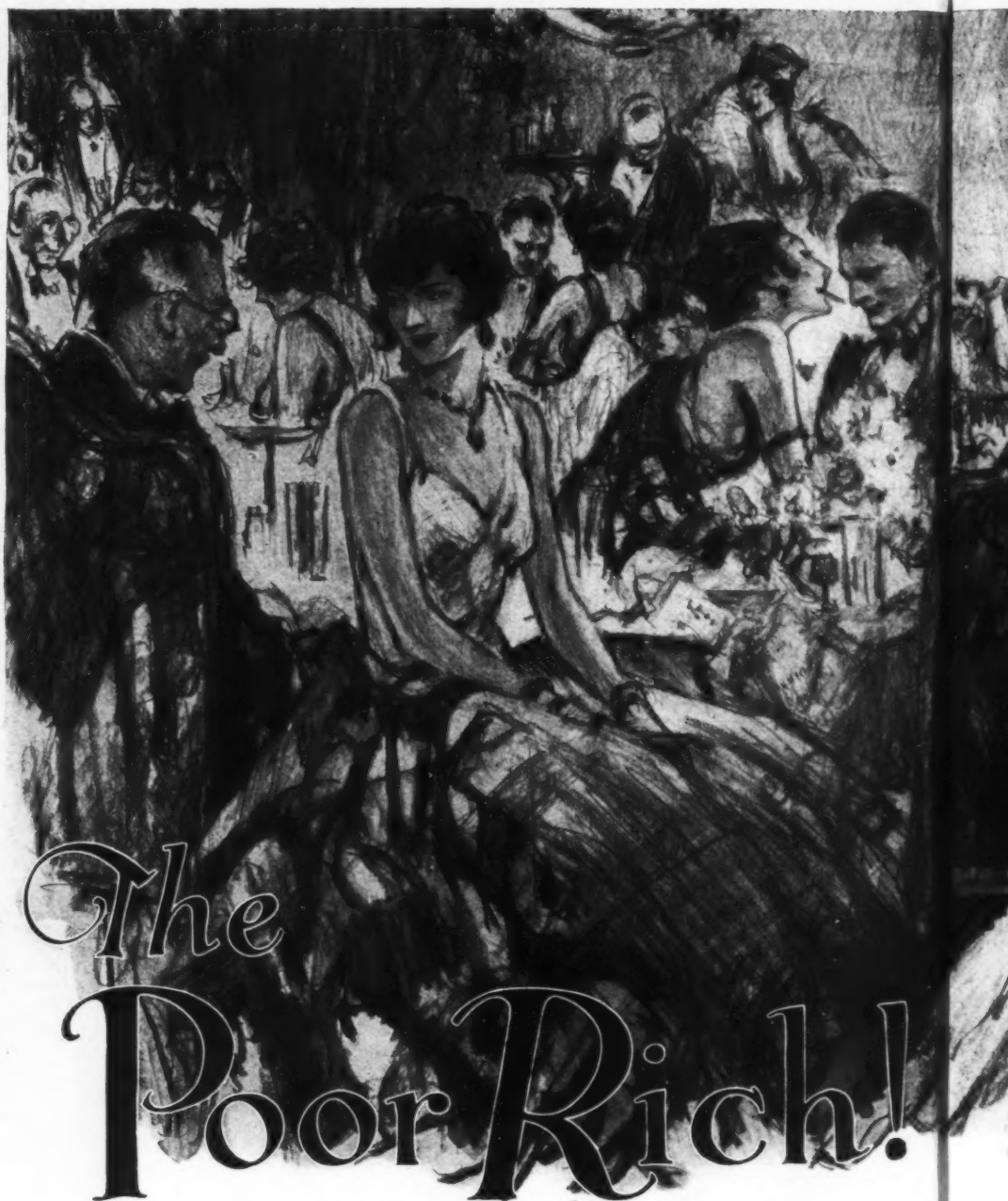
Almost immediately Lucia was brought in puzzling contact with Alden's wealthy friends, for a number of them were on the same ship; there too, however, Lucia made friends with a distinguished French family, the Bravierres, and found them a relief.

In England, also, Lucia found her new life offered strange complexities. Lucia's maid, Kane, was taken suddenly ill, and Lucia astonished and annoyed Alden by insisting on going to the hospital in London herself and making sure the girl received proper care. It was shortly after this, while they were visiting Alden's sister Irene, who had married an Englishman, that this new brother-in-law, Noel, tried to borrow money of Lucia, saying he needed it to suppress a scandal which would hurt Irene as much as him. Lucia, who had been warned of Noel's character, refused.

Months of aimless pleasant wandering about Europe followed;

58

Copyright, 1928, by The Consolidated Magazines Corporation (The Red Book Magazine). All rights reserved.



# The Poor Rich!

Illustrated by R. F. James

but finally Lucia insisted on returning home—though "home" proved to be an entire floor in a luxurious hotel which Quincy D. had engaged and furnished for them. And instead of taking a place in his father's business as Lucia had hoped, Alden decided to occupy himself with tennis—to train seriously in the hope of distinguishing himself as one of the Davis cup defenders. With this in mind Alden brought with him as trainer and coach a Rumanian prince whose unpronounceable name he shortened to "Gadget." And—a few weeks after their return, Alden's younger sister Zoë came to Lucia, saying: "Lucia—I've been such a fool! Gadget—Gadget's got to marry me—right away."

"Zoë—do you mean—"

She nodded her head. "Yes, I do. Oh, isn't it too rotten! And the way other girls go on and nothing ever happens—"

"But Zoë—you can't marry him! He's got a little title, of course, but he's nothing; he's a snake, he's a—"

"You can't tell me anything about him! But he's got to marry me. And Lucia—here's the trouble. He says he won't do it unless Dad gives him a half-million dollars for himself, outright." (*The story continues in detail.*)

IT  
o  
"  
"  
"  
T  
less  
thro  
som  
"  
"  
"  
mar  
Luci  
You  
Luci  
plea  
I'll  
L  
"



Preston Rodman the publisher sat down beside Lucia. . . . "Professor Thayer! Oh, but this is great! It seems strange to find his daughter in this Byzantine revel."

IT seemed to Lucia that their talk went on endlessly. "Some one must tell your father," she would say.

"I can't tell Dad!" Zoë would reiterate.

"But he's got to know."

"I can't tell him."

Then the two girls would pause and look at one another, hopelessly. After this colloquy, with slight variations, had been gone through some half-dozen times, Lucia threw up her hands. "But somebody must do something!"

"I thought," ventured Zoë, "you might talk to Gadget."

"I talk to—oh, Zoë—no!"

"But you could, you know, sort of scare him. And maybe he'd marry me. And then nobody would know." She came over to Lucia and dropped down beside her. "Don't go back on me, don't! You're the only person in the world I could bear to tell. Help me, Lucia, help me. I haven't got a soul but you. I'm crazy! Please, please talk to Gadget and see what you can do. I'm up against it. I'll kill myself before I'll let Dad know—"

Lucia put her arms about Zoë.

"Don't begin that old tune," she said firmly. "That's a coward's

way out. I'll talk to Gadget. I'll talk to him right away. D'you know where I can find him?"

"You might try his hotel."

Lucia went to the telephone. Yes, Prince Tretrepelescu was in his room. Charmed, enchanted to hear the beautiful voice of the beautiful Lucia. And was she actually summoning him to her side? But he would fly! He would be there at once! Lucia rang off. "I don't know what I'm going to say to him," she told Zoë.

"I don't care what you say, only make him understand he's got to marry me. Glory, Lucia, when I think what a mess I'm in—well, the best of it is that Mother's not at home."

This was more than Lucia could bear. "Oh, Zoë," she cried, "you poor cheated child! My mother—" She paused. There were no words to explain to Rhoda Osgood's daughter what a real mother would do in such a cruel *impasse*. "I'll say everything I can to Gadget," she went on, "and I'll tell you what happens as soon as it's over."

"Lucia, you're an awfully good egg. You can make him see if anyone can. Everything'll be all right." Zoë was resuming her usual carefree expression. "I'll be waiting to hear."



Hardly had she gone when Gadget was announced. Lucia went in to the drawing-room to find him standing before one of the tapestries, slender, dark, debonair. "But this is marvelous," he cried, kissing Lucia's hand. "You are always so cold, so distant. And now you summon me! I am transported, enchanted!"

Lucia considered him, trying to be cool. She must not lose her temper. She must be tactful, she must be wise, she must be crafty. And she felt utterly inadequate to be any one of the three. "Sit down, Gadget," she said pleasantly. "I didn't send for you to do anything for me. I want to talk to you about Zoë."

"And what about Zoë, the dear child?" asked Gadget, at his most engaging. From his tone one might have conjectured that Zoë was no more than a passing acquaintance.

LUCIA did not beat about the bush. "She tells me that for very good reasons you must marry her, at once. And that you refuse to do so unless Mr. Osgood gives you a half-million dollars. You know, of course, that this won't do. You can't come into a man's house and ruin his daughter and then demand money for marrying her."

Gadget made gentle deprecatory noises in his throat as Lucia talked. "But it is not as if this Osgood was a gentleman of my own class. He should be glad and thankful to pay for me to marry his daughter. And I did not exactly seduce the girl, you know. She was hardly difficult."

Lucia restrained herself. "Be that as it may, Gadget," she said, "let's talk sense. Mr. Osgood won't pay you this money, I am sure of it. You might get it after you are married."

"No, no, that will not serve. I have seen what other rich American papas do. They have the marriage annulled; they give the son-in-law a miserable little sum, and kick him out. No, after marriage, when the girl is under age, a man has little chance to receive what is due him."

"Why didn't you pick out a girl who was over age?" asked Lucia acridly.

Gadget perceived no sarcasm. "I looked about, but could find none who had money enough," was his simple, truthful reply. "You see," he went on, "if I get this money, I will go back to Europe after the marriage; I will never bother Zoë; she can have her child, and my title; and presently she can get her divorce, and everyone will be so happy. There will be no scandal, and I will be through with this damnable working. What my spirit has suffered from this work, you will not understand, I know. But you can understand how terrible it is to be poor, for everyone says you were a very poor girl, a peasant, before you had the luck to catch Alden. Is it not wretchedness, Lucia? And for me, used as I was to luxury and well-born company, it is far worse than it could have been for you."

Lucia felt the blood rush up to her face and neck, then recede coldly. She gripped her hands. She could hear Noel's drawing, calculated voice: "You were a pauper, too, when you married Osgood." The price, the price of money! For a moment she felt oddly faint. But she must remember that anything Gadget said about herself didn't matter.

"We seem to be getting off our subject," she managed at last. "The thing is, what are you going to do about Zoë?"

"But I have told you. I will marry her only if her father settles half a million dollars on me before the ceremony—"

"He won't do it. But afterward—"

"Have you asked him? Has she?"

"Gadget, don't you care one little bit about her? Can't you imagine what her state of mind must be, how desperate she is? She's only a child, and now she's a very frightened, miserable child. Surely, surely, you, a great gentleman, will not do this shameful thing—ruin a child and exact a price for marriage! This isn't like you, Gadget, a prince, a man of noble blood, of fine family—" She hoped she'd be forgiven the fulsome lies!

"But why should I marry her if I am not paid for it? My dear lady, you are a pretty pleader, and in ordinary circumstances you have reason on your side. But look at me! Tie myself to a silly little bad-mannered common American miss for chivalry! My God, I am not a fool. I am sorry for her, to be sure; yes, truly, I am sorry, but—she flung herself into my arms. And if she is desperate, and frightened, it is too bad; but if her rich papa will give me the very moderate sum I ask, she need be desperate and frightened no longer."

"Didn't you love her at all? You must have told her you loved her; you must have promised—"

"No one catches fish without bait. But as for loving her—that is to laugh. She has a good-enough young body, fresh, well-cared for! But she is a simpleton; she knows nothing; she will never

know anything. She is like most American girls, yourself, dear lady, apart. No subtlety, no charm, no *chic*! She bores me until I die of it. But what does it matter—she has nothing but money—but she has enough of that to make everything right."

Money! Money! Zoë was paying the price of its possession now. "You forget that I tell you her father will not give you what you want."

"Are you so sure? I think Mr. Osgood will be glad to pay."

Lucia was baffled, helpless. This was a different Gadget from the eager-to-please, eager-to-flatter, eager-to-be-useful, and servile and supple. No use appealing again to his heart, for it was not engaged in this matter. No use appealing to his decency, for he had none. No use appealing to his pity—he did not know the sentiment. He was all one greed, one aim, one concentrated drive—cash.

"But Zoë doesn't dare tell her father."

"I will tell him, then."

"No, you mustn't do that. It would be dangerous for you. He might—"

Gadget laughed. "I never go unarmed," he said. "He will not hurt me. He would not try it. The scandal would then be in everyone's mouth."

Lucia could not bear another word. "You'd better go," she told him. "I can see it's no use talking."

"Oh, but I think it is a good thing that we understand each other. And will you take Zoë a message for me? Tell her best not delay too long speaking to her father. If I do not hear from her within five days, I shall go to the old man myself. *Au 'voir*, lovely lady. My greatest joy is that this alliance will make of me your brother. *Au 'voir*!"

Lucia went slowly to find Zoë. "I said everything; I tried every way," she told her. "But I couldn't budge him. Zoë, he's a monster. You mustn't think of marrying him under any conditions. He's rotten."

"I don't care what he is. Oh, Lucia, what'll I do, what'll I do?"

"Tell your father."

"You know I can't. I'd rather be shot." Zoë sat down at her dressing-table, began mechanically to make up her ravaged face. "I don't know why Gadget wants to behave so badly," she went on, painting a pouting rosy mouth. "He's perfectly crazy about me. He's said so a million times. And I told him what Dad settled on Irene when she married Trevor, and he knows I'd have just as much. Why he should jib and hold out for money of his own—under the circumstances—but foreigners seem to feel differently from the way we do about lots of things—have you ever noticed that?"

"Yes, I've noticed that." How awoken such dangerous ignorance, how disillusion such fatuity! "Zoë, you'd never be happy with him. He's so much older, and he wouldn't be faithful; he wouldn't be loving, or companionable—"

"Look here," demanded Zoë viciously, "are you in love with him yourself? He hinted as much, once or twice."

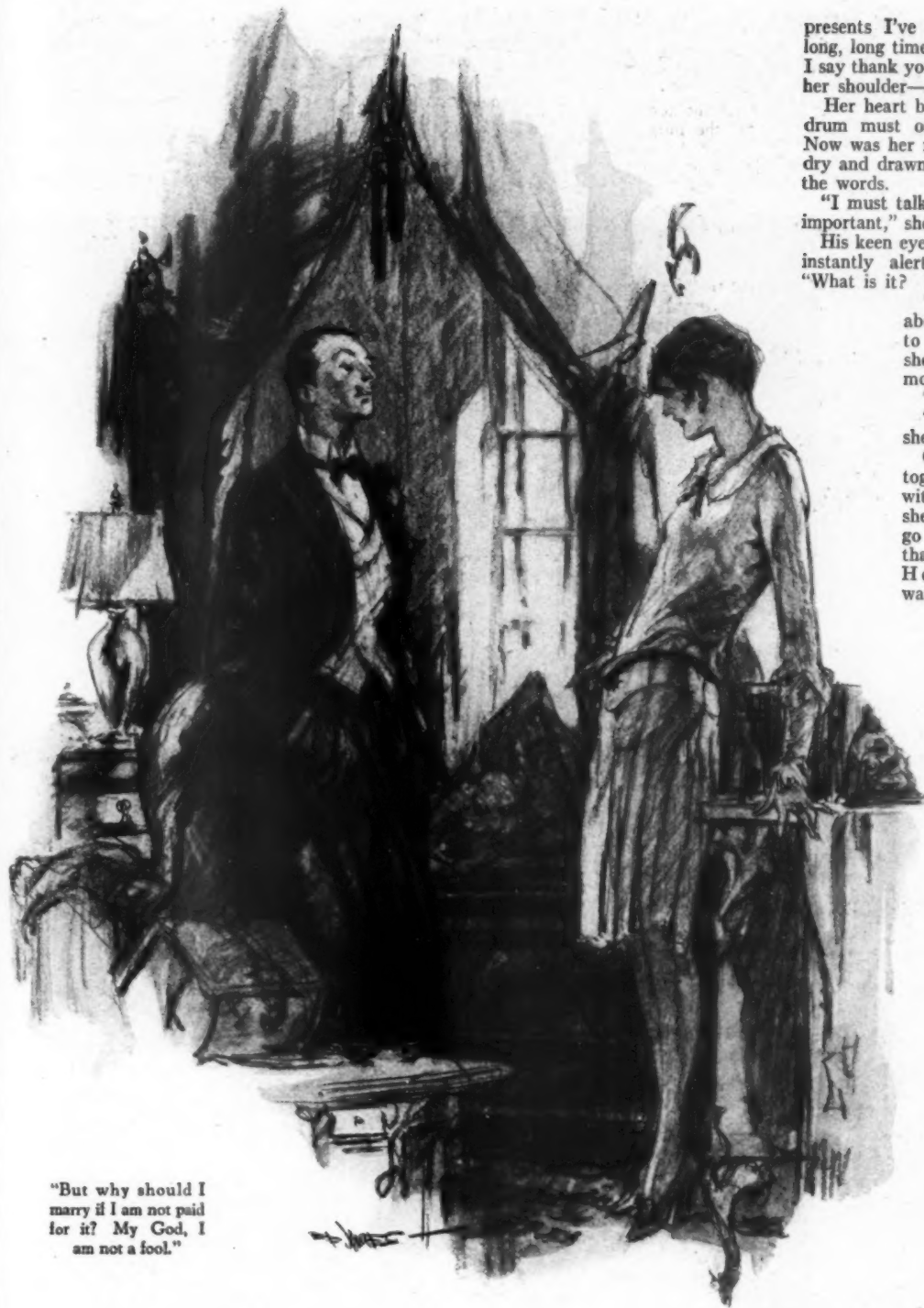
"You're out of your mind! I in love with that vile— Oh, well—what's the use! Look here, Zoë, don't you ever say a thing like that to me again—not if you want to stay friends with me! That's the ultimate limit!"

"Oh, Lucia, don't get wild—I didn't mean it. Only I don't know what to do, nor where to turn—and there's not a soul to help me—oh, damn, I'm spoiling my rouge again!" The easy tears began to flow once more.

Lucia turned various desperate expedients over in her mind. "Do you want me to speak to your father?" she asked. "Somebody's got to. Gadget mustn't do it."

"Would you—oh, darling, do you really mean it? Dad's such a slave of yours, he might listen to reason if you talked to him. And Dad can do anything, with anybody. Gadget would never stand up against Dad."

IT occurred to Lucia as she left Zoë that she had not so much as considered the possibility of telling Alden and letting him deal with the situation. Even Zoë had not suggested it. Both had silently realized that Alden had no power to prevail against Gadget's cynical determination. "If Arthur were here, he'd do something," thought Lucia. "And Arthur's two years younger than Alden. Arthur's used to being responsible, and acting for himself. If I were in a mess like Zoë, I'd trust Arthur." And then she was filled again with compassion for Zoë. She knew that if Alden held the purse-strings, instead of Quincy D., he would give Gadget his price without any difficulty. So, as logic pointed out to her, Alden's strength was only in what he had to spend—not a pleasant conclusion, but too truthful.



"But why should I marry if I am not paid for it? My God, I am not a fool."

It was no easy task she had proposed for herself, this interview with Quincy D. Fortunately she had another reason to see him, for the drum and the book she had brought to him from France had been delivered and unpacked during her absence on the motor-trip. She took the gifts and went down to see him in the hour before dinner when he was always alone.

The relics of Napoleon made a good preface, for Quincy D. was touched and awed by them. "How'd you know he was one of my great heroes?" he asked. "This book—think of it being in his own hands. And this old drum—Lucia, my girl, this old drum's seen sights beyond our imagination. Jena, Marengo, maybe Austerlitz! I wish it could talk. You couldn't have brought me anything I'd like better. These things hit me—hard. And they're the first

tion of safety and strength. Behind his dryness, his quiet, there was absolute assurance.

"If you don't mind my saying so," she began awkwardly, "I don't think they ought to marry. He's not the sort of man to make her happy. He's got such different ideas—"

"Now, now, don't distress yourself. You can't tell me a thing about that fellow. But you must take my word for it that I've got the whole matter in hand, and everything's—going—to-be—quite—all—right."

His quiet, assured voice rose the least bit in emphasis. He patted Lucia's shoulder again. "I appreciate your coming to me, my girl. You come to me with anything that's on your mind. Now run on upstairs and get ready for dinner. You hadn't men-

presents I've had from anyone for a long, long time. My dear girl, how can I say thank you?" He kissed her, patted her shoulder—his most usual caress.

Her heart began to pound as the old drum must once have been pounded. Now was her moment. Her throat was dry and drawn together, but she forced the words.

"I must talk to you about something important," she said.

His keen eyes bored into hers; he was instantly alert, and, she felt, wary. "What is it? In debt?"

"Oh, no, no! It's not about myself—" She hated to realize that he thought she had come to him for money.

"Alden?"

"No—it's Zoë." There, she was that far.

Quincy D. drew his brows together and watched her, without expression. And as she gazed at him, trying to go on, she became aware that it was not necessary. He knew all that she wanted to tell him, and for

an instant she was panic-stricken. How had he found it out? She put up her hand to her breast, and stared at him. "You know," she said slowly. "You know the whole thing."

He nodded. "I hope there's no more of it. I know enough."

"Don't be hard on Zoë—she's just a child. She thought he loved her—she lost her head over him. Part of it's my fault; I ought to have looked after her better."

"It's not your fault, Lucia. And don't you worry; everything will be all right. It'll all be straightened out in a few days. You needn't think any more about it."

Lucia felt very inexperienced and helpless and unimportant as she listened to this dry little man speaking with such conviction

tioned this to Alden, I take it? Well, then, don't. Zoë'll feel better not to have him know."

Lucia should have gone away sustained and reassured. Instead she was in profound depression. She could not help suspecting that Quincy D. maintained a controlled espionage upon her apartment, and upon Zoë's. "A pity he hadn't done it at Southampton," she thought. "This might have been avoided." As she came in, she looked at the butler questioning. Perhaps he had been eavesdropping at her interview with Gadget, and had reported it. Or perhaps the faithful Hap—or even Kane—whoever it was had done his work well, and had spared her a horrid hour. But it is not agreeable to feel that one may be living in a whispering chamber.

Kane was waiting for her, and a bath, and her dinner-dress. "Mr. Osgood was in to see you, ma'am—I told 'im you was down with 'is father, and 'e says 'e'll go dress and come in when 'e's ready."

Lucia dressed slowly, her spirits sinking further with each motion. Presently Alden came in, beaming. "Darling girl—how lovely you look! But you always do. We're all set for a good party tonight—I met Fifi and Wally—they're just back—and they're perishing for some excitement. Wally's soshed to the eyelids too; began the minute his foot touched shore. I told Tommy to get some more people and make some reservations, and we'd celebrate their return. What's the matter—don't you feel well?"

"I'm all right, but I don't feel much like a party. Couldn't we stay at home one evening, quietly, and not go racketing around?"

He was visibly disappointed. "If you're not up to a party, of course we'll stay at home. But what'll we do?"

"We might talk to each other."

Alden laughed heartily, mistaking the suggestion for humor. "My conversation's better than I thought, if you want a whole evening of it, specially after you've just had two weeks of evenings of it! You wouldn't kid me, would you, beautiful?"

"We haven't talked much on this trip, Alden. We went to the movies, or if there was a dance at the hotel where we stopped, we danced, and sometimes we were too tired and sleepy to say a word. We never talk, Alden. I don't know what you think or feel about most things. I don't even know what you feel about how we're living."

"How we're living! I don't get you. Aren't we living pretty comfortably? Has something bothered you?"

That eternal word—*bother!* "But we can't keep skittering along on the surface of things, dancing and eating and drinking and going to parties. We're not—little dogs on satin cushions!" She could not keep the pain and scorn out of her voice.

"What do you mean?" He was seriously puzzled for a moment; then he began to laugh again. "Lucia, you are the funniest little high-brow! You do think up the damndest ideas! I don't want anything better than to be a little dog on a satin cushion, provided I'm your little dog. Great day, you need a party! And it's time we were bargaining along. Get your coat on—the car's waiting."

It seemed futile to protest further. If they stayed at home,

Alden would be bored, restless, dissatisfied. Lucia wrapped her coat around her slowly, thinking of poor miserable foolish Zoë, so near to her, and so alone. Somehow she could not leave her to the mercies of that clairvoyant cold power downstairs. "Let's take Zoë along," she said to Alden, "unless she's doing something—but I don't believe she is."

"It's a wild crowd for Zoë," began Alden doubtfully; "but if you want her, it's all right with me."

Zoë was exuberantly relieved and delighted to join them, and



"Oh, shut up!" said Kathleen. "She'll never divorce you." Lucia began to laugh.

Lucia could not see a single trace of her late distress. Evidently she had not yet had an interview with Quincy D. She squeezed Lucia's arm and whispered, "You didn't tell Alden?" and Lucia shook her head, marveling at her unconcern. It could only proceed, she thought, from sublime ignorance, or from sublime indifference to every moral law—she was inclined to believe that both sources supplied it.

The party was planned on the unconventional conventions with which Lucia had become familiar. A false and shrill mirth started them all off—with the exception of Wally Wheelwright, who was even as Alden had said, "soshed to the eyelids," and was cross

And t

"W  
the h  
pertly  
haired  
be al

"Ar  
To  
with  
say, I  
check  
"La



and rude—and this same mirth sustained them until the cock-tails could make it more easy and natural. They had foregathered at a dining- and dancing-club; there were ten, the Weelwrights, Tommy, Alden and Lucia, Zoë, Babs Lawton, Calvert Dodge, the Tupper-Gordons. "Pretty clever of me to get so many of the boat and Paris gang on such short notice," bragged Tommy. "And the liquor's all right, too. Tested. You won't have to hold this up to your eye to see if you go blind, before you drink it."

"Where's Gadget?" asked Alden. "I said he was to come."

"Yes, lay off fighting tonight, can't you?" begged Babs. At a table near them Lucia saw Eleanor Devlin with a man. "Let's ask them to join us," she suggested. "No," said Tommy, who knew everybody. "That's her heavy suitor, Preston Rodman. They'd rather be alone."

But Tommy was wrong. Eleanor presently came over and brought Preston Rodman. "He wants to meet you, Lucia—he's a publisher; he wants to see your Bravierre translations."

Preston Rodman the publisher was cheerfully and courteously

indifferent to the rest of the party. He sat down beside Lucia, and she turned to him gratefully. "Let me see how much you've done, and perhaps I can make some suggestions," he said. "My father has my manuscript, going over it for me."

"Your father?"

"My father is James Thayer—"

"Professor Thayer! Oh, but this is great; why didn't Eleanor tell me! If you're James Thayer's child, you must have something—he's one of the three real scholars in this country; and the chief, in my opinion. It seems strange to find his daughter in this Byzantine revel, somehow, but I've stopped being surprised at anything. As soon as he's read your stuff, bring it to me, will you?"

"I'd like to."

The moment was like a drop of cold water to the thirsty. Her father's name, and Rodman's genuine admiration for him, made the rest of the evening easier to endure.

Rodman and Eleanor did not stay; they were going on to the theater. Lucia's eyes followed them longingly; she silently wished

she could go with them, or better still, escape by herself.

"You're not drinking anything," Tommy accused her. "Don't you like this? I paid a hundred and seventy-five a case for it." He leaned nearer. "You won't have a good time unless you drink enough," he said with conviction.

"That's a very dreary commentary," she told him.

"Well, you know—the glamour of the grape, and all that sort of thing."

"As for instance, Wally."

Wally was picking a quarrel with Calvert Dodge against Calvert's intention. Tommy glanced round at him impatiently.



And then her laughter turned to an agonized scream. She staggered and fell unconscious at Alden's feet.

"Wore out a phone line and my left ear trying to get him, but the hotel said he was out, out, out!" said Tommy. He looked pertly at Zoë. "You play with me, Zoë darling, till the dark-haired charmer shows up. I left word he could join us, and he'll be along. Trust Gadget not to miss a free meal."

"And trust Tommy not to, either," said Fifi Weelwright.

Tommy was not abashed. "I earned my dinner, believe me, with all the work I've done on this party. More than you can say, Fifi. I don't see you wearing out pencils signing any dinner-checks, except Wally's."

"Lay off me," grunted Wally.

"Wally's unique," he said. "We'd better be getting out of here before he goes entirely blotto." He never forgot it was his duty to make the party a success, did Tommy.

THE musical comedy they went on to was nearly through the first act when they arrived, but Lucia was glad to be there, since it relieved her from any need to talk. Wally at once went to sleep—there was another blessing. He put his head on Babs Lawton's shoulder and passed out. By the time the show was over, he waked, refreshed and in, for him, a good humor, quite ready for their next port of call. This was a crowded, smoke-filled nightclub, where they were charged ten dollars each for the mere privilege of sitting jammed into tiny chairs about a wobbly table, much too small, while waiters and guests alike walked on them, pushed them, almost sat on them in the crush. Tommy produced whisky; the management provided ginger-ale, charged water and ice, at two dollars each. The dancing-floor crowd would have punished a sardine. The music was insistently loud, alternate hot jazz and sweet jazz. Fifi put one arm about Alden's neck, the other about Roddy Tupper-Gordon's, and drank her highball through a straw, bending over, and pulling them with her. Her stunt was generally acclaimed, and all the other women tried it except Lucia. People at near-by tables took it up hilariously. Fifi declared she had set a fashion and was due to be famous.

Presently the dance floor was cleared, the lights dimmed, a spot thrown on, and a girl in a harness of jewels designed to reveal what it most concealed did an acrobatic dance, bending and twisting contortionate, recalling to Lucia the primitive African statues she had seen. Then the stalwart proprietor of the club sang a jazz ballad in a powerful nasal voice, a thing of the sickliest sentiment and most banal words. "That fellow's got it," declared Fifi, and blew him a kiss. After his song he came over to their table and was introduced to the women of the party; it appeared that he knew all the men. His eyes reminded Lucia of Gadget's; she dismissed his ingratiating welcome as quickly as she could.

As it grew late and people went away, it was possible to dance; and when closing time neared, the proprietor came over to them again and whispered that if they would stay on as his guests he'd put on something red-hot, just for them. But Alden looked at Lucia and said no, not this time.

At last they came out into the cold fresh air of the street. "Let's go up to Harlem and do a black-and-tan," said Zoë.

"Think you'll find Gadget up there?" asked Fifi. "I always thought he had a dash of coon blood."

"I'm tired; I'm going home," Lucia interposed quickly. "No more wild life for me tonight."

"The best thing you do is break up parties," grumbled Fifi. "Never mind, Aldy, we'll leave her at home and pull a riot the next time." Fifi was tousled and pale, with red spots in her cheeks, and her eyes glittered green in the light of the cars, as they came up.

"Don't notice her; she's more spiffed than Wally," whispered Tommy, and forthwith pushed the Wheelwrights into a taxi, and got in with them. "I'll take 'em home," he called back.

At last they were in their own car, and Lucia sat between Zoë and Alden. It made her think of the night she had met them, the night so long ago, of Alma Carpenter's fancy-dress party. So long ago—and yet in actual time only a little more than six months. "I've lived six thousand years in experience," she thought. "And as for Zoë—oh, poor, poor Zoë!" She turned her head to look at the object of her commiseration and found Zoë dozing like a weary child, her round cheeks, her pouting half-opened lips giving her face an untouched piteous innocence. Lucia slipped her hand into Alden's, and clung to him. She felt suddenly achingly sorry for these Osgoods, who had so little, except money. Alden leaned toward her fondly. "Swell party, wasn't it, darling girl?" he said, his lips against her hair. "You don't know how lovely you looked. Everybody was staring at you. Queer, wasn't it, that Gadget didn't show up? I wonder if that little liar Tommy didn't leave word for him where we'd be."

"He had something else to do, probably—Gadget, I mean," said Lucia.

"When I send him word I'm pulling a party, he ought to come along. I'm paying for his time—he's got no business to be doing something else if I want him."

LUCIA gave an uncontrollable shiver; it was terrible to have him speak like that, to be so far from the truth about Gadget, while beside him, his own sister—ugh, it was *macabre*, ghastly! She was glad when the car stopped at the hotel door. As they got out in the pale murk of dawn, tired and stiff and sleepy, a news-

boy dashed up from nowhere and waved a paper into their faces. "Morning paper—Roomanium prince falls off de dock an' drowns hisself—"

Zoë clutched Lucia. "Oh, it isn't—it can't be—"

"Hush," said Lucia. "Be quiet—some one will hear. Come on up to your apartment—let Alden find out!" She pulled the girl firmly into the elevator, held her tight until they were in her own room. Zoë was stammering, babbling: "But it couldn't be Gadget; it must be some one else—oh, what'll I do, what'll I do? Oh, Lucia, Lucia—" She began to cry.

The door opened and Quincy D. came in, as composed and commonplace as usual, but as gray as the morning outside. "Leave Zoë with me, please, Lucia," he said. "She's not very well, I think."

His presence terrified Zoë into staring silence, but tears still ran down her cheeks. She was the picture of fright and disaster. "I wish you'd let me stay with her," said Lucia. "I'll get her to bed and—"

"No, you go on up to Alden. I'll take care of Zoë. Don't worry, my dear. I'll ring for her maid; everything will be all right. You're tired—go on up." His words seemed to push her toward the door, though he said them so quietly.

Zoë seized her frantically, held to her. "Don't go—don't leave me, Lucia—don't—please! Go away, Dad—go *awa-a-a-y*—" Her voice rose in a hysterical scream.

"Zoë—Zoë—" Lucia tried to calm her. "Hush—hush—" Then to Quincy D.: "Wouldn't it be better if I stayed with her instead of the maid? Servants talk—"

"I hate to put it on you," said Quincy D. His gray face was more gray, more still; he spoke without moving his lips. "But if you can get her into some clothes for traveling and pack a bag with a few things—then I can take charge of her."

"What are you going to do with me?" shuddered Zoë.

Quincy D. looked at Lucia. "Make her see reason, if you can," he said.

Lucia gave her a shake. "Don't be such a little idiot," she said. "Nothing's going to happen to you. Here, let me help you with your dress—kick off those slippers."

"I'll wait in the hall," said Quincy D. "Be as quick as you can. If you need me, Lucia, call me. Zoë, stop that noise and get into some warm clothes—you're simply going out of town for a few days until this blows over. I'm afraid of your tongue. There—brace up—you'll be all right, I tell you."

HASTILY Lucia helped Zoë to get off her mussed and tumbled evening-gown and into a suit, whispering reassurance while she fumbled at buttons and hooks. "Your father's perfectly right—better be away for a while; there'll be reporters all over the place for a few days, and they might get hold of something." A dreadful doubt assailed her. "He didn't have any letters from you, did he?"

"Packs of them. Oh, Lucia, they'll all be published; everyone will know. Oh, what'll I do, what'll I do?"

Lucia went out in the hall. "Gadget had letters from Zoë—they're probably among his things," she said to Quincy D.

"I've got them," he answered. "Don't worry about that. Isn't she ready yet?"

Lucia reported this to Zoë, and Zoë's tears and sniffing stopped as if turned off from a spigot. She was stuffing a wisp of a *crêpe-de-chine* nightgown into her gold-fitted dressing-case, and now she paused and looked up at Lucia with strange wide eyes, from which all the little-girl look had gone.

"Dad had him murdered," said Zoë. She spoke almost without sound, and Lucia heard her as one hears something of which one has a vague foreknowledge, yet has not dared to say.

Lucia clapped her hand over Zoë's lips and motioned with her head toward the door.

"You ought to take another pair of stockings," she heard herself saying, mechanically.

"He did. I know he did," whispered Zoë. Lucia seized a hat and pushed it down on Zoë's head, wrapped a heavy cape around her. "Now you're all ready. —She's ready, Mr. Osgood," she called.

Quincy D., gray and imperturbable, appeared at the call. "Thank you, Lucia; you've been a great help to me. I won't forget it. Come along, child," he said gently to Zoë, and took her arm. She suffered herself to be led along with no more outcry or protest. They went to the elevator, disappeared.

And Lucia went on up to her own apartment, trembling so that she could scarcely walk. Kane was waiting for her, fresh and rosy and kind. She put Lucia to bed, brought her a cup of hot tea, and drew the curtains to bar out (Please turn to page 110)

EV  
cont  
selve  
op a  
salar  
ing S  
auto  
Ev  
joost  
new  
weeth  
later  
friend  
By  
after  
in my  
mus'  
Nic  
he ar  
he sh  
ninety  
op, ni  
on ni  
goo-by  
how i  
Nex  
door  
how p  
turn o  
for to  
Joe  
model

# Everybody Steps on It!

By William Withers  
Douglas



THE genial recorder of "Everybody's Coo-coo" and "Everybody's Free and Brave" again holds his merry mirror up to nature—  
American nature, 1928 model.

Illustrated by  
August Henkel

Wize guys get stuck out on wrong side of road—evverbody hollar at heem—watsa matt weeth youse guys?

EVVERBODY in old contree t'ink thees 'Nited States peeples are coo-coo over monee. Thees idea are filled with moisture—old contree guys are on side-track to t'ink evvery contree are lik themselves. 'Nited States peeples not crazee to haf monee—spendum op all time—buyum on time payments—spendum op next year's salary—even. Pee-pool lik haf good time in 'Nited States—northing Scotch 'bout thees pee-pool—onlee t'ing they coo-coo ovver is auto-mo-beel. S'fact.

Evverbody catchum watch-you-callum auto-bug in head—joosta lik other bugs on head—drivem coo-coo—itch lik hell ontill new model are delivered to show off to friends. Friends roosh out weeth auto—wheech were new las year—trade-um in down on later model joost come out—drive over with smile on to visit friend.

By golly—I catchum thees auto-bug on my own head—I t'ink, after looking at other bootlegger friends—why not that I trade-um in my auto for new model? I t'ink that I am not rear number—mus' haf new auto lik all 100% 'Nited Statesers.

Nice salesman at auto comp'nee where new autos sit on rugs—he are very happee that I pay heem I'll visit. Thees salesman, he show me how 'tis, thees new models auto—ninety-horses power, ninety miles per hour, nine miles to gallon, nine seconds to pick-up, nine hundred dollars for old bus, nine mons to pay off, sign op on nine dotted lines—all fixum op—nine days wait for delivery, goo-by, Meester Nick, he say. I signum op so queek, I wondair how it happen.

Next week I haf thees bright new slick auto drive-um op to door by thees nice salesman. He pat me on back when he see how proud I am to own down-payment on such swell auto. I turn out gas under hootch and hurree to go over weeth new auto for to show my broader—Joe, his name.

Joe, his eyes pop out weeth sor-prize when he sees my new model. He hollar to his wife, Marie, to com look at this auto

his broader Nick haf brought round—for to gif them a ride in. I say—com on for I'll ride—so Marie hurree op in new fur coat with two payments already.

I step on gas—as we pull out—for to show all neighbors whoose look out from winders—how she haf nine-seconds pick-up—but this new gears mak so mooch noise when shifting—I haf to slow down to tell Joe that she are joost a l'il stiff.

Joe, he are trying out cigar lighter by this time—while his wife are grinding down the winder—so she can poot hand out with arm which shows fur coat. Joe fillum op ash-tray and bounce on seat to see if springs are good.

Down street we go with smile on all faces—we showum, evverbody haf northing on us—you bet. Out by white line on middle of street I steer—to pass op all old-fashioned autos. Marie, she hollar from back seat—to watch out running ovver white line so mooch—but thees advice are not necessary—I watchum fellers coming other way—I know—one leetle poosh from thees other auto on my auto's fenders mak heem secondhand model—queek. I watchum—I got driver's license, aint I? Marie, she keep on talking to herself in low voice—ontill Joe, he say—shod op.

Onlee t'ing who mak us wait is red light—passum op evverbody else—sometimes even red light. Evverbody in line lik race-horse—yellow light startum off—I beat evver time—nine-seconds pick-up workum fine.

Out city limits we go—to show Joe this auto can mak ninety mile per hours—weeth guarantee. Boot-iful contree, outside city limits—all farm land—called sticks—where men are men and ladies walk back. Evverwhere are boot-iful hand-painted signs of vamp-lady making fellers satisfied with cigarette, soap, milk or what evver com in painter's mind. On evver crossroad is gas station with hot dog attached—coffee, pop or ice-creum for sale. Lotsa reel-estate guys to gif free dinner at farm land growing I'll flags on lots for sale. This are what 'Nited States pee-pool call God's contree. S'fact.

Evverbody haf same idea to use this road that we haf pick out for ride—autos close op lik I'll fish in can—nobody coming back—all going with us. Pretty soon I see chance to pull out ovver white line—rooshum op five-six autos ahead—slip in line as auto com other way. After while—more autos com wrong way—mus stay in line. Soon wize guy try to passum op—sneak in





I joost luok op in time to see back of hees car on my auto's front. I get out—other feller also hop out weeth

front of my new auto—but I foolum, squeeze op close—nex feller snuggle close also—wize guy mus stop while feller coming other way hollar cussing at heem. Me and Joe laf op coat sleeve.

When wize guys get stuck out on wrong side of road—evverbody hollar at heem—watsa matt weeth youse guys—stay in line—I'il feller callum names—I'il feller hollar loudest—no can catchum. 'Nited States pee-pool haf lotsa fun weeth auto—evverbody go coo-coo. S'fact.

Evverbody roosh lik hell to get to place for long stop to rest—roosh back home to sit down som more—always in hurree to go som place—tak it easy after they get there. All go one way in morning—com back same way at night. Thees mak road too small for use—mus widenum op—chop off house—poosh back—more room for autos—sidewalk built where bedroom was—auto, she mus' haf right-of-way to mak traffic. Evverbody got have room to step on gas.

All roads haf beeg ditch on side to catchum fellers who drive off. Sunday—ditch full op with autos waiting for expensive garage truck to com pullum out. Somtimes we see side of road are level—no ditch—this are place for fellers and girl to use at night—weeth lights out onless cop com on motorcycle.

Along we go—fast or slow—seeing all of thees t'ings who are proof how thees 'Nited States pee-pool are coo-coo ovver auto-mobeels. I doan get to show Joe how 'tis my new model can mak ninety miles per hour—but tha's all right—for salesman, he told to me—this are fact—printed in auto buook. Besides, Joe's wife, Marie—she say she tak his word for it, also.

**N**EX' week I drive ovver to Joe's cottage called bungle-low—with swell idea for him to lay off one week—com with me on nice motor trip op in Meech-again North Woods. Joe, he say he doan know how auto comp-nee will run without him—but his wife, Marie—she tellum he mus' go. I t'ink this Marie are one smart woo-man—ontil she also say—yes, Joe and hees wife mus' go weeth Nick—justa us t'ree—for one beeg time in North Woods—where trees are wholesale growing—where all lumber guys are Jack—where fur coats are running round on ground, waiting to get cotched—thees weel be one beeg va-cash—once in life time shee com.

I tellum all right—hurry op—tomorrow four A. M. we startum on thees trip—when evverbody are asleep in bed and not in auto. Old close—we mus all tak—for rough-necking on trip—live in cottage at auto camp—no swell hotels in North Woods—evverbody rough-necking it op.

Nex' morning I breeng my new model auto op to Joe's house—honk horn for him to com out—which also mak all neighbors stick heads out winder weeth fist shaking and names calling to me. Soon, Joe and his wife com out with all stuff in house wrapped op to tak along on trip. These ree-lashuns mak my new model luok lik moving truck.

On con-tree road—evverbody haf same idea to got op at four A. M. also to start on trip—we passum op—going through mos bootiful scenery stepping on gas—mus' get to North Woods quick—can watch boo-tiful scenery on way back.

Night time com quick—while we are waiting ontill nex toor-est camp to com along. Places all taken—feller say—nex' camp two-t'ree miles further. This place are also full op—so we stop at I'il village with one horse—eatum supper in place run by old con-tree feller—who talk so long with us—'bout who we are in Dec-troit—time com to luok for 'nother auto camp are pretty late. No hotels in one-horse place—mus' all put op noos-papers on winders of new model auto—sleepum in this.

Joe's wife mus' sleep on back seat—with two suitcases. Joe, he are to sleep on floor by his wife—fixum op stuf on floor to mak easy bed for Joe—ox-cept where kitchen stuff com threw in hees back. On front seat—I am to sleep with steering wheel.

Me and Joe sit on running-board of new model auto—while Marie gettum fixed op for snooz—while we mus' stop talking or com to bed. After while we all are bent op in places to sleep—I hollar good night—wait I'il while—say good night again—evver-time, Joe he say good night, also—ten-'leven times we say good night—Marie also say good night, reel loud—couple of times. Joe, he sit op to see what are light going by—I also mus' see what he are looking at—this mak new model auto shake on springs—which Marie say are not rocking her to sleep.

Ennybody whoos t'ink con-tree life are on quiet—he haf onlee lif in beeg city. Bugs mak whistle noise—frogs gargel pebbles in t'roat—lik old time auto startum op—dogs bark loud or sing to ownself mournful solo—nothning are more noise than con-tree life at night time.

In middle of night—we are tired of wait for morning wheech nevair com—evverbody get op—weeth head twisted on side from neck which are crooked—rough-necking are hard to learn. Evverbody are ready to start on trip again—mooch nicer to drive at night time ennyhow—roads all clear weeth autos gone home, at last.

Nex' afternoon we com to big auto toor-est camp in North Woods—swell place this—lotsa I'il cottages for peeple to rent. All cottages haf northing inside to remind pee-pool of city life—one luok inside mak feller know he are rough-necking.

Evverbody haf also joost arrive—as all haf on nice close—knee pants weeth neck-tie stockings—so we rush inside cottage to be first fellers to poot on old close. Outside we com—luoking lik lumber feller called Jack—pee-pool luok weeth sorprize—how queek we haf change. After while we are back in cottage place pooting on close used on trip—Marie, she are crying weeth anger to me—what big dumbell I are—leaf all nice close to home.

Insides cottage—I joost grab loaf bread in time, which ants are carrying away—Joe wurk two fly swatters same timè. After while



two fat ladees and six-seven-eight keeja. . . . Cop say—shod op; get out before I gif youse a ticket.

we gettum oil-stove lit—puttum stuff on stove to cook—settum op table with dishes wheech are not broke from trip in new model auto—in meantime smoke from oil-stove haf mak thees stove loos heemself. Outside we run for san-weech and pop for supper, at place where hot dog are even com to North Woods.

After one week in North Woods—Joe, he say he are sick of this oil-stoves which cook evvert'ing weeth oil flavor—he are tired of walking op and down hikes—flies can haf thees cottage—all thees are enough for Joe—he are not strong built for rough-necking.

Marie, she doan say northing—waits for me to say—all right. le's go home—she joosta lik all woomans.

Coming back to Dee-troit—we are luoking at auto in ditch weeth pee-pool standing round—when crazee feller in front mus' haf look also—and stops hees car weeth four wheels at once. I joost look op in time to see back of hees car on my auto's front—when beeg noise weeth bump com—smashum op. This to my new model auto, this bump gives this dumbell!

Marie, she hollar—evverboddy look at us with wondair. I get out to see how mooch damage haf been to my new auto—other feller also hop out queeck—along weeth two fat ladees and also six-seven-eight keeds.

I ask heem—how 'tis he back op into my new car. Thees feller swell op—back op, he say—I say sure he back op. He hollar to weetness—did not I try to go over top of hees auto—didn't he stuck out hees hand—both hands, he stuck out—hees two ladee friends also help mak more noise—but Joe and hees wife com by my side weeth mooch talk also. Evverboddy join in to hollar lik college yell—ontil cop com whoos tell evverboddy to move on. I ask heem how 'bout thees feller whoos mak my new auto secondhand already—thees cop say—shod op; get out before I gif youse a ticket.

All rest of the way home—we talk with ourself—what dumbell

drivers are allowed to drive on road—we should sue this other feller. Marie, she say too manee pee-pool on road for pleasure—northing safe anny more—'tis shame for me to haf such hard luck weeth my new model so soon. I tellum—thees are all right—I gettum fixed—bumpum out—joosta like new, at garage.

Salesman at auto place look weeth sorprize when I drive in—ask how it haf happen. I tellum how 'tis—this crazee drivers on road. He say—nevvair mind, Nick, this don' cost much to feex op—luok joosta same as new. This mak me feel hoppy—as I hate to haf secondhand auto.

All time we look at thees smash op—salesman he shake his head—walk round my auto—shake hees head som more. I feel worrie com to me—mebbe thees damn' fool driver who I haf smash op with haf busted something else.

Soon this salesman com ovver to me and say—he joost was t'inking—how I lik to haf new model.

I tellum heem—I haf thees new model already. Hees say—no, Nick—next week latest model will com out—all new lines, evvert'ing latest stuff—why don' youse get thees new one next week?

This time—I are one who swell op—I so mad weeth him. I ask him—how are it I haf buy new model which are old-timer so queeck—I yell at him—I pop.

He turn off my madness with smiles—he say—my model, she was new last mons—but this week—tha's dif-runt—my auto obseete—new model are all ready—this are progress of auto who keep op to date.

I are so mad—I can only look at him—I t'ink with myself, I nevvair buy another auto—mo-beel—this are feenish! I walk to door—salesman hees try to show me pitcher of new model—I doan look—I nevvair look—I joost tak one l'il peep—she looks so nice.

I go outside, I feel better—coolum off weeth his smile. I poot my head just in door—how mooch you allow me for my old model—I ask heem. By golly, nex week—I get me delivery—thees new model!



Thees nice salesman put me on back when he see how proud I am to own down-payment on such swell auto.



# A Woman Who

By  
Achmed Abdullah

Illustrated by Arthur E. Becher

A LITTLE while earlier, far up the highroad that slanted south from the mountain passes, a horse's hoofs had drummed hollow and hearty on the stones; and the sentinels before the Khan's palace had wondered: "Who rides in such haste at this late hour?" And by and by they had seen a Tartar merchant galloping through the trees, his bulk dark and ponderous against the yellow evening sky, urging on his mare with rawhide whip and guttural yells.

Hurriedly he had dismounted, had demanded and obtained an immediate audience with the Khan—had told him that, passing near the Koh Hajji-Kizil, the "Peak of the Red Pilgrim," he had watched, from the shelter of a granite rock, a great massing of the warriors of the Bangashi tribe.

"Savagely dancing over crossed daggers!" he had described them. "Chanting the grim old songs of strife which set a woman's mind on the bitter black grief people are born to, and a man's mind on reckless glory! And ah,"—with a sigh, since he was a peaceful man whose life was barter and trade,— "doubtless about to descend into this valley and scar it with steel and torch and twisted rope!"

Yar Moorad, Khan of the Lodi tribe of border Afghans who owned the valley, had thanked the Tartar decently. He had puzzled:

"What quarrel have we with them?"

Then, quite suddenly, he had remembered how, not so many months ago, one of his sons had raided a caravan belonging to the Khan of the Bangashi and had carried off the latter's youngest daughter—and he had laughed, had called his captains to council and said:

"Praised be the Lord Allah! For here we are back once more at the sword trade—and let all brave men take up weapons and follow me. And if we can catch the hounds of the Bangashi on the flank, the farther side of the Hill of the Thunder Gods, before they pour through the defiles, our ancient luck will hold. And instead of their giving us thrust and slash of crimson blades, it will be ourselves who will do the fine killing. And presently we shall return with the pick of fat plunder and enough slaves to give our bullocks a rest from turning the water-wheels. So let us ride, my children!"

The captains had salaamed.

"Let us ride!" they had shouted.

Thus, throughout the valley, the order had echoed triumphantly:

"Let us ride!" "Let us ride!" "The enemy is at the gate!"

"Let us ride, O heroes!"

Now from hill-top to hill-top huge beacons were ablaze. They flared golden and stark against the tall purple night. They flashed high and flaunting and unmistakable, warning the peasants who tilled the outlying settlements to be up and defend their homes with scythes and clubs. And here in the chief village of the Lodi—it was more than a village, was really a town with mosques and proud palaces and mazed, scented bazaars and caravanserais for the overland trade, south to India, east to China and north to the Turkoman steppe—swords were at the sharpening; women at the baking and boiling for a bite of home food to take along in shoulder-pack or saddle-bag; and the men blustered and strutted, thick-breasted, with big words in their big beards, and no name too dirty for those they were setting out to fight, praising them-



selves and their own prowess and making the bragging prophecies, as is the habit of Afghans in the way of going to war.

Yet in spite of all their rowdy boasting, there were their eyes: eyes learning every glint and curl of copper hair or raven hair, learning every curve of soft lips they were leaving behind—to think on and dream on when cold and dreary would be the road before them, and harsh the clash of iron.

Then the bull-like roar of the trumpets. The nasal, sardonic drone of the kettledrums. The captains' yells: "Laggards! Laggards! What are you waiting for?"

And hard back slammed the stout doors on the walls; and out rushed the strong, jaunty men with jingle of steel and rasp of leather; and the women and children running after them; and the banners stiffly straining in the chill mountain blast; and tumult filling the town from rim to rim; and the Khan, his rust-red beard freshly clipped and perfumed, sitting astride his great roan stallion and crying:

"Here we go briskly to battle! Here we go to try the luck of the world and the chance of the grave on a swinging stroke or two!"

He threw a keen gray eye along the serried ranks of his clansmen.

"I shall command the main body," he went on, "while my oldest son will bring up the rear for support and final blow when the Bangashi—bless them not the Lord Allah!—turn tail. And who better to lead the vanguard than Kara Ali, the tough old hawk,



# Is Mine!

No other, writing in the English language, can tell like Achmed Abdullah the hot, violent loves and hates and battle-lust of Asiatic tribesmen. He takes you with him to Afghanistan.

Then suddenly a third sword hissing through the air, knocking both weapons aside. "Here you are," he exclaimed, "and my fine army waiting!"

ARTHUR  
BECHER  
1928

and Kara Yussef, the tough young hawk?"

Evidently it was a popular choice, for there was roaring acclaim:

"Hail! Shumshere aloom! Shumshere be dust! Ho! Swords out! Swords in hand!"

"Show us the way to glory, Kara Ali!" called the Khan. "And you, Kara Yussef, ride by your cousin's side!"

There was no answer; necks craned to see where the two men might be; and a *yuzbashee*, captain of a hundred, spurred his horse up to his chief.

"We may have to wait a few minutes with this business of going to war," he said.

"Why?"

"Because," explained the *yuzbashee*, who was somewhat of a poet, and had the trick of coining pretty phrases and flowery similes, "Kara Ali is doubtless taking a last look at a small face like a wonder of far golden sunsets—is doubtless feeling for the last time a narrow hand so warm upon his breast."

"I remember," replied the other. "I heard whispers amongst my women. Turkan Katoom—the daughter of Aziza, the miller's widow—isn't she the girl?"

"Yes."

"And the wedding?"

"Was to be tomorrow, Khan."

"Will have to wait until after our return. Ah,"—Yar Moorad

smiled ironically.—"Kara Ali has always had the proper long nose for the smelling out of rich loot. So he will be the wealthier by many rupees when he comes back from strife—will be, by the same token, the better catch for a girl wise enough not to mind his white beard and furrowed cheeks."

He laughed; and there was echo of gliding, cruel laughter amongst his captains. . . .

For if there had been whisperings in the Khan's harem, there had been whisperings, too, in every harem in the valley; and all the men, these last few weeks, had rolled choice gossip over their tongues: how Kara Ali, who heretofore had cared for nothing except his great straight Turkish sword and his swollen money-bags, had one day fallen in love with Turkan Katoom; how he had asked Aziza for her daughter's hand; how the latter had spoken to Turkan Katoom and how—for voices had risen to a high, angry pitch and the neighbors had listened closely—there had been bitter words between mother and child.

"No!" Turkan Katoom had cried. "I shall not marry him!"



An avalanche had raged down the mountain—and there had been panic, everybody for

Never my head to the crook of his arm! Never my lips to his!"

"He is rich!"

"What of it?"

"We are poor, so poor!" Indeed, years of need and want and hardly being able to make both ends meet, had put their drab stamp on Aziza, had hardened and embittered her. "What's in the house, eh? Worm-eaten beans! A lean measure of reeking, dried fish! Black dregs of tea, fit for a Hindu, an unbeliever! No spices! No sugar! No saffron! And my hands—look at them—worked to the bone."

"So are my own hands."

"They need not be! For here is your chance for soft white jeweled hands—for a warm fat life—"

"No, no! Not with Kara Ali!"

"You,"—suspiciously,— "you love another?"

"I do."

"A poor man, I wager."

"Poor—in worldly goods. Yet with a quirk in his eyes I would never forget."

"Fool! Fool! Can you eat this quirk? Can you drink it? Can you change it to a silken robe?"

"No. But I can love it, and—oh, I could not live without it."

"Who is he?"

"I shall not tell you."

"Nor do I care to know. You will marry Kara Ali."

"No!"

"Why, he might have his pick of all the young girls hereabouts. They would envy you, every one of them."

"I would not envy myself. Ah, it is not Kara Ali who can fill my heart!"

"But by Allah and by Allah, it is he who can fill your stomach!"

"And yet"—again, defiantly—"I shall not marry him!"

"You will!" Aziza had shrieked. "You will!"

"No!"

"Yes!"

"Never!"

"I command it!"

Aziza had been deaf to Turkan Katoom's pleadings; and so, since there was an ancient tribal law which forced a girl to marry her father's or, if he be dead, her mother's choice, there had been a ceremonious betrothal.

Silently bride-to-be and bridegroom-to-be had faced each other. She had been silent because of the despair in her heart, and he because of the love in his as he had looked at her, had seen her lissome and lovely with her small oval face, her fearless steel-gray eyes, her hair like waves of ruddy copper rolling over the snow of her forehead.

Finally words had come to him.

"I love you, O delight!" he had said. "For dearer you are to me than salvation! Dearer than ambition and endeavor! Dearer than pride of clan! Dearer than sunlight and the light of the moon! Dearer than spring flowers and the breezes of 'spring!"



himself. "Everybody but Kara Ali and Kara Yusef. I saw them trying to help each other."

Dearer than summer gold and the ripeness of summer! Dearer than the Prophet Mohammed Himself—on Him peace! Everything you desire I shall give to you! Everything—except sorrow!"

And tomorrow the wedding was to have been; and tonight he was riding to war; and so he galloped back to her little house, to see her once more. . . .

So lovely she was, he thought—so young. And he so old—Old?

"No!" he said to himself the next second, spurring on his mare. "I am not old. For I am twenty at the heart—and that's the only way to measure age. White my beard? Aye. Yet there is not a man of all my tribe, be he half my years, but I can sing him or dance him or run him or wrestle him or play him a shimmering play of swords!"

And he laughed triumphantly, and presently came within sight of her house.

He tethered his horse in a grove of trees. He was about to walk up to the door. Then—suddenly, suspiciously, a little uneasily—he stepped back into the shadows as he noticed a dim figure moving in the bushes across the road; heard, at the same time, a clear whistling: two high notes, followed by a fluting tremolo and ending in a throaty trill, exactly like a crane calling to its mate.

A moment later the answer came in a soft warble from Turkan Katoom's house.

Another moment—and the door opened, and Turkan Katoom stepped across the threshold, while from behind the bushes came

Kara Yusef, his young cousin. He saw her rush into the latter's arms; saw them, close together, sharply outlined in the moon-rays; saw her kiss him; heard her voice, charged with a high, driving tenderness:

"I love you!"

"And I love you!"

Again she kissed him.

"Do not leave me!" she implored, clinging to him desperately. "Please!"

"I must go. Am I not of the Lodi tribe? Besides, there will be brave loot to be taken from the Bangashi." He laughed. "I need it. I am poor. But when I come back I shall be as rich as my cousin—"

"Ah, your cousin!" she said with a little shudder. "I hate him. . . . No, no!" she interrupted herself. "I do not hate him. So kind he is, so generous! And yet, when I think of him—as, some day, my husband—"

"Never, never your husband!"

"Never, never! I give oath!"

After a pause, she went on: "This war—I am afraid—"

"Of nothing. How can I die before I have tasted your full sweetness, O mouth of honey? I shall return. And then I shall take you away from here."

"Where?"

"Perhaps to India, perhaps to China, perhaps to the far, far land of the heathen Franks. What (*Please turn to page 134*)



# The COLLEGE

Seven cities claimed Homer, and colleges all over the country are identified as "Olympus." The fact is, Olympus is merely "an American university"—with malice toward none, with laughter for all.

Illustrated by  
James Montgomery Flagg

MR. ASHLEY BATLER, president of Olympus University, was a very remarkable man. It was obligatory on an associate professor, on me, to assume that much with due humility. Nevertheless, as I listened to him, bringing to a close a meeting of the Faculty Committee on Student Publications which he had dignified with his presence, I dissented.

He had called the committee in special session, and he had attended the meeting, bringing Dean Musgrave with him. And in spite of my protests and the reluctance of my fellow-committeemen, he had suppressed the *Jeremiad*. The *Jeremiad* was a biweekly student publication that was humorous at least in intent. The President, acting with the promptness that commended him to business men, had insisted on our putting all the members of its staff on probation, removing them from office, and promising to expel the editor-in-chief unless, within one week, he revealed the authorship of a certain drawing.

The explanation was very simple. Six months ago Timothy Sullivan had died in the near-by metropolis. Timothy Sullivan was that engaging American phenomenon, the self-made man. First coming to notice as a teamster, he had risen to be, successively, a politician, a contractor, a political boss, a multimillionaire, a dignitary and a personage. Six months ago he had died—of complications due to dental neglects. Two months ago, his widow, Mary Sullivan, had given half a million dollars to the dental school of Olympus, in a poetic determination to make such neglects less common on the earth. Ten days ago, in special convocation assembled, Olympus had bestowed on Mary Sullivan, relict, the degree of Doctor of Laws.

And yesterday the *Jeremiad* had issued to the campus, bearing a cartoon that expressed a comment.

The cartoon had been eloquently simple. There was a magnificent doorway and a street in front of it. The doorway was labeled "Sullivan Hall"—it was no secret that Prexy hoped to extend the benevolence of the estate—and above it ran a frieze of bandaged Irish heads separated by rosettes of intertwined toothbrushes and porcelain molars. An angel had just alighted on the top step, an angel in a doctor's gown, recognizable as Mary Sullivan. And in the street was an immaculately clad



white-wing, busy with a brush beside his little cart. He was stocky and rotund, an impressive white-wing, in figure like Ashley Batler.

It was signed, this full page drawing, merely "Abe Whoosh." It had appeared yesterday. Today the four morning papers of the neighboring city had reproduced it, and one was aware that it was now making the streets radiant by way of the afternoon papers. Doubtless, too, it had gone out over the wires. We love publicity, we colleges, but we like to choose the kind. More-

# C ANGEL *By* Bernard De Voto

The cartoon had been eloquently simple. An angel had alighted on the top step, an angel in a doctor's gown, recognizable as Mary Sullivan. It was signed merely "AbeWhoosh."



over, the prospects for a new dental building now seemed unhappy. . . . I had listened to a great deal of shocked and wounded righteousness, a flood of reproach, an intolerable oratory of sentiment and loyalty and due reverence. It didn't impress me.

The President addressed his exordium to the board of editors: "That is how it stands. You are removed from office and put on probation. Whether a new board will be appointed or whether the magazine will be permanently abolished remains for the authorities to decide. As for you, Mr. Barrow,"—Prexy's stern

glance rested on the editor-in-chief,—"I make you no promises. You may be expelled in any case. You certainly will be expelled unless you reveal to me the identity of this—this Abe Whoosh."

Mr. Paul Barrow seemed to me more aware than Prexy of the dramatic possibilities. Having now nothing more to lose, he was immune from further reprisals and could say what pleased him. Mr. Barrow rose to his feet. "I get you," he said calmly. "You'll try to make me think you won't fire me if I'll tell who Abe Whoosh is." The first smile a student had worn during our two-hour session shone briefly on his lips. "That's old stuff. Listen: at least three others of my gang know who Abe Whoosh is. If you can get them to tell, I'll confirm it."

He, and the rest of us, looked at the seven members of the *Jeremiad* board. Six boys and a co-ed, they were tremendously embarrassed. They blushed and gazed at the floor and squirmed in their chairs and tried to look blasé. Barrow watched them, making the most of his oratorical pause. Then he grinned, more widely.

"It's bad psychology to give a college boy a chance to behave like a movie," he said engagingly. "If I may venture to express the attitude of the late *Jeremiad*, it is: though we perish, yet must honor be retained. Heroic, isn't it? I take it, we're through?"

His assistants catapulted to their feet and crowded to the door. But here I entered the drama. "Wait a minute," I said. I had been forming conclusions for two hours. At this moment I decided to give the defeated the compensation of beholding a further revolt. "I want the late staff," I went on, "to witness that though your art is unspeakably bad, I believe you're entitled to publish even worse—if it's obtainable. So I'm resigning from the Committee on Student Publications."

They grinned, hesitated a moment, and then flooded through the door. The rest of the committee turned to me, ready, I was sure, to apply all sorts of opprobrious terms to me. It was Dean Musgrave who won the first speech.

"Have you lost your mind, Sloane?" he demanded. "A frank disavowal by the President and the college, an immediate and unanimous punishment of the offenders, might possibly have propitiated Mrs. Sullivan."

"And you,"—this was Morton, the chairman of the committee,—"you let it get out that a member of the faculty approves that insult!"

"I've smashed the works, eh?" I asked. "I've menaced the new dental building?"

"You probably have," Musgrave shouted.

I determined to make an eloquent speech. "What about the mottoes on our gates? Are we an educational institution or a charitable foundation? What about our vaunted freedom of thought and expression, our sacred right to publish?"

"Sure, Sloane, be noble," Musgrave said. "You know you don't



give a damn about freedom of expression! That's a bloody pose—and you know it."

Young Paul Barrow, I discovered, was lingering in the twilight marble corridor of the administration building, to express his thanks. Now Paul Barrow, as an individual, meant nothing at all to me: he was a glib youth only a little less conventionally-minded than the student body. But as a symbol of faculty suppression, and especially as one who had alarmed the dignitaries, I was considerate of him, and assured him that I would do what I could.

"It's your misfortune," I explained, "to have endangered a possible gift. A college can forgive any offense but that. Still, I'll see if something can be done. It will have to be done by craft, if at all."

He shook his head. "Thanks, but I guess it's no use. They'll nail me." He laughed mournfully. "It was worth it—I didn't expect the guillotine, but it's worth it. And there'll be lots of publicity over the execution."

"If the publicity could be transmuted!" I speculated. "An unfavorable press makes any college delirious. . . . I suppose you're not disposed to tell me who Abe Whoosh is?"

"Nope. . . . Let it ride. That's one trick they lose—Abe Whoosh won't get the gate."

This was another convention. There was no reason why Barrow should not reveal his contributor's name to me. I might have been able to use it, in manipulating the faculty when the time came. But the convention held that he must protect a possible victim, and so he did.

Barrow nodded good-by and left me. I went down the marble stairway to the first floor, reflecting on the opulent setting, so much like the lobby of a bank, that housed the administration of Olympus. And as I passed the president's office, a personage emerged from it. I did not at first recognize Mary Sullivan, though the enormous mink coat and the unbelievable hat should have identified her. But Mary Sullivan recognized me—though to the best of my knowledge we had not met for twenty-five years or more. It was at least twenty-five years since Mary Ryan had sung above the washtubs in my family's basement.

"Would you pass me up, Henry Sloane?" she shouted. The mink shoulders heaved a vigorous welcome, and a soft fat hand reached for mine. She pulled me to a casement where twilight made a faint glimmer and stared at me, her vast face wrinkling good-humoredly. "You've grown up on us, Henry. You're a man now—and I never thought you would be, ye young devil. And a professor! Why have you not been to see me?"

"I was afraid I couldn't get by the butlers, Mrs. Sullivan," I said, pleased by her heartiness but still surprised by her breadth.

"There's but one of them. And it was not Mrs. Sullivan nor yet Miss Ryan that walloped you with a clothes-stick the Lord knows how often! You've got your father's walk and your mother's nose, like you always had."

"Mary, then. Well, just for that, I'll call on you."



Amazed by this giant mirth, I watched her; then I too began to laugh. A gorgeous moment. In eight years much amusement had come my way, but nothing comparable to this.

"You will that. You will come to dinner day after tomorrow. I'll send a car for you. Have you a wife? No? Take shame to yourself."

"You're here to intimidate the President?"

"He's not in. I came to speak about my boy. Him that yourself gave an F last year. Terence—"

"Is Terence Sullivan your boy, Mary? Is that generally known around college?"

"Your Mr. Batler knows about it, him that sold me the degree." She twinkled, one eye drooping toward a wink. I had forgotten how realistic Mary's humor could be: I was an old friend at once. "Some one put the boy on probation for overdrinking—it's the Sullivan way not to drink quietly, Henry. . . . I thought maybe the President hadn't heard about it. But he's out."





"He has been arranging to make amends to you for the cartoon."

Laughter clattered down the dim corridor while Mary Sullivan threw back her head and enjoyed the earth. "The picture, is it?" Her shoulders worked convulsively. "Would a president be worryin' about that? There's bright boys at this college, Henry. I was not surprised that they saw into this situation."

"You aren't peeved about it?"

"Go on!" Derision warmed her voice, and the mink coat shook mountainously. "I was Tim Sullivan's wife, Henry. There was elections from time to time, and newspapers hollerin'. No—when I seen it in the *Globe* this morning, I near phoned to Terry to tell him to take it like a sport—for he's tender about the family."

I had assumed that Mary Sullivan would be as choleric as Bat-

ler, or more so. Her tolerance was an unexpected development. Could I turn it to account for the sake of the *Jeremiad*? Could I use it as a lever to overturn the idiocy of the authorities?

"Everyone believes that you've been insulted," I told her. "The President will lay a row of scalps at your feet and ask pardon."

"I've seen a deal of him, lately," she said. A certain grimness came into her voice. One perceived that Mary Sullivan was in no wise victimized or deluded by the oratory expended on her. "I am a benefactress, Henry—he said so when he put the gown on my shoulders, and he ought to know. I'm not thought to understand that another bite at Tim's estate would be agreeable." Her ample breast was agitated again, and the corridor reëchoed. "A fine gown, too. I wear it mornings in bed. And my daughter,—that married well,—she likes her ma to be a Doctor of Laws. . . . Let me take you where you're going, Henry?"

We moved out to the curved marble steps, and a limousine drew up, a limousine that even in the December dusk was simply staggering. A uniform leaped out to hold the door open. But Prexy, emerging behind us, came up and recognized my companion.

"Mrs. Sullivan! My secretary told me you had called. I was busy taking action in this most regrettable incident. I trust I may speak to you for a moment."

He peered at me. He always has difficulty in recognizing the more obscure members of his staff. College presidents do, being occupied with the great and the benevolent of this earth. And I had, just now, affronted him. But he greeted me warmly. "Good evening, Sloane. I didn't know you were acquainted with Mrs. Sullivan."

"We've come up in the world," Mary said. "I knew him when there was prophecy it would be the house of correction and not college. . . . I come about my boy Terry, Mr. Batler. He's on probation for drinkin'—"

The dusk hid Prexy's shudder, but I knew that he felt one. Such frankness was disconcerting.

"I'm sure it's a mistake, Mrs. Sullivan," he said.

"I thought it would be. . . . Henry, here, though, got talkin' about the picture in the papers."

"That's what I want to speak about." A sympathetic throb was in his voice. "I have had the magazine suspended and the editors put on probation—with expulsion to follow."

"The boys must have their fun," she said. "Worse far has been printed about me, and you're the lucky lad, Mr. Batler, if you've not had harder. You'll not more than scare them?"

"By no means—I won't permit it for a moment." He was convincing. "Those that can't work in harmony with our spirit will get out." He turned her toward his office and a detailed apology. I was left behind. But I heard him explaining: "The magazine has always been cynical and subversive, Mrs. Sullivan. It represents a few malcontents, not the real students of Olympus. A good thing if we do away with it entirely. Furthermore, it's always losing money that we have to make up." That was the final, the conclusive denunciation. . . .

The newspapers next morning gave characteristic versions of the dismissal of the *Jeremiad* board, but they had not heard of my protest—or else had seen no news in it.

I discovered, with the new day, that my dislike of the injustice done the *Jeremiad* had considerably in- (Please turn to page 91)



*Houses of Parliament, London. When Lady Astor first answered roll-call, she made obsolete the ancient formal salute, "Gentlemen of the House of Commons."*

# "The Most Important Fact in Life" By Kathleen Woodward

*Being the amazing personal story of Nancy Langhorne, of Virginia, who was the first woman to enter Parliament and who has been called "the most significant woman of the age."*

THERE once languished in an English country-house a very sick American woman, now known to the world as the Viscountess Astor, Member of Parliament for the Sutton Division of Plymouth. In those days, not long before the war, she was the Honorable Mrs. Waldorf Astor, wife of the Member for the Sutton Division.

She was ill, and very sad. Her days were spent on an invalid couch; food for reflection she had in plenty, in the final pronouncements of one or two of the best doctors in England.

She could not get better, they said; her condition had been irrevocably brought about by an unrelenting spirit, and a reckless expenditure of energy, to sustain which she had not, never did or would have the physical strength. She must accept the consequences of an overdrawn account: a life of semi-invalidism.

She had been a delicate child: small, frail, elf-like; born with a devastating spirit that waged continuous war with her body. The result seemed to be her complete undoing.

She was not altogether the same woman known to the world today: she was a scintillating figure in the English social life of the time; she gave parties and was in turn entertained and, apparently, fluttered through the days. There was talk of her parties; and she was not highly approved in some circles; for even as the Hon. Mrs. Waldorf Astor, part of the social whirl, she had her originalities.

She was of little vital consequence either to the country of her birth, America, or to the country to which she belonged by marriage. The world was not wanting in the kind of woman she appeared to be: colorful, vivid, but essentially passing.

One day as she lay on her couch, "unutterably miserable," there came to visit her a "little mousy woman—really, the drabdest little woman you ever set eyes on—so gray and mousy to look at.

"Before she left, that woman had wrought in me a miracle: she showed me the face of God.

"In a moment the whole world for me was changed. I cannot explain what has never yet been explained: a miracle. I can only tell you: it happened.

"I was suddenly filled with a faith that I could get better; that, in truth, I was not meant to fade away in this manner. I realized there was work for me to do; that I could, if I would, get up and do it.

"I did get up quickly from that invalid couch and—well, here I am! Look at me!"

I looked at her; I considered the day we had just spent together in her Plymouth constituency. She looked fresh as the morning; yet we had been moving violently most of the day.

She had on a little black velvet dress with white lace about the collar and cuffs; there was white lace about the hem of her frock; and she looked ridiculously young, as well as fresh. I did not wonder she had difficulty in the early months of her political life impressing the world with the fact of her six children.

"That drab little woman wrought in me a miracle. . . .

"You don't believe me; but it's true—it's gospel truth. I was a different woman from that day. I found God where I had for years been blindly seeking Him; and my blind faith was suddenly transformed into a divine certainty: I got understanding; I learned to pray.

"I should not be where I am today but for that little woman and what she brought to me; I should not be what I am. My real life dates from that day. . . .

"When she left me, I picked up my Bible and read it in the light of what she had awakened in me. I have kept that book at my side ever since; it is my strength."

The political life of Lady Astor dates from the day of that miracle when, like Paul on the road to Damascus, to her also was revealed a blinding light.

This is the real key to her life: it is the beginning of the source of her strength. She tells the story simply, unhesitatingly; she would shout it from the housetops were it necessary; for if she has one superabundant quality, it is courage.

She has been, since that day, a deeply religious woman; her strength is in her prayer and faith. This is the fact to grasp before one can begin to understand her political and public life. In that one miracle all subsequent miracles of her career are explained.

And miracles she has performed in plenty. Consider, for example, the miracle of her entrance into political life. She would have been "convulsed with laughter" had anyone predicted for her a political career. No woman's thoughts were more innocent of such ambitions: she had not so much as a lurking wish in that direction; and she was the first woman to enter the House of Commons, as elected representative in the Mother of Parliaments—this Nancy Langhorne, born in Virginia, who today is far the most conspicuous woman in English political life.

Mr. Owen D. Young has called her the most significant woman of the age; and she grew up in the mode and manner of the South in the days of her youth, when neither the daughters of the rich, nor those of the poor, were burdened with education in any formal sense of the term. Yet, in a brilliant flash, she changed the ancient phrase, as old as the oldest Constitution in the world: "Gentlemen of the House of Commons!"

Nor did she appear meteorically in the House, and become rapidly extinguished. It is eight years now since she came to Westminster as the representative of the men of Devon, four times elected or reelected.

The story of her first appearance on the floor of the House of Commons "can never be told," she said to me, "for the reason that I am the only person who knows it, and I could not find words to tell it."

Fragments of this real story, however, I can convey; they indicate, though inadequately, the epic story of which they are a part.

When she walked for the first time across the floor of the House in November, 1919, to take the oath, and to be introduced to the assembly by Lord Balfour and Mr. Lloyd George (then Prime Minister), she was greeted with dead silence by the front benches of the House—"Every one of whom I personally knew."

In this hour of her greatest need, the support given her by the gentlemen of the front bench was—dead silence; and the principal thing to remember in this ungracious episode is: not only did she personally know each one of them, but she had entertained them in her own home—in the days when she, as well as they, little dreamed of a representative from Plymouth in this guise.

The cynosure of all eyes,—at heart a very shy and humble person,—she quailed and flinched. She felt her courage ebb. What hurt most was that her "friends" would not know her!

She gave one proud, challenging look all round and about her; and down she fled to her room below the House, and fell on her knees in trembling. No one knew of the Gethsemane that day in a room below the House of Commons.

"I told myself: they can't hurt me; God is too strong; I know that I am doing right. . . .

"I prayed for the strength and the courage to pass through the ordeal. My prayer was answered."

So the battle was fought—and won. With characteristic gallantry and generosity she told America in one of her first speeches:

"No body of men could have been fairer or kinder to me than they" (fellow-members of the House) "were. When you hear people trying to run down England, remember that England first gave the vote to women, and that the men of England welcomed an American-born woman in the House of Commons with a fairness and a justice which this woman, at least, will never forget. Their courtesy has never failed, though my unparliamentary manners must be somewhat of a trial."

In justice, too, it is well to remember the front benches and their silence, and the scene in another room of the building. Future generations reading of that historic occasion will doubtless know nothing of her betrayal, which will be well. They may also know nothing of the "scene" under the House—which will be a great pity. Such things as this should be preserved in history.

Armored with her faith and trust, it was not found possible even for the front benches long to resist her. The last citadel to fall was that vigilantly watched over by the titled member who, every time Lady Astor passed him in the House, conspicuously cast down his eyes to the floor—until one day she walked brightly up to him and assured him that she was not Lady Godiva.

The miracle second in sequence was her maiden speech. The first woman's voice legitimately to be heard in the House of Commons talked in passionate opposition to—drink! She

lowered her head and bucked straight into the trade, that sacred of sacreds. On this stronghold she first bravely opened up her artillery; while before her and about her, ubiquitous as the cannon about the Light Brigade, were ranged in all their power the forces of booze. This, too, in the days when passion on the drink question ran high, and members of Parliament could not find a sense of humor on the subject. Now they have an iced drink in the House known as "Nancy's Own."

"Three months I kept my silence," she told me. "Three months I waited to make that speech; and I knew my first speech in the House would be on the drink question, as I knew that my first speech in America would be on the subject of England."

Strong men have trembled and been covered with confusion passing through the ordeal of a maiden speech in the House of Commons. She had chosen the subject of drink, which inevitably rendered her position like that of a Spanish matador shaking a red flag in the air, goading the torpid beast to fury.

The occasion was a motion by Sir J. D. Rees: "That this House . . . is of opinion that all vexatious and unnecessary restraints and restrictions upon the (Please turn to page 142)



Photograph by Underwood and Underwood

LADY ASTOR



# The Silks of Oakmead

By Ewing Walker

With his first story, "Little Gill," Mr. Walker won a host of friends. He is a Southerner, who well knows horses and the hearts of men.

Illustrated by Leslie L. Benson



THE main house of Oakmead stands—and has stood these eighty-odd years—upon a full-breasted eminence from which one may see the gray surface of the pike a quarter of a mile away through the trees, a half-dozen neighboring houses and, upon clear days, the higher buildings of the town five miles to the north. Leading southward from the house is Alan's Walk, and at the farther end of it, under a giant cottonwood tree, stands—or reposes—an ancient log cabin which we have come to call Mercy Lodge, where Little Gill lives—and assists others in living. On beyond his squat and tranquil abode are the barns and paddocks, the sheds and outhouses, the negro quarters and cock-runs—and finally, the black-soiled fields and the rolling green pastures with their clusters of walnuts and flowering locusts.

Upon leaving the lands of Oakmead—all of this to the southward, mind you—one comes upon a rough, wooded area pied with outcroppings of lime- and sandstone and pockmarked where rains and freshets have washed away the shallow soil. The whole of it is covered with post-oak and persimmon—with dogwood, sumac and sassafras—beneath which the underbrush is a well-nigh impenetrable tangle.

Along the farther edge of this waste-land runs a tortuous stream probably christened by an early French *voyageur* some name colloquially twisted into Bogue Chitto, or simply the Bogue. During the last mile or so of its sinuous journey, it passes through a stretch of land uncommon to our region and the exact like of which I do not know of elsewhere. It is a low, flat, desolate area, usually damp underfoot, for the river overflows it, and the dense shade holds the moisture. Scattered about are tufts of great coarse-leaved ferns, and the ground is covered with a lichenous yellow-green moss which, from a distance, gives it the appearance of a shadowed lake of stagnant water. The trees, because of the moisture-laden soil, grow taller—higher is a more fitting word—than is common to our section; and all in all, the region, which is called Bogue Flat, seems mantled with an unwholesome solitude.

The stream Bogue Chitto finally loses itself in the river; and near the point of confluence there stands a dejected and crumbling two-room shanty on a willow-strewn bank. As the crow flies, it is perhaps a mile from the lands of Oakmead. . . .

The first the town knew of Bland was upon a Monday morning when he was haled into court following his arrest, on Saturday, in a drunken brawl down at Anson's place.

"Your name?" inquired old Judge Taliaferro.

"Bland."

Now, that is a good name in our section, and the old Judge glanced up. "Bland?" he repeated.

The man nodded. He was lacking in that humility usually seen in our police-court defendants.

"Where are you from?" There is, I should explain, an informality—and a warming kindness, too—in Judge Taliaferro's method of conducting court.

"Down the river." There was insolence in Bland's manner.

This the Judge ignored. "Where do you live now?" he asked.

"At the mouth of Bogue Chitto."

"I did not know—" began the old Judge.

Bland interrupted him. "Just built the house."

"I see." And then: "Your business?"

"Fishing!"

Judge Taliaferro made an entry in his record book. "You have pleaded guilty to the charges of drunkenness and disorderly conduct. I shall make your fine as light as possible; but, I must warn you, a second offense will not find me so lenient. Ten dollars—and costs."

"Right!" said the man, to the consternation of those in the room, and he turned his head toward the doorway.

It was then they noticed her—a slight, frail, anemic-looking woman certainly in her early thirties, but with those marks that usually are the handiwork of age. There was, about her—in her mien or the texture of her skin or the web and woof of her manner—a vague, indefinable something that whispered of better days; but it was her eyes that held one. Their color, it seems to me, does not matter. For all I know, they may have been blue or brown or hazel; but they were eyes I shall not forget, what with their expression of unutterable fear—and despair.

Slowly she walked toward the Judge's bench, moistening her lips as she came; and finally she halted before him, her eyes upon the floor. "How much—how much is it all?"

For a long moment Judge Taliaferro was silent, his glance shifting from the woman to Bland, who stood by with a bit too much assurance in his manner, a half-sneer upon his lips. "The fine and costs are thirteen dollars and fifty cents."

Slowly she untied a knotted handkerchief and counted the money with uncertain fingers.

The Judge's chin rested upon his fingers; his glance for a moment surveyed Bland and then lingered meditatively upon the woman. "The court has decided to suspend sentence pending good behavior. Next case on the docket!" he barked, breaking the tension; and Bland strode from the room, the woman following him. . . .

Bland's place soon became a noisome spot in our community; and tales of what went on there came to us quickly enough—accounts of riotous drinking and dubious gambling and occasional brawls; and there came, now and again, other tales of their boy Emil, a lad of fourteen when the couple moved to Bogue Flat, and who was reported strangely like his mother, in his smallness and delicacy of stature, and even in the fear that lurked in his eyes.

Rumor had it the woman was from southern Louisiana and of Creole blood; and I think this was true, for she and the boy were heard more than once to exchange low-spoken words in French or in a patois of that region. "*Chère Maman*," or "*Chère petite Maman*," he called her; I heard him use the phrase but once, upon a time that stands out in my memory; but others have told me it



The woman ran to his side, facing the man. "Oh, no! He can't! He can't!"

was the way he at all times addressed her.

Three months, or thereabout, after they moved into their shack at the mouth of Bogue Chitto, there occurred an unpleasant incident.

Bland and some laborers from town had been drinking and gambling through the night. Finally the sun came over the edge of Bogue Flat, which lay half-veiled in its miasmal mist.

The game broke up, and the men strode out into the chill open. One of the party glanced toward a great sycamore near by. "I treed a coon up that tree once," he said, "but never got him."

"How come?" asked Bland.

"Too big to climb—or cut down, either."

"Too big to climb?" scoffed Bland. "Hell! That kid o' mine can climb that tree!"

The other laughed. "Not a chance!"

Bland eyed him narrowly. "What odds'll you lay that he can't?"

"Why, man, there aint a chance! That tree? Why, three to one! Five!"

"You've made a bet," said Bland. "Five dollars to one." Lurching slightly, he made his way to the shack.

In a moment he returned, dragging the boy with him—the boy with fear in his eyes—while the woman stood in the low doorway watching them, the fingers of one hand upon her lips.

Bland half-flung the lad toward the tree, which was well-nigh as thick as the boy was tall. "Climb it!" he ordered.

An instant the boy's back was pressed against the white-spotted trunk, and he stared at the man in silent wonder and terror.

"Climb it!" repeated Bland.

Emil turned, placed his arms as far as they would reach about

the tree and struggled to work his way upward, clawing at the smooth bark but slipping to the ground each time.

Once more he turned, panting, his lips quivering. "I can't!" And again—"I can't!"

Bland tore a small limb from a sumac bush near by. "Climb it, I said! Up!"

The boy covered his face with his arm, sobbing, "Oh, *chère Maman, chère Maman!*"

The woman ran to his side, with an effort facing the man. "Oh, no! No, no! He can't! He can't!" It was a tremulous prayer.

Bland turned to the cowering boy, still gripping the heavy switch. "Climb it!"

Again Emil turned to the tree, clutching it with his hands. Once more he leaped

upward, and for a short moment, clung there, his face showing red against the white bark. Then, fingers raw, he slid to the ground and crumpled at the base upon a great exposed root, sobbingly murmuring again and again, "*Chère Maman, chère Maman!*"

"Forget it, forget it!" called out the one with whom Bland had wagered. "The bet's off."

Bland wheeled upon him. "The bet's on!" he growled.

Again he turned to the boy, speaking slower—and lower. "Climb it!" He raised the branch in his hand.

"Cut it out, Bland! Cut it out!" the other called. "I'll pay off. Here!" He tossed five dollars to the ground and turned to his fellows: "Let's get out o' this!"

As they passed into the woods, they heard a voice hoarsely ordering: "Climb it, I said! Climb it!"

Some two months later a man, with grim lips, rode into town upon a horse that was well-nigh spent. Passing the cabin of Bland, he had found Emil kneeling upon the ground and now calling, now whispering, to his mother, who lay before him. At the man's approach the boy had fled into the woods as would a hunted thing. The woman was dead. She had been murdered.

In less than an hour a mob with a brace of hounds was headed toward Bland's hut on Bogue Chitto; and as it approached the place, Emil again fled into the covert of sumac and elderberry.

It was near night when they found the man, cowering behind a log in a pool of still water. I am told there was little said as they led him—pleading, whining—back to his shack. A rope was tossed over a limb and the rest was quickly done. During the whole of it none of them saw the boy. The body of the woman was placed in a wagon, and the mob returned to town.

About eight that night we were sitting in the living-room—the "Growlery," we call it—at Oakmead, when the door opened and Little Gill came in. His face was drawn, and I noticed that his hand, which held a lighted lantern, trembled.

"What's wrong?" asked the Boss.

The little fellow moistened his lips. "Bland murdered his wife—and they've hung 'im."

"Yes; we've heard of it."

Still Gill stood there, as though uncertain just what to say to us. "But—the boy!"

"Where is the boy?"

Aunt Fran asked, sitting erect and turning her sightless eyes toward Gill.

"He's there—in those woods. Hiding there—alone. I—I think I'm going to 'im."

"Wait till tomorrow," suggested the Boss. "You can't—"

But Aunt Fran interrupted him. "I think Gill—as usual—is quite right." She rose, touching with slender fingers the inevitable little lavender puff at her throat. "I'll go with you," she added, starting from the room.

This brought the Boss to his feet. "Now, Fran, you'll do nothing of the sort! Bogue Flat is no place for you on a night like this. I'll go myself."

She turned to him, smiling. "My dear, you should know me after all these years. Gill is quite right in wanting to go to the boy—and I shall go with him." With that she was off for her wraps, feeling her way before her with her long ebony stick.

The long and short of it was the four of us went—Gill, Aunt Fran, the Boss and I. We got into a car and started for the Flat. Aunt Fran, who has a way of remembering such things, brought along a basket of food and a heavy sweater of the Boss'.

Little was said during that ride. It was a chill night—more like real winter than mid-October—and the great trees rising above the matted brush stood out clearly in the glow of a saffron moon.

When we reached the point where the narrow road ends, some quarter of a mile from Bland's shack, all of us prepared to alight.

But Aunt Fran stopped us. "Gill and I will go on alone." And in a short time, they were lost to our view on the shadowed trail winding through the woods.

Waiting in the stillness of dreary Bogue Flat, the time dragged. Once or twice the Boss and I tried to make conversation; but after a while we lapsed into wearisome silence. It seemed longer, but I fancy it was not more than forty minutes when they returned.

"What did you find?" asked the Boss as we started homeward. "Wait!" said Aunt Fran; and I could tell from her voice she was strangely agitated.

Once we were home, she turned to Little Gill. "Tell them, please." And taking up her stick, she left the room.

Gill swallowed hard and touched his lips with his tongue. "There's a clearing around Bland's house, so I could see it well enough in the moonlight. We didn't make much noise, for we didn't feel like talkin', I guess—Miss Fran and I. We got near the cabin—within about forty yards, I'd say. And then—I saw." He paused, closing his eyes a moment. "It was there—hangin' there in the moonlight. There was considerable wind from off the river, and the thing was swingin' . . . . The boy was bareheaded and was standin' near. . . . He laughed—shrill and loud and pitiful—and glad-like. And then, in a minute, he put his hands over his face and walked slow and unsteady-like toward the cabin; and all along the way he sobbed: 'Oh, *chère Maman, ma chère Maman*, come back! Please come back! He can't do it any more, *chère Maman!* He can't do it any more!'

"After a while, when we'd sort of got ourselves together, as you might say, Miss Fran and I went up to the cabin door. The step, when I put my foot on it, creaked—and then I stood there, with my hand on the knob, but making no noise—and with the breath sort of gone out of me; for at that sound the boy asked, low and pleading-like: '*Maman?*' and again, after waiting a moment, '*Chère Maman?*'

"It was bad—bad! I couldn't stand there any longer, letting him think that maybe she—" Little Gill brushed his eyes with the back of his hand, turning his face away from us; then: "I pushed open the door. There was a small fire on the hearth, that showed things fairly clear; and the first thing I saw was a small pine table with dishes on it and two chairs in their places. He had set it—for two! When we looked in, he leaped into a corner, pressing his hands against the wall and his eyes staring in wonder—and in fear—and in disappointment. When I saw his look, I knew we should stop right there; so I put the basket of food and the sweater on the floor and closed the door as easy and soft-like as I could."

He seemed upon the point of saying more; but with eyes blinking, he abruptly turned and limped from the room. . . .

Aunt Fran and Little Gill at once began that strange fight to remove the boy from his dreary abode and unnatural life. Each morning they drove through Bogue Flat as far as the road permitted; and from that point walked to the boy's cabin, where they left food and, at times, clothing.

She would not countenance any others going. "You don't understand," she explained. "You did not see him—and hear him—that night. He's afraid—of man, of life. . . . It's his only heritage—fear."

In time, of course, he came to expect them; and occasionally, Little Gill would detect him eying them from behind some great tree or thick-waisted log. Finally there

came a time when he fled less precipitately at their approach; and then one day the two of them returned to Oakmead in great good humor.

"He followed us half a mile down the road," explained Aunt Fran. "We drove slowly, and he followed us, darting in and out of the brush along the roadside." It was the first evidence of real progress.

One morning Barney Moore,—who is Oakmead's trainer,—the Boss, Little Gill and I were seated in the Growlery discussing the



"See those hands? They're what win horse races. It's through them the horse talks to you."

season  
Abrup  
rider—  
"Wh  
"Ca  
The w  
I sh  
a camp  
years  
winter  
long s  
silks a  
and so  
to roa  
track—  
But  
The  
"No  
Chris'n  
Then h  
roun'  
de brid  
I axed,  
on our





"They're down!" Mansard had fallen, and the horse just back of him. . . . I felt some one gripping my arm.

season's racing and the Derby to be run at Louisville in May. Abruptly, Mary's Jim—who, as you may remember, is Oakmead's rider—entered the room cap in hand, agitation writ all over him.

"What do you want?" asked Barney.

"Cap'n, dey's—dey's sumpin' ridin' ol' Trumpeter at night." The whites of Jim's eyes grew large.

I should explain that Trumpeter, a gelding, had been as faithful a campaigner as ever flung dust or mud about an oval. There were years when he was kept in training from early spring through the winter meets; and whenever he was called upon during those over-long seasons, he fought to flash home in front with the Oakmead silks atop him. Win or lose, he gave the best of his stanch heart and sound legs. At last he was granted a summer's rest and set to roam at will upon the grass-covered infield of Oakmead's track—a reposeful recompense.

But back to the story of Mary's Jim:

The Boss grinned. "Jim, you been drinkin'?"

"No suh, Boss, I aint drunk nothin'—not since dis las'-gone Chris'mas. But sumpin' sho is ridin' ol' Trumpeter—an' at night!" Then he told us. "I'd been down to Dilcey's house. Must of been roun' 'bout ten o'clock an' de moon was up good. I'd jes' crossed de bridge ovah Clearcreek when I heard sumpin'. 'Now, what dat?' I axed, stoppin'. Den I knowed. Hit was a hoss runnin'—right dar on our track. I knowed sumpin' was wrong, 'cause dat hoss warn't

runnin' like a loose hoss does—loafin' now—an' den sprintin' up—an' nex' stoppin' to shake his haid an' snort. Dat hoss was *runnin'*—steady an' strong, like he was gittin' a stiff work. If I hadn't been so skeered, I'd fo'got to git any closter; but I come on an', fus' thing I knowed, I was at de rail. Den I heard 'im down to'ds de fus' turn, a-lippin' it along. I heard 'im make de turn, an' den he come 'twix' de moon an' me, an' I seed 'im clear. It was ol' Trumpeter, his haid reachin' out an' his tail stretched straight behin', an' runnin' like he loved it. Dey warn't no bridle an' dey warn't no saddle on 'im; but—dey was sumpin' else on 'im!"

The little darky paused, pursing his lips. Then: "'Fo' you kin say Jack Robason, heah dey come, a-sweepin' down to'ds me; an' I jes' has time to squat low when dey whizzes by. Ol' Trumpeter was a-reachin' out, eatin' up de groun', an' whoever dat was on 'im was a-layin' as flat as a flapjack on a skillet."

Barney would have dismissed the fantastic tale. "Niggah, you was either drunk or conjured."

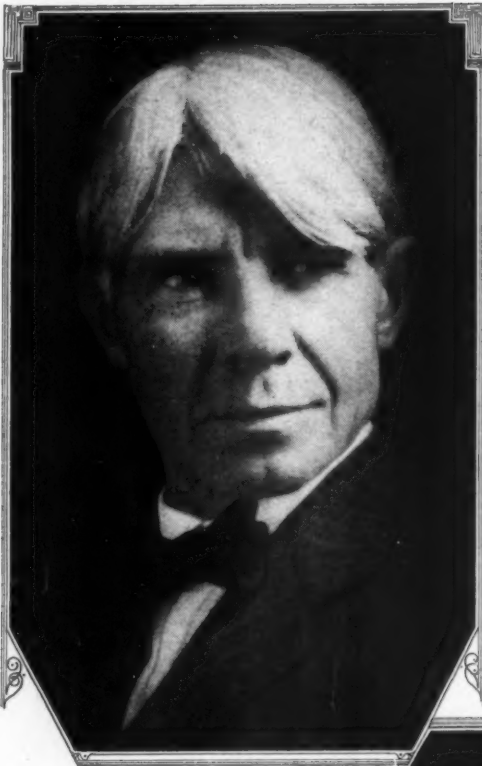
But Little Gill would have it otherwise, and after the boy had left, he convinced us the matter merited investigation. So, about eight-thirty that night, we were out by the farm track, silently waiting in a cluster of blackjack oaks.

Of a sudden I felt Gill's hand on my arm.

"Look!" he whispered.

(Please turn to page 104)

# In Tune with



**CARL SANDBURG**

combines the talents which make a man at once a great poet and a great biographer. He sings, you know, of the rather rugged aspects of American life. "Smoke and Steel" perhaps best conveys, by its title, the character of his apostrophe to our industrial gods. Now he hails us with a new volume—"Good Morning, America!" Incidentally it is no mere metaphor to speak of him as "singing;" for he does sing his verse to his guitar—and to highly pleased audiences. He is moreover a specialist in American folk-songs, and gives recitals of these as well. His reputation as a biographer stands, of course, upon "Abraham Lincoln—the Prairie Years." Mr. Sandburg's portrait appears above.

**JANE COWL**

has had the good fortune to have played a rôle so superlatively that it will be remembered with her, always. Of course, there was fortune in the finding of a part which could be so played. It was the rôle of the wife of *Fabius Maximus* in Robert Sherwood's inimitable satire on war and manners, "The Road to Rome."

Miss Cowl — whose portrait appears at the right—is now in a new play; indeed, she is co-author of it, with Theodore Charles; but however greatly she triumphs in "The Jealous Moon," there will be many who would longingly recall the delicious satire of the scenes in *Hannibal's* camp; and they will be aided in recollections by the fact that the original *Hannibal*—Philip Merivale—again plays with her.



Photo by Hal Phylle

**ALEXANDER  
MEIKLEJOHN**

long has been one of the leaders in criticism of the futility of modern machine-made methods of mass education. Called to the University of Wisconsin to head the new Experimental College, he is experimenting in a bold and original manner. A hundred and twenty students have been selected — and have volunteered — to try out individualized and original methods of study which, if successful, will support a new theory of education for American youth. Professor Meiklejohn—whose photograph is reproduced at the left—formerly was professor of metaphysics at Brown and then president of Amherst.



Photo by Underwood & Underwood

# Our Times



Photo by  
Irving Childnoff

## JANET GAYNOR

plays, on the screen, *Street Angel*, as you know; but actually she has been playing, in person, the most spectacular Cinderella rôle recently seen in Hollywood.

It was barely four years ago that, with her sister, she invaded Hollywood and began the rounds of the studios for "extra" work here and there. Two years ago Miss Gaynor (whose picture appears above) was still "unknown." Then Director Irving Cummings cast her in "The Johnstown Flood;" and once with the magic slippers of fame on her feet, she quickly gained stardom. Remember her in "7th Heaven" and "Sunrise"? She is twenty-one years old.

## DORIS WEBSTER

is a co-partner in the prosperous literary firm of Webster and Hopkins — Doris Webster and Mary Alden Hopkins — which produced "Marriage Made Easy" and "Help Yourself," and created that engaging novelty, "I've Got Your Number."

It actually made parties at home popular.

Now these partners have devised something even more novel and amusing — and like all really diverting things, with a bit of an idea at the bottom of it. Turn to another page of this magazine if you want to know how to "Tell Your Own Fortune." But be sure to mark yourself with perfect fairness, if you wish to get an illuminating glimpse into what is likely to happen in your own future. Miss Webster's photograph is reproduced at the right.



Photo by Straum-Peyton

## OTTO KRUGER

has been playing the fascinating rôle of *Anthony Cavendish* in that most amusing comedy which burlesques an exceedingly prominent and popular family of actors. It is, indeed, rather a dynasty than a family which is the obvious original of "The Royal Family."

One criticism to be heard of this delectable creation (by George B. Kaufman and Miss Edna Ferber) is that the disguise—if any—is too thin. Yet therein lies the vociferous delight of the audience, especially at such moments as when *Anthony Cavendish* beats upon the door and roars into the room. Instantly he is identified with his idolized prototype; and everybody has the best of times.



# In Tune with



**CARL SANDBURG**

combines the talents which make a man at once a great poet and a great biographer. He sings, you know, of the rather rugged aspects of American life. "Smoke and Steel" perhaps best conveys, by its title, the character of his apostrophe to our industrial gods. Now he hails us with a new volume—"Good Morning, America!" Incidentally it is no mere metaphor to speak of him as "singing;" for he does sing his verse to his guitar—and to highly pleased audiences. He is moreover a specialist in American folk-songs, and gives recitals of these as well. His reputation as a biographer stands, of course, upon "Abraham Lincoln—the Prairie Years." Mr. Sandburg's portrait appears above.

**JANE COWL**

has had the good fortune to have played a rôle so superlatively that it will be remembered with her, always. Of course, there was fortune in the finding of a part which could be so played. It was the rôle of the wife of *Fabius Maximus* in Robert Sherwood's inimitable satire on war and manners, "The Road to Rome."

Miss Cowl — whose portrait appears at the right—is now in a new play; indeed, she is co-author of it, with Theodore Charles; but however greatly she triumphs in "The Jealous Moon," there will be many who would longingly recall the delicious satire of the scenes in *Hannibal's* camp; and they will be aided in recollections by the fact that the original *Hannibal*—Philip Merivale—again plays with her.



Photo by Hal Phylfe

**ALEXANDER MEIKLEJOHN**

long has been one of the leaders in criticism of the futility of modern machine-made methods of mass education. Called to the University of Wisconsin to head the new Experimental College, he is experimenting in a bold and original manner. A hundred and twenty students have been selected — and have volunteered — to try out individualized and original methods of study which, if successful, will support a new theory of education for American youth. Professor Meiklejohn—whose photograph is reproduced at the left—formerly was professor of metaphysics at Brown and then president of Amherst.



Photo by Underwood & Underwood

# n Our Times



Photo by  
Irving Childnoff

## JANET GAYNOR

plays, on the screen, *Street Angel*, as you know; but actually she has been playing, in person, the most spectacular Cinderella rôle recently seen in Hollywood.

It was barely four years ago that, with her sister, she invaded Hollywood and began the rounds of the studios for "extra" work here and there. Two years ago Miss Gaynor (whose picture appears above) was still "unknown." Then Director Irving Cummings cast her in "The Johnstown Flood;" and once with the magic slippers of fame on her feet, she quickly gained stardom. Remember her in "7th Heaven" and "Sunrise"? She is twenty-one years old.

## DORIS WEBSTER

is a co-partner in the prosperous literary firm of Webster and Hopkins — Doris Webster and Mary Alden Hopkins — which produced "Marriage Made Easy" and "Help Yourself," and created that engaging novelty, "I've Got Your Number."

It actually made parties at home popular.

Now these partners have devised something even more novel and amusing — and like all really diverting things, with a bit of an idea at the bottom of it. Turn to another page of this magazine if you want to know how to "Tell Your Own Fortune." But be sure to mark yourself with perfect fairness, if you wish to get an illuminating glimpse into what is likely to happen in your own future. Miss Webster's photograph is reproduced at the right.



Photo by Strauss-Peyton

## OTTO KRUGER

has been playing the fascinating rôle of *Anthony Cavendish* in that most amusing comedy which burlesques an exceedingly prominent and popular family of actors. It is, indeed, rather a dynasty than a family which is the obvious original of "The Royal Family."

One criticism to be heard of this delectable creation (by George B. Kaufman and Miss Edna Ferber) is that the disguise—if any—is too thin. Yet therein lies the vociferous delight of the audience, especially at such moments as when *Anthony Cavendish* beats upon the door and roars into the room. Instantly he is identified with his idolized prototype; and everybody has the best of times.

# The BOOST

By  
A. de Ford  
Pitney

STEVE JENNINGS hurried into the living-room and turned on the lights before he took off his hat and overcoat and hung them in the hall closet. Evidently he was home ahead of Peg. He put his head in the dining-room door and called back to the kitchen:

"Has Mrs. Jennings telephoned, Lena?"

"No, suh. Aint no message from Miss Sawyer. Theda Twillett, f'm acrost the hall, said her mother might come over this evenin' to ast Miss Sawyer's advice about a chair they goin' to buy, or somep'n."

"Hmp!" He wished Ellen Carey Cootes—like his own wife "Miss Sawyer," Mrs. Twillett went by her maiden name—had chosen some other evening than this. Steve walked up and down the living-room with his thumbs in the armholes of his waistcoat. Sometimes he patted his chest proudly with his fingers. Other times he looked perplexed.

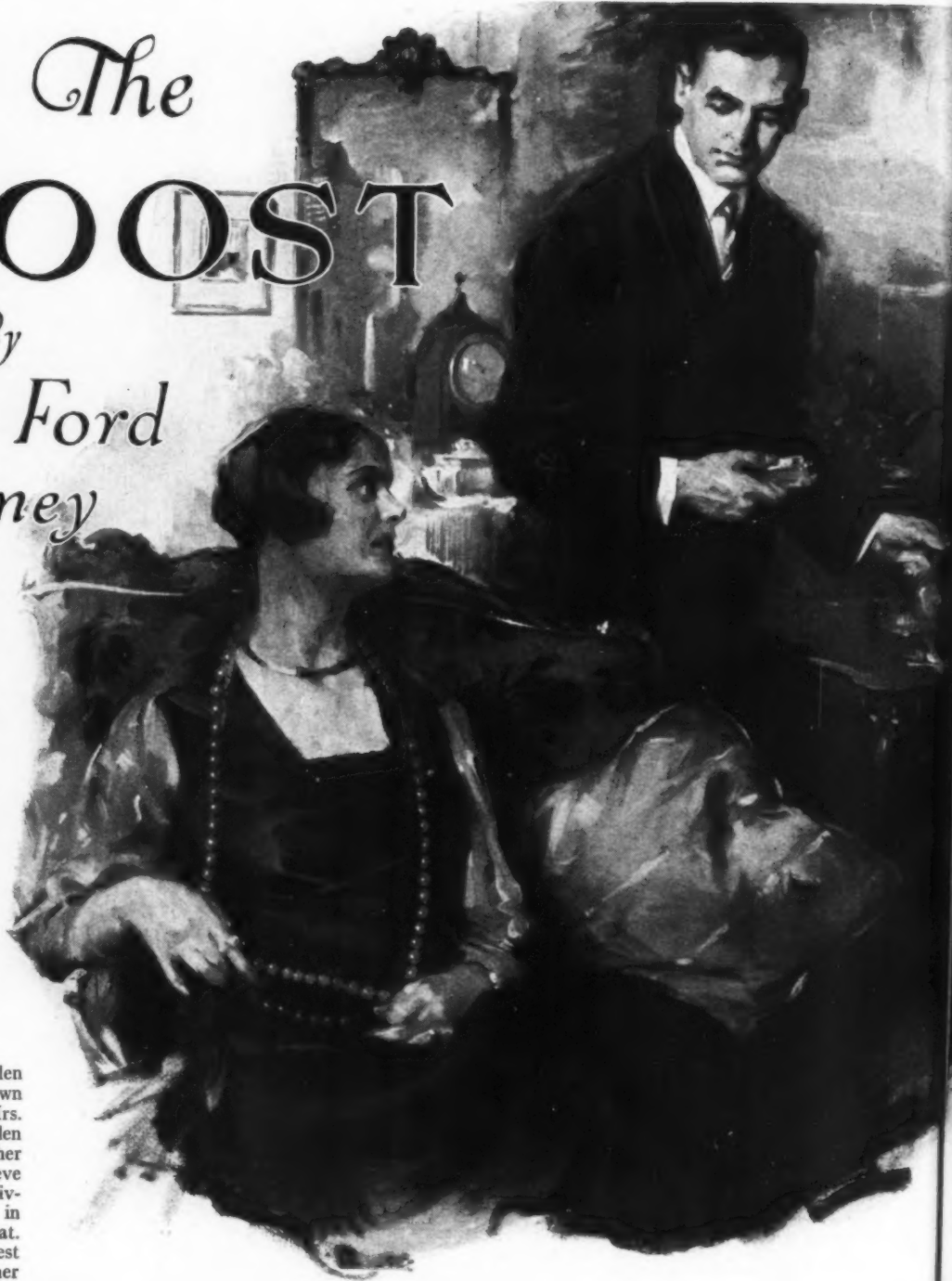
For a real crisis was impending in the Jennings-Sawyer family. At three o'clock that afternoon the president of Steve's company had called him into the front office to notify him that he had been made manager of the Western division at a salary of ten thousand a year.

Steve could hardly keep his feet on the ground. But the gifts of the gods are mighty and two-edged, and take little account of human relations. The Western office was in Omaha. Peg would have to give up her position, which was almost as good as Steve's own before his boost, and for which she had fought just as hard as he had for his. Much as he admired Peg, he wished at this moment that she was just a twenty-five-dollar-a-week stenographer.

Steve loved that living-room. Peg had induced the landlord to take out a partition so as to make one big long room. Ranges of bookshelves had been built on both sides of one corner. A Seventeenth Century polychrome table was in the book angle. An Italian secretary with spiral-turned legs and carved stretchers was

at that end, lighted by a leaded window and by a tole lamp with a parchment shade, companion to one on a console. A deep sofa was before the fireplace with a reading-lamp on a little walnut tavern-table handy for books, ash-trays, cigarette-boxes and glasses.

Peg and he had been married a year. The comfort and luxury of it by this time fitted Steve like his skin. He wallowed voluptuously in the warm caress of a charming home, run smoothly as silk by the incomparable Lena, who might be expensive in her ordering but who gave them delightful meals, picked up Steve's laundry and did everything for him twice as well as he had ever had it done in a hotel. And all this was just the background, just the setting for the dizzy bliss of being married to Peg—Peg, who always seemed a brilliant stranger to him. He saw her sometimes tired, but never dull. He never saw her tamed and colorless in the garb of domestic cares. She always came fresh from important affairs, like some dazzling conquest he had just made.





**A strange, sensational test of marriage, and of love, in this new man-and-woman world of ours. By the author of "Call This Marriage?"**

Illustrated by Will Foster



"Wont you have a cigar, Mr. Twillett?" Steve took the cover off the jar. "No, thank you; he's had his evening cigar," responded Miss Cootes.

Click at the door. In she swept, sparkling blue eyes, glint of teeth, red-blonde curls dancing about her ears, coon coat billowing. Peg looked like a college girl, and it was only when people got to talking to her that they found out what a keen, mature mind she had. Steve seized her.

"Peg, I'm so happy! I don't know how to tell you how happy I am," he exulted. He thought he had better prepare her a little before he told her the news.

"Well," she caroled. "Glad to hear it. So am I. Oh, boy, isn't it great to be here, you and me?"

It seemed that it would be better to wait until after dinner to spring it, when Lena would be gone and they two would be alone before the fire. Then he would hold his little girl in his arms and tell her that her husband was a ten-thousand-dollar division manager; and then they could plan their lives in their new home.

"You don't want to go anywhere tonight?" he hinted when they left the table.

"No. Let's stay right here, just you and me. I don't know any better place than this after a hard day's work. Isn't it the

greatest thing in the world, both of us getting on so well, and we belong to each other like this?"

"Darling, being here together is like stolen sweets, almost, isn't it?"

"It's as sweet as sin."

They snuggled in the corner of the sofa watching the burning log crumble and melt down.

Peg dreamily thought of her own life, of how sweet it was to have this love as the reward of her day's labor. She had worked unsparingly to establish herself in her chosen business. She had built up her personality, made friends, extended her contacts in every way that would be useful, and was getting to be known. She was one of the most important members of the decorating firm. And Steve's love rounded out everything. It made her life complete and perfect. What fools women were who thought they could live without love! They didn't know what living was.

Steve too—Peg could appreciate what a fight he had put up to keep out in front of the local representatives in his business. He not only had the personality but he was a worker. There wasn't a drop of shirk in his whole system. He would make a fine executive some day. He was a driver, but men liked him. A man, every inch of him. She burrowed closer.

When Peg came home at night, she was like a man coming from business. When she could permit herself to throw the cares of the day aside, all she wanted was loving and petting and to forget the down-town struggle. She never had to give a thought to housekeeping. Lena looked after everything. They paid her a high salary and gave her a free hand. Steve no more expected Peg to sew on his buttons than he expected to sew hers. He had lived long enough as a bachelor to know how to get himself taken care of. Steve spent more money than Peg. He drove a good car and belonged to a town and country club. He said he had to do these things to impress himself on people. It seemed to work, but Peg knew he couldn't be saving much. Aside from the joint housekeeping fund, their personal accounts were in different banks. As nearly as possible, when living under the same roof, their love was free of any other tie. It was glorious, ideal; the bond between them was love.

"Oh, it's such joy to be here with you," Peg cried, squirming luxuriously like a cat. "Just think, we rushed into getting married like a pair of kids, crazy in love—and here we are, worse than ever."

Steve bent and rubbed his cheek on her hair.

"Really crazier than ever?"

"You bet. And the work is going great, too. I've done an awfully good job for the Dancourt house in Lake Forest. Stone floor and ashlar walls in the entrance-hall, Cordovan hangings, two tapestries on opposite sides in the living-room over *cassapanas* and a baroque fireplace. It'll be the darnedest finest Seventeenth Century interior in this part of the country. I also managed to work three Louis Sixteenth pieces we've had in the stockroom for a long time, into the scheme for the Mrs. James Hillman apartment."

"You don't love your work more than you love me?"

"Of course not, silly. It's an entirely different thing." She reached her hand up backward and patted his cheek. "Did I tell you we landed the Crosby house? Colonial and Early American

from cellar to attic. I led Mrs. Crosby today up to a slant-top secretary with cabriole legs I had ready to show her in our display room, and she grabbed it. That will key the book-room. They have a ladder-back Chippendale chair that they say is an heirloom, and I'm sure I can get them to have a whole set made to match it. All that old glass we've been holding will fit right in. That's making money for the firm. I'll do better than six thousand this year myself, and I know Miss Cartier intends to make me an associate."

"That's great," said Steve seriously. "But now I'm going to tell you my news. It's something that means a big new future for us."

"What?" She stirred uneasily.

"Yes, dear. You know how we have wondered what there was ahead of me with my firm here. I've got as far as I can go in this office of Compo Building Materials, unless somebody died. I've been the top salesman two years. Well, it's come."

"What has?" She threw her feet around to the floor and sat up, looking at him anxiously. "Tell me."

"I've been made a division sales-manager. The base is ten thousand a year."

PEG looked at him wonderingly for a moment, allowing the announcement to penetrate.

"Wha-a-a-at!" she screamed. "Why, you old scalawag, to be keeping that from me all the evening! Why-y-y-y! Why aren't you up and dancing? Oh, Steve! Let's break something. . . . Say, what's wrong? What's the matter? Did you have to murder somebody to get it, and did you forget to hide the body? What's gone wrong here? Why aren't you yelling?"

"Nothing's wrong, dear. It's just what you say. Wonderful job and the pay's ten thousand in U. S. money. I know you'll love Omaha."

"Love what?"

"The office is in Omaha. I'm Western division manager."

"Will you kindly repeat the name of the place?"

"Omaha."

"Oh!"

"It's a lovely city."

"I know it."

"Fine people."

"It would take me five years there to get where I am here, even if it were as big as Chicago," said Peg blankly. "And by that time, you'd probably be moved somewhere else."

"I see the idea is growing on you. That's why I didn't howl, Peggy. Can you imagine a man getting a boost like that and not celebrating? But I loved you so much I was only thinking of your disappointment, my own brave little Peggy."

"My disappointment!"

"Yes, darling. I know how it will hurt you to chuck everything here, when you are going so wonderfully."

"That's good of you, dear," said Peg with a twisted smile.

Tap-tap!

"Who in thunder is that?" Steve growled. "Oh, yes! It's probably Ellen Carey Cootes. Didn't Lena tell you? She's coming to ask your advice about some furniture matter."

"We'll get rid of her," whispered Peg. "We've got to have a talk."

Ellen Carey Cootes, their neighbor, was a busy, intellectual worker and didn't have much time for visiting, but she had the community spirit. She knew Peg at the College Club. Miss Cootes was a veteran woman worker. She made a profession of being a woman and promoted all sorts of exhibitions of women's work and achievements as if women were trained animals and it were remarkable that they should do anything successfully. Miss Cootes was a conductor of a domestic-science bulletin for a gas-stove manufacturer, editor of a department in a food-product paper, editor of the home page of a woman's magazine, wrote articles for the trade press, was available for talks and handled publicity for Causes. Her husband, Mr. Twillett, had something to do in the public library. They had two children, a boy of nine and a girl going on sixteen who recently had become very dressy. Mr. Twillett wore a Phi Beta Kappa key and had the melancholy aspect of a man with a brilliant future behind him. Peg and Steve were surprised to see him following Miss Cootes.

"Hello. So glad to see you both. Do come in."

"We are purchasing a chair as a present to each other on our eighteenth anniversary, and so I came to ask you what we ought to get. That's what interior decorators are for, you know."

Miss Cootes was made up rather colorfully. Her figure was well displayed by a green silk dress, short and square-necked, giving a good view of her firm chest and neck, and of her legs in shim-

mering silk hose and spike-heeled pumps. Her eyes, though surrounded by little wrinkles, were alert and shining. Her hair, close cropped to her capable head, was brown and glistened. Her manner was positive, direct and very cheery, because what she said was the truth and it ought to make you happy to hear it and be guided by her. It was her right and duty also to radiate woman's charm.

"I want an easy chair." Miss Cootes took a seat on the couch. "How nice this is! I mustn't stay long, as this is my hour with the family."

"Wont you have a cigar, Mr. Twillett?" Steve took the cover off the jar on the tavern-table and sparked his lighter.

"No, thank you; he's had his evening cigar," responded Miss Cootes.

"I wouldn't look for a period chair," said Peg, trying to appear interested. "Just get a good Coxwell, or a stuffed chair with a stool to match."

"We've just celebrated our first anniversary," remarked Steve.

"Isn't that delightful! And how lucky you are!" Miss Cootes looked at Peg. "You have no idea how much easier it is for you to start your life on the right basis than it was for me."

"How do you mean?"

"A college woman, graduating and planning to enter both marriage and a career, is an understood thing now. When I was married, I had to face custom, tradition and prejudice against a wife with a definite career outside the home. You today really have no problem."

"I don't see where the fundamentals of human relationships have changed," said Steve.

"Really?" replied Miss Cootes on the upward inflection, with kindly indulgence. "You should study the subject. Taking myself for example, I cannot picture a happier and more rewarding existence than my own. But eighteen years ago we women were pioneering. Now there is no question of woman's right to have a definite, full, working life of her own outside the home. I admit frankly that I am not a happy nor agreeable citizen unless I am working up to all my capacities—and my particular capacities do not happen to be in the line of housework."

"Well, somebody has to look after the home."

"One of the most interesting aspects of the present social scene is to see the father of the family make his adjustments."

"What would you have done if Mr. Twillett's business had compelled him to go away and take you with him?" said Steve, fiddling with his cigar-lighter.

"We had that to meet. Soon after he received his doctor's degree, he was sent for by a school of mines—"

"I would have had the chair of metallurgy." Mr. Twillett lifted his chin and turned his head toward Steve. "The school offered the most attractive opportunity for research that—"

"Theda was two years old. I was just getting well established with my talks and classes. Of course I couldn't leave. The salary would not permit of his replacing himself by a trained caretaker, and he would have had to give up a small but sure position. . . . We must go." Miss Cootes rose. "I plan to have an hour of concentrated companionship with my children every day. Theda was out this afternoon and she went to a moving-picture this evening. I hope she comes in so that we can have a little chat before midnight. So glad to have had this talk with you, Mr. Jennings." She gave him a firm handclasp and looked brightly in his face. "I shall be glad at any time to go over the subject with you and explain things you don't understand."

"At least, by gosh," said Steve after he closed the door, "at least we'll never be anything like that pair of sobs."

"They've stuck together."

"So shall we stick to each other, but not like that."

"It was the baby that held them together. We haven't got any yet, so that doesn't complicate our affair. It's having babies that breaks women down, knocks them out of the race and half the time ruins their health and makes dependents of them."

"It didn't seem to ruin the fair Ellen's health."

"No. She was lucky that way."

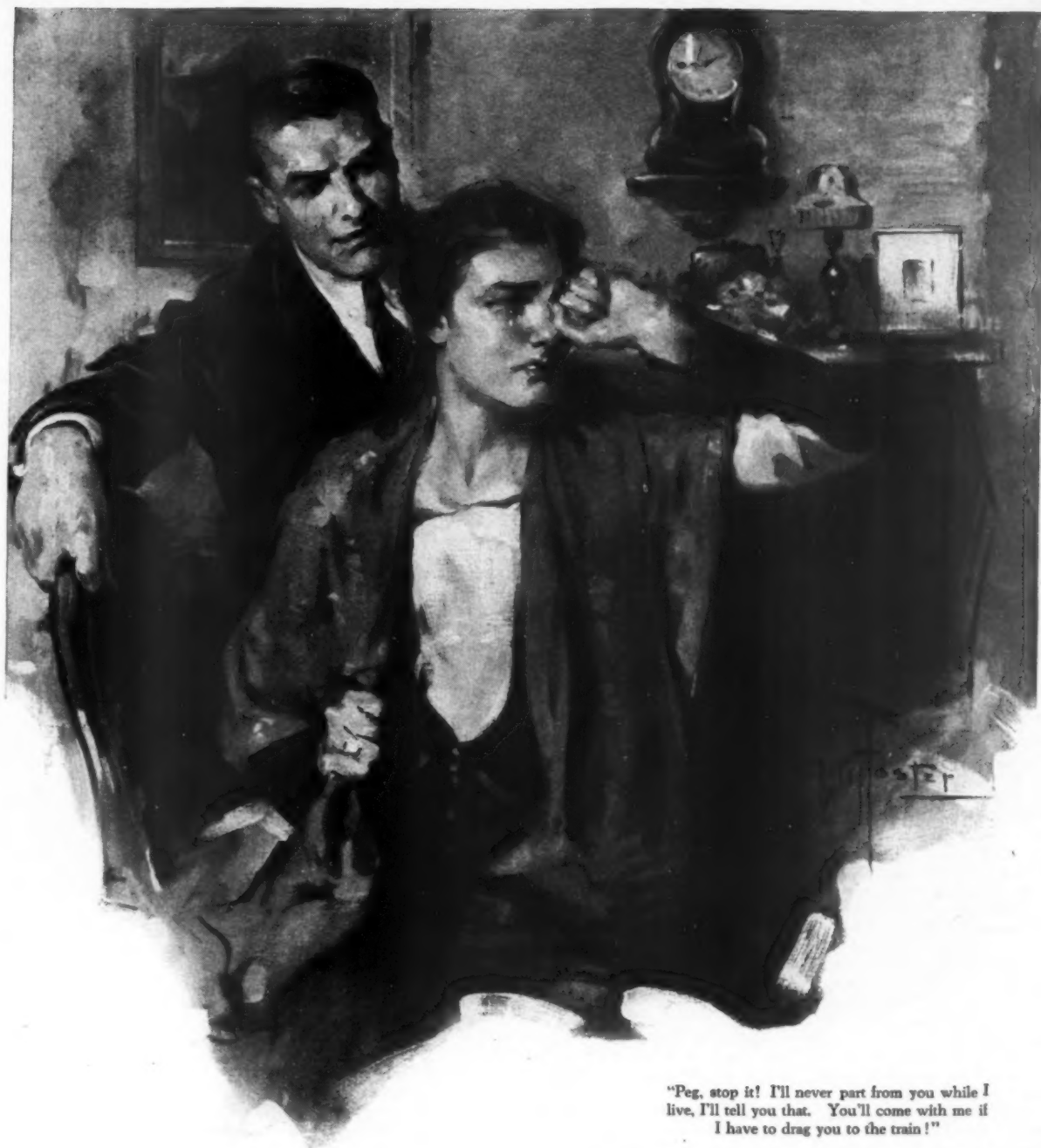
"Just a second, darling. You just now said 'complicates our affair.' It's tough on you, and I'm doggoned sorry for it, but I don't see anything complicated about it."

"No, you wouldn't."

"What's that?"

"Steve, don't you see that I'm not going to give up my work, drop everything and trot along with you? I don't want to break down and bawl, but we've got to face that."

"Not going with me! Aren't you my wife? Isn't it your place



"Peg, stop it! I'll never part from you while I live, I'll tell you that. You'll come with me if I have to drag you to the train!"

to go with me? Why, that's law, girl! A wife goes where her husband makes a home for her. Now look here, sweetheart, I've got this ten-thousand-dollar job, something beyond my dreams, and you aren't going to poison it for me by any fantastic talk of us being separated by it." Steve's confident expression changed and he stared amazedly at Peg.

"It isn't any more my duty to go with you than it is yours to stay with me."

"Listen, dear," said Steve patiently. "Merely as a matter of money, my salary is ten thousand. You will make less than seven. You see there's a difference of three thousand."

"If I did half as well at first in Omaha, I'd be a wonder. I'd lose at least three thousand by going, so that cancels out."

"That just brings it down to a question of whose business career is the more important."

"Mine is as important to me as yours is to you. They are two separate things. You know how I have worked and fought my way up. You know how I had to start after I left college, without a dollar to back me, how I took any job I could get, how I've worked right alongside of men in that architectural firm and

in competition with them, and never asked for mercy or for a favor. Every step of my way I have won in fair fight and since I specialized and went with Miss Cartier, I have got to a position where my work is respected, my opinion sought for and I can command a good income. I conquered it for myself, without any help from you. I'm in line for a partnership; and do you think it right that a woman with the brains and will to do that should drop it all and tag along meekly just because you are ordered to move to another city?" Peg sat down and clasped her hands in her lap.

"I get you, Peggy," said Steve quietly. He had stood still to listen to her, but now he began to walk up and down.

"I know you will say that love ought to hold us together. Love is only a part of life, and it's a subordinate part with you. You expect to go wherever your business takes you and to have love come along with you. But love is supposed to be the ruling factor in my life and nothing else is to count to keep me from following you."

"My love for you is the ruling factor in my life," said Steve, turning quickly. "If it were a case of your welfare, nothing



else would count with me; but I am not ready to belittle myself for the sake of your business."

"But you don't hesitate to order *me* to belittle myself and trot along after you."

"It's not belittling yourself, Peg. You are a woman."

"You mean that women are so used to being belittled that they are not supposed to mind it."

"Peg, a family has got to have a head. As Ben Franklin said, 'If two people ride on one horse, one of them must ride in front.'"

"A family has *not* got to have a head. And we are not riding on one horse. We are riding two, each his own. I do not admit that in a crisis it is the lordly male who gives the orders. Every reason that applies to one applies to the other."

STEVE had halted in his march and listened grimly. He drew a long breath.

"Well, Peg, that is certainly putting it right up to me. I hate to say it to you, dear, you have been such a fine, brave little thing, and I have admired you so much, but let me tell you that if you try to make a woman out of a man or a man out of a woman, you just spoil them both. If I couldn't give the orders when the time came to do so, I wouldn't be a man and you wouldn't have any respect for me. Don't forget that."

"All right. Give your orders."

"I'm doing it. I'm going to Omaha at the end of this week. You will have to see to the packing and shipping of the furniture. The office takes care of the lease and pays for everything, so we won't lose any money by it. And, my darling little wife, I will do all I can to help you to get going at whatever you want to do in our new city, and you will have the most loving and devoted husband that I know how to be, my own little sweetheart."

"All right, lord and master, you have given your orders," said Peg meekly. She reached for a cigarette but kept on watching him.

"That's fine." Steve looked relieved at last. "And you and I are going to have a bigger place there, the kind I think we ought to have. We'll have some extra bedrooms and two baths at least. I'll be paying the rent and you won't have to worry about the expenses."

Peg laughed.

"I must say that is just what I should have expected. I should be a wretched little dependent there, with nothing to say about anything. You begin to crow before we even buy the railroad tickets. Now, my lord, you gave your orders, you added a sugar coating to make them palatable and you were so good as to give me a hint of how you would act when I got there, helpless. Now I'll give my order to myself. I'm not going. I'll take care of this apartment. I'll either get a room-mate or else give it up and store the furniture."

"Do you mean that you want us to part on this account?"

"I do." Peg gripped her teeth together to keep them from chattering.

"I have always been aware," said Steve harshly, "I have always been conscious that there was a third party living with us and voting. Now when he is ready, he shoves in between us. That is business. It appears that we have not been married but have just been living together, as long as it was convenient and did not interfere with business."

"Steve, that is not fair, when you are the one who is going away. I didn't give any orders until you started it."

"I've got to go. What kind of a man would I be if I didn't go?" Steve slammed his cigar into the fire and glared at her.

"I can see that. But we'll still be married. We can still love each other, can't we?" pleaded Peg.

"You know better. What kind of marriage do you call that, fourteen hours apart and seeing each other two or three weeks in a year? There's no union in that. We break up our married life purely for business reasons."

"It isn't that, Steve. You know I wouldn't do it for money, and you wouldn't either."

"Then what is it that's coming between us? Is it just your selfishness or mine, that neither of us will give up? There's something here that's tearing us apart."

"Darling, do I have to have all the courage?" Peg held up her hands, beseechingly. "I see that you can't give up because you feel that you would be less of a man if you did. You can't make yourself do that and I respect you for it. I respect you because you will do nothing to belittle your ideal of manhood. That ideal is what is coming between us, and we can't help it. It is the biggest thing about you, bigger than your love for me, and I wouldn't love you so much if it weren't. But I've got to be true to my ideal as much as you have."

"You are a stubborn little devil!"

"I am stubborn and I won't give up. I've fought my way all my life and I'll fight through this. I won't go."

"I see. I see," Steve sneered. "This is a stage marriage. I remember I read last summer that an actress I know, named Della Raine, was married and spending her honeymoon on Nantucket Island. I saw in today's paper that she is opening in New York while her husband has gone to London to a production there. Is that the way we are to live?"

"Her professional life is just as important as his."

"I will mention incidentally that this is Della Raine's third or fourth husband. Naturally, why not? They take marriage in the right way, I guess. They change partners whenever they feel like it because somebody else will do as well, especially if that somebody else is nearer. People who can live apart nearly all the time and don't depend on each other for anything have nothing to hold them together. If all married people were like that, the way we are, they would all be as free and easy about it as stage people. Ambitious stage couples won't play in the same companies, with each other. They couldn't get the parts or the salaries that they could separately. Marriage could cripple them if they would let it, just the way it could cripple us, but we won't let it, will we? We married for fun," went on Steve savagely. "Well, we've had our fun and now comes business. This is serious, and the fun's ended."

"You can bully me and make me cry if you want to do that," wept Peg, unrestrainedly now. "Oh—oh! You don't know how I feel. Now you begin to be cruel to me." She dropped to the sofa.

"Peg, stop it." He was on his knees beside her and took the little shaking form into his arms. "Stop it! I'll be crying myself in a minute. Damn it, we stand around here talking cold-bloodedly and chewing the rag about separating, as if, by God, we could do it. I'll never part from you while I live, I'll tell you that! You'll come with me if I have to knock you on the head and drag you to the train." Steve was almost crying. He crushed Peg in his arms until she howled with pain and then begged him to do it again. For the first time they tasted the bitter, poignant, searching, wrenching rapture of clinging to each other in terror all night.

"DON'T let's begin the day with this again, Steve," said Peg, when they awoke in the morning, clinging to each other as if they were on a sinking ship. "I've got to go down to the office. There are things I must do. Let's not have any more hysterics. The time has come now to be good soldiers. You are going. Only one thing will serve us now and that is courage."

"You remember what I told you last night. I meant it."

"Don't, Steve. Let's blow ourselves to a taxi. I don't want to ride down in the bus."

"Oh, damn!" Steve stopped as they turned the corner and saw Ellen Carey Cootes at the curb with a brief-case and an armful of books.

"No use. There isn't a bus in sight. We'll have to offer her a seat." . . .

"Such a lovely morning."

"Isn't it? We're taking this cab. Won't you ride down with us?"

"I shall be delighted. Of course I'll pay my way."

"Nonsense, Miss Cootes. Let me take your case."

"Just put it between us, thanks. Oh, but of course. I couldn't think of it any other way. How nice this is! I often tell Mr. Twillett I wish he could have this ride through the park. But he takes Dagobert to school. It is arranged for Mr. Twillett to be at his desk a little late in order to do it."

"Why doesn't his sister take the child?"

"Oh, Theda? A boy friend comes for her." Mrs. Twillett smiled enchantingly. "At that age, you know! One must expect it."

As the chauffeur dodged through the traffic, Steve hung onto the door-handle and braced himself. Peg was pale. Her make-up looked ghastly. There was no more crying. Her eyes were hard and steady. When she turned them toward Steve they were weary and loving but unchangeable.

"We're almost at your street, Miss Cootes. I'll have him turn down."

"No. Don't, please. I'll get out here at the corner." Ellen Carey Cootes rapped on the window. "Never mind, Mr. Jennings, I'll tell him what to do. Driver! Driver! Just pull in to the curb. Pull in to the curb! Let's see, how much does the meter say? Two dollars? That's—let me see—sixty-seven cents. Just

It  
Mr.  
at  
to

ett  
X-

to  
ge-  
ere  
ere

177

len  
gs  
the  
ter  
ust





# What is soup? Why do we eat it?



*A soup you want  
again and again—  
it's so delicious!*



*Everybody likes soup! So millions eat it daily. And here are the reasons why—*

SOUP IS tempting, delicious food in liquid form. It offers to the skilled chef the opportunity to blend in the most delightful combinations an endless variety of appetite-provoking savors and flavors. It is the food which unites in one dish the attractive qualities and the benefits of countless other foods. It is many foods in one!



Soup is healthful. You eat it because you enjoy it so much. But remember, too, that it benefits you by causing the digestive juices to flow more freely. As a result, the work of digestion is promoted and all your food does you more good. Isn't it fortunate that such an irresistible dish is also so wholesome! Be sure to give your family the sparkle and tonic goodness of soup every day.

There's individual, refreshing flavor in Campbell's Tomato Soup that makes it the most popular soup in all the world. It is the smooth puree of red-ripe luscious tomatoes, blended with golden country butter and seasoned to perfection by Campbell's French Chefs.



And what a wonderful Cream of Tomato Soup it makes! Just mix Campbell's Tomato Soup with an equal quantity of milk or cream, stir while heating but do not boil. Serve immediately. Could anything be easier? Many prefer to use evaporated milk for extra richness.

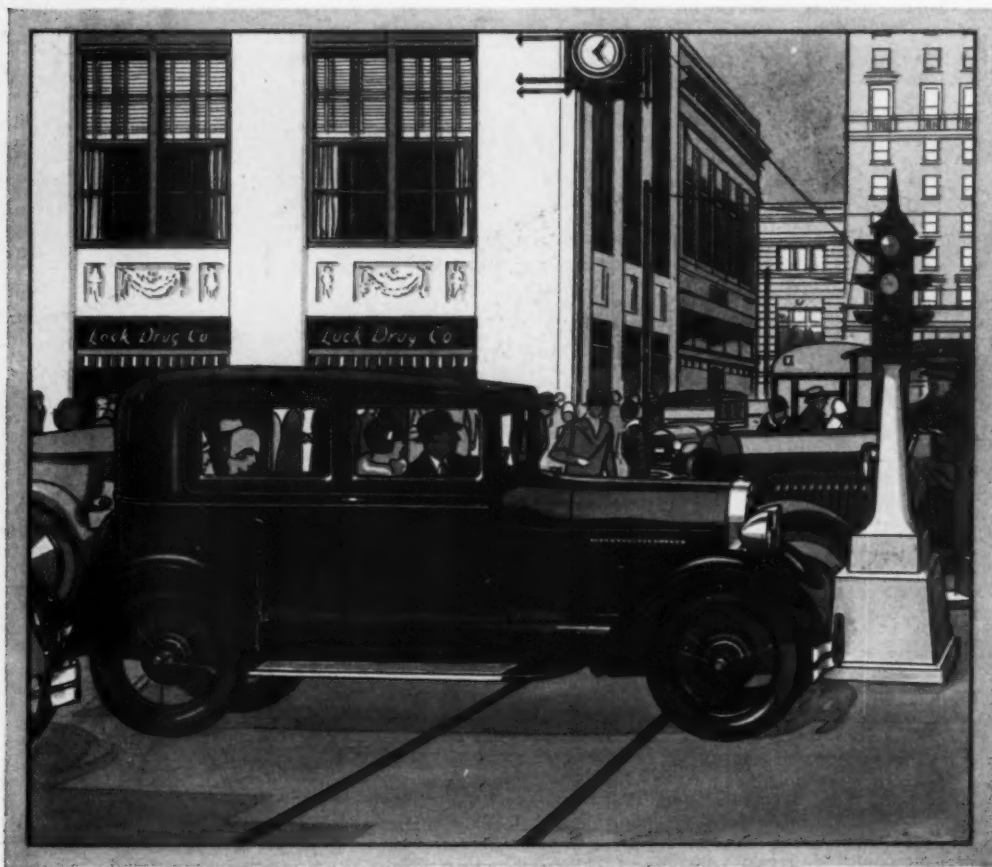
Your grocer has, or will get for you, any of the 21 Campbell's Soups listed on the label. 12 cents a can.



A sailor of the sea  
As jolly as can be,  
For home I go,  
Yo-ho, yo-ho,  
It's Campbell's Soup for me!



WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET



## Remarkable Simplicity of Design Is Revealed in the New Ford

"MAKE it better—make it simpler" has always been the keynote of Ford engineering and manufacturing methods. This policy has been carried forward to its highest, fullest expression in the new Ford.

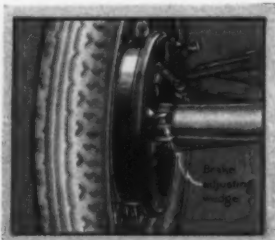
You see evidence of a carefully planned simplicity of design the instant you lift the hood. It becomes increasingly apparent as you study each detail of the many mechanical improvements embodied in the construction of the car.

A striking example of the practical value of Ford engineering and manufacturing methods is found in the six-brake system.

This system is unusually reliable and effective because both the four-wheel brakes and these separate emergency or parking brakes are of the mechanical, internal expanding type with

all braking surfaces fully enclosed for protection against water, sand, dirt and grease.

For many years this has been recognized as the ideal combination. It is now brought to you on the new Ford because an easy, simple way has been found to accommodate two sets of full internal brakes in a specially designed two-in-one brake drum on the rear wheels.



*It is surprisingly easy to adjust the four-wheel brakes on the new Ford. All adjustments are made from the outside by means of a notched regulating screw or wedge, without removing any parts.*

Another exclusive Ford development is shown in the construction of the housing which encloses the steering gear mechanism. This is made of three steel forgings, electrically welded together. Through electric welding the housing is then joined to the steering column, thus making a single one-piece steel unit of



FORD MOTOR COMPANY  
Detroit, Michigan

great strength. Many other parts of the new Ford are also electrically welded, thus giving greater strength than if several parts were used and riveted or bolted together.

The ignition system of the new Ford also reflects much that is new in mechanical design. A unique feature is the elimination of high-tension cables from the distributor to the spark-plugs, these connections being made by means of thin bronze springs. There is but one high-tension cable and this connects the coil with the distributor.

The distributor head is water-proof and has been specially designed to prevent short circuits from rain, snow, etc.

The whole idea back of the new Ford is to bring the benefits of modern, economical transportation to all the people, and to help every motorist get the greatest use from his car over the longest period of time at a minimum of trouble and expense.







a minute. Fifty cents, sixty, a nickel, two pennies, there is the exact change. Thank you so much."

Cars behind were honking stridently. Steve moved over from the extra seat, jammed himself into a corner and lighted a cigarette.

"We're going to turn down to your building entrance, and if you offer me any money when we get there I'll throw it in the street."

"I won't. I know a man like you can't stand it to have a woman pay while she is with him. I'll make a note of it and settle at the end of the month. Will you be at your office all day?"

"Most of it."

Local representatives of the Compo Building Materials were having their annual convention. Luncheon of the day was given in honor of Steve. They took a private dining-room in a hotel. Speeches were made. Steve was made to feel how much his associates thought of him. He was called on to respond, and managed to command his feelings and stumble through a reply. He was supposed to be overcome by emotion. At the end the local chief brought out from behind a screen a big, heavy, costly pigskin bag with Steve's initials on it, a parting testimonial.

When Steve got back to his desk at three o'clock he found a heavy square envelope marked "Personal." The writing was Peg's.

"There is only one thing unfair about you," she wrote. "You use your strength to coerce me. Please don't do that, dear. I can't stand it any more. If you go at me with threats the way you did last night, I'll just have to go away until you have left. Please don't let's talk and argue any more. Let's be happy while we are together. Be good to me, please, so I can be brave."

STEVE got home a little before six and dodged into the bedroom with the bag. They had a pretty young visitor, he found when he came into the living-room. Theda Twillett was sitting on the davenport talking fascinatingly, while Peg, with a lot of heavy powder and color on, was listening vacantly. "Don't you think it is perfectly all right for a young man in third-year high-school to bring a girl home at half-past two, especially when it's in his own car? Why, it's perfectly *Civil War* for Father to object. Don't you just love coon coats, Miss Sawyer? I think a boy without a coon coat is a *perfect wash-out*. Do you know, a friend of mine tried to transfer to a private school—her father did awfully well in the stock market—and the first thing they told her that she couldn't use any *make-up* and would have

to wear *flat-heeled shoes* and *wool stockings*. Can you *picture* it? Wasn't that *sublime*? Can you *endure* it?"

Theda crossed her legs, swinging one of her feet in front of her and exhibiting inches of bare thigh while she glanced at herself in her compact, and over it practiced naughty glances at Steve.

"Excuse me just a minute," Peg followed Steve into the dining-room.

"Can't you get that brat out of here?"

"She sneaks over to dodge out of helping on the maid's night off. Lena's off too, of course. There's a box from the grocer on the porch. Will you bring it in, please?"

THEIR back landing looked right into the Twilletts' kitchen. Feeling for the box in the darkness, Steve glanced across and saw Mr. Twillett shuffle into sight and bend over the sink. His Phi Beta Kappa key on his plated watch-chain forlornly dangled over the pile of dishes. He covered the key with a kitchen apron which he picked off a chair and tied around his stomach.

"She's gone," Peg met Steve when he returned to the living-room.

Steve looked almost as bad as Peg. His cheeks were not sunken in, but their ruddy color was missing. His eyes were hot and red-rimmed. He glared around the room savagely. His hands were jammed down in his pockets.

"Look here, Peg. I'm going to suggest something to you that's fair to both of us. No. Don't say a word. I'll acknowledge that you are right. You are entitled to a show-down for what you have fought for, just as much as I am. Here's what I say we do. I'll flip a coin whether I stay here and start fresh in some business that won't send me away, or whether you go with me and start fresh there. That's fair to both of us. It's fifty-fifty. Shall I do it?" He pulled a half-dollar out of his pocket, spun it in the air and caught it in his fist.

"Is that settling our lives by a coin spin?"

"It is not. Our lives are settled before we call the coin. They are settled on the principle that we live together no matter what happens. I'll chuck my business to the devil before I'll give you up. Will you do that for me?"

"My business is right there on the table."

"So's mine."

"Wait, Steve. I want to say I don't care which wins. I've got you."

"Same here."

"Shake."

They gripped hands and stood looking at each other a long time.

"Now!" said Peg.

"Call it in the air," cried Steve as he sent the half-dollar spinning toward the ceiling beams.

"Heads," squealed Peg. The half-dollar thumped on the rug. Arms around each other they bent to look. The Goddess of Liberty was demurely smiling at them out of the corner of her eye. Steve made it his business to show how a good gambler can take it.

"Bully for you, Peg. We won't have to pack."

Click, tap-tap, click, tap-tap.

It was Ellen Carey Cootes.

"Is Theda here? Her brother said he thought she came over. So sorry to trouble you. You will be thinking I am at your door all the time. How well you are looking, Miss Sawyer! Your day's work has done you good. But I hope you are not taking cold, Mr. Jennings—you don't seem so well as you did last night. The weather is so changeable."

"Theda was here a few minutes ago," said Peg.

"She's slipped away somewhere, then. Now her father will have to take the poodle out and go to the grocer's. I have proof to read. I acknowledge that household cares simply frazzle me. A trained mind, though, is so much more profitably occupied on brain-work. I am hoping Theda will take up some intellectual pursuit. We had such a sweet talk last night about her cigarettes."

"That reminds me," said Peg when Ellen Carey Cootes was gone. "Lena forgot coffee. Will you go and get a pound, pulverized? That's a darling."

"Charmed."

WALKING toward the delicatessen-store, Steve overtook Mr. Twillett, encumbered with the family Pekingese on a leash.

"I guess we are going to the same place. I'm after coffee."

"I suggest a division of labor," observed Mr. Twillett, with some diffidence. "I've got a number of things to buy, and it's a nuisance to take the dog in. If you will wait outside and hold the leash, I will get your coffee."

A little apart from the space lighted by the delicatessen window, Steve stood, connected by the taut strip of leather to the dog on the patch of grass of the parking. Mr. Twillett's pale, scholarly face showed among a group at the delicatessen counter. Several paper parcels were in his arms. He was selecting a head of lettuce.

"I wonder if he ever got a chance to flip a coin," mused Steve.

## THE COLLEGE ANGEL

(Continued from page 75)

creased. I lectured to two classes, but my tongue went on by pure habit while my mind played with various possibilities. The judgment, I felt, must be repealed—but, as my hard-boiled friend John Nixon would have put it, some one would have to be jobbed. Guile, not logic, must be the instrument.

I had just reached my office, after luncheon, when my telephone rang. After a sequence of butlers and secretaries and supplementary telephones, I heard the loud, companionable voice of Mary Sullivan.

"Henry," she declaimed, "it's been on my mind that you might speak to that boy of mine."

"Terry? What about?"

"He needs a goin' over. Y'know, Henry, there's a time when a boy takes the bit in his mouth and bolts. It's on my mind that the young devil needs a man to put the fear of God in him."

"What good does it do if you get him off probation?"

"Yes, and it's been on my mind that was

a mistake. Let him know so. Let him know it'll not happen again. I'd not like to see the boy fired from college, but it's best, maybe. Tell him so."

This was a familiar request. A college teacher may be called upon at any moment to administer parental discipline to a student whose very name he hardly knows. One wonders why—wonders and generally declines to serve. But the simple heartiness of Mary Sullivan appealed to me: I supposed I might call young Terence in and bore him painfully for a half-hour repeating the accepted maxims. I promised, and Mary was grateful.

"What did Prexy say about the probation?" I asked.

"He was like to fire half the clerks at Olympus for makin' the mistake." Mary groaned. "I'm an old fool, Henry. I mix up no more with how to run a college."

"Couldn't you beg off for the *Jeremiad* editors?"

"Them that made the picture? I've learnt my lesson, Henry. And it aint the

Widow Sullivan that's been wounded to the heart—it's the good Mr. President. It's my guess, you won't beg them off from him."

She admonished me to keep my promise about young Terence, told me an automobile would call to take me in to dinner, and hung up. And almost at once a colleague brought me the first afternoon edition of the *Blade*, the most raucous daily of the metropolis. The *Blade* had, at last, sensed some news value in my resignation from the committee and had run a cut of me, dressed elaborately for the lecture platform, and a hasty speculation about my action.

THAT began a hectic afternoon. A reporter from the *Blade* descended on my office, and delegations from the other papers followed him. I was interviewed, I was interrogated, I was bullied. Somehow, an impression had been created that I knew the identity of Abe Whoosh, the pseudonymous culprit, and was guarding it against the world. I could not convince the gentlemen of the press. They insisted that I knew.

that I was a noble and generous gentleman who would be the idol of the student body, that I was acting from a set of inflated principles. They went, and others came. The telephone wires did their part. And about four o'clock several editions, all running that absurd picture, carried headlines about the Angered Prof Who Guards Identity of Student and Who Defies Administration.

So I had become a public character. An immediate result was a melancholy telephone call from Dean Musgrave, who wanted to know if it were indeed true that I knew Abe Whoosh. I assured him that it was not, and went on to receive a call from the president himself.

"You see," he said, "you see what it does. They won't give up now, while there's the slightest chance of making a noise. Did you tell them all that, Sloane?"—accusingly.

"I did not. The papers aren't interested in the fact. It's a story they're after—and no doubt it looks well to have me defying you. I'm not—yet. If I knew who Abe Whoosh was, I'd reveal him at once, if only to force your hand about Barrow."

A menace reappeared in his voice. "I hold you responsible for this new outbreak. That resignation was injudicious, Sloane. You won't hear the end of it for a long time—or we either."

I DINED at an obscure lunch-counter, avoiding the Faculty Club and its chatters, and resolved to seclude myself in my apartment. There, early in the evening, I was visited—but not by the reporters I was avoiding. The elevator man assured me that the visitors were of the college, and so I consented to be seen. My hesitation turned to pleasure when I beheld John Nixon and Isabel Fleet, bringing with them the blonde co-ed of the *Jeremiad* staff.

Nixon and Isabel were old friends of mine. He was one of a hard-boiled trio who had preserved my interests in the under-graduates of Olympus, and who had remained in college for four years largely by grace of my protection. And Isabel was—well, Isabel was Isabel. Back now for a master's degree after four years of being generally adored on the campus, she was trying, in spite of memorable eyes and hair and ankles, to be a decorous graduate student. For my part I was about ready to accept the verdict of the campus, which saw Isabel and me together with some regularity and concluded that the teacher-pupil relationship had been suspended.

They would, I felt sure, relieve the irritation of being a newspaper character and an obstruction to the dental building. At sight of them, my depression lifted. . . . The blonde Miss Allen I did not know. I had seen her, woebegone but stubborn, at the fateful committee-meeting, and she might possibly have been in one of my lecture courses. Tonight she was even more desolate than she had been in the Dean's office.

"Prof." Nixon said, without preamble, "it's a fixed principle to come to you when there's knots to untie. This dizzy blonde here is all worked up over bein' put on probation. I don't seem to see a way out, and Isabel's brain has gone to seed in that seminar of yours. So it's up to you."

"I'm sorry," I said, "I've done what I could. The authorities have been extraordinarily moved. It's silly, of course—but I'm afraid, Miss Allen, that you'll have to accept your probation."

"I don't care about that," she burst out, tragically. "People have been on pro before. It's not me—it's Paul."

"Barrow, the bozo that runs the paper," Nixon explained.

Isabel smiled gently and added to my information. "I'm afraid it's a romance, Prof. Bee and Paul Barrow are engaged—in earnest, apparently. She's afraid he's going to be fired."

"Of course he is!" the blonde Miss Allen said. "You heard Prexy, Professor Sloane. He's to be fired if he doesn't tell who Abe Whoosh is. And everybody knows he will be, even if he does."

"I'm afraid you're right," I confirmed her. "The authorities are deeply moved."

"Me," Nixon said, "I don't see the grief in bein' cast out of Olympus. . . . It's hard to make out which is a bigger pain in the neck, Prof, you faculty bozos or the dumb clucks that you teach. Ordinarily I'd say that anybody who suppressed the *Jeremiad* did his good deed for today for defenseless humanity. But when he ups and gets peeved about a little picture, that's somethin' else. Big grown men gettin' mad about a picture! 'At's funnier than the *Jeremiad* ever dreamed of bein' at its saddest."

"I've tried to explain that point of view to the authorities. It's no use. The picture is supposed to threaten a half-million dollars."

The delightful Isabel laid her hand on my arm. "Prof, I won't let you drop it! My aging heart is touched by love's young dream. Bee and Paul have got to be allowed to graduate in peace and get married just that hopefully."

I protested. "My dear Isabel, tell me what to do. If I were a newspaper or a multimillionaire, I might swing it. But I'm merely a professor."

Her eyes held mine. "Do something, Prof."

"Then give me something to go on. Find out who drew the picture, for instance."

Three voices chorused: "Don't you know?"

"I do not. If I did, I'd at least try to act."

They looked at one another, disheartened. Nixon said reflectively: "I'll learn, sometime, not to read newspapers. . . . We thought it was that simple, Prof."

I addressed the still more tragic Miss Allen. "Don't you know?"

"If I did, wouldn't I run to Prexy? No, I wasn't interested till the fuss started. Now, Paul won't tell me for fear I'll do what you know darned well I would do. All I know is, he isn't on the staff—he's just a contributor. . . . Oh," she wailed, "I despise these points of honor!"

"Would you tell, Isabel?" I asked.

"If I had a fiancé to save, as quick as I could."

"John?"

"Now. It's silly not to, but I wouldn't. I ain't emancipated," he complained. "These dames, Prof, they're realistic. You and me aren't, and Barrow."

"Well, find out for me, and I can at least threaten Prexy to reveal the culprit to the press. I'm on intimate terms with every paper in the State, by now."

"Do you know the widow, Prof?"

"Very well—ever since I was a boy. I'm dining with her tomorrow night."

"SHE'S all worked up, huh?" asked Nixon. "Quite the contrary. The Irish are fond of laughs, John."

"Yeh?" The idea was, obviously, new and strange to him. I saw him registering it in his mind. His eyes strayed away while he pondered. "I saw Terry Sullivan startin' off this evenin'. He got off pro for bein' stewed, because Ma may build a dental school—so he's got to get stewed again to celebrate. But don't let the *Jeremiad* people off, or Ma may not build the school, huh? . . . Nice fellas, you profs."

"Ah," I explained, "Terry Sullivan's probation turned out to be the result of a clerical error."

"Wouldn't you know it would? Well, Terry's not a bad chap—only he thinks it's collegiate to get a bun on." John stood up. "Come on, you two. If we're goin' to save the funny paper, it's our job to find out who

Abe Whoosh is. Prof's right—we may be able to go somewhere from there. . . . You sure the widow isn't on her ear?"

"Positive. She rather enjoys the whole thing."

"Does, huh? . . . Well, if I'm worth a degree, I'll find Abe Whoosh for you."

THE next day I spent dodging reporters between classes, and trying to get in touch with Mr. Terence Sullivan, whom I had agreed to admonish. Toward midafternoon I finally got him by telephone at his fraternity house. A good-natured voice, very much like his mother's, seemed a little weary, and I perceived that Nixon's report had been correct. Mr. Terence Sullivan was regretting the wine-cup. At first convinced that I wanted him for academic disciplining, he was even shyer about visiting me on an unknown errand. He produced a series of adequate reasons why he could not possibly come to my office today, but finally weakened.

"Listen, Mr. Sloane, I know what's on your mind. The old girl's on the warpath. You tell Mother she knows too much about us Sullivans."

"I'm dining with her tonight. I insist on interviewing you before I see her—"

"Well, if she told you to, that'd be wise."

"Will you come?"

"Hey, what if I asked you to tell her not to waste away my postage by giving it to Prexy? Honest, Mr. Sloane, I don't drink."

"Tell me so in person."

"Oh, all right, all right. You profs don't realize what a problem life is to undergraduates. I'll be right over."

This was at three-thirty. I waited in my office till five-thirty, when it seemed reasonable to suppose that Mr. Sullivan had been detained. I was preparing to go home to dress when my telephone rang and Isabel's clear-chiming voice greeted me.

"Prof, John wants me to tell you he's hot on the trail. I don't know the details. Hot stuff, he described it. He wants to know where he can get hold of you this evening."

"I'm dining at Castle Sullivan in the city."

"Does one dare telephone you there, if emergencies arise?"

"I think so—if the stuff is genuinely hot. But tell John I don't promise to leave. . . . Do you suppose he can really solve the mystery?"

"John can do anything—or nearly anything. Enjoy your dinner, Prof."

Thus I had neither admonished the young Sullivan nor done anything to alleviate the sufferings of the *Jeremiad* when I went to dine with our benefactress. At the granite mansion, thrust impudently in among the dwellings of the elect on the most imposing boulevard, factotums disposed of me among surroundings that were extremely oppressive. But Mary Sullivan, more enormous than ever in satins and jewels and cosmetics, delighted my soul. Of the Sullivan offspring, all but Terry had long since taken wing, so that only she and I dined at that unbelievable table, on unbelievable foods, attended by unbelievable servants. Mary took, one understood, a vast delight in the trappings of wealth, a delight as wholesome as it was honest. But she did not delude herself.

"Twas an honest deal, Henry," she said, when I alluded to her degree, "for cash down, though the President covered it with boiled mush. . . . And now, ever since I'm the Doctor of Laws, he's after me to make a Christmas Present to Humanity." Her laughter endangered a goblet of obvious rarity. "Bein' an LL.D., Henry, what more can they elevate me to? An archangel, maybe?"

"The picture suggested something of the sort."

"He's comin' tonight, I must tell you. I've not been stubborn about the picture—so it's hoped I'll hang a new building in his stocking."





LADY LAVERY, famous beauty, has a gorgeous dressing table (left) with a priceless Venetian mirror, quaint Chelton candlesticks and jars of Pond's Two Creams and Skin Freshener. She says:—"I have always used Pond's preparations. I have never found any I like so much!"



THE VISCOUNTESS CURZON's dressing table (right) reveals gold-topped vials emblazoned with the Curzon crest, and Pond's Two Creams and Skin Freshener. Of Pond's Lady Curzon says, "It's such a straight-forward way of keeping fit."

## FOUR DELIGHTFUL DRESSING TABLES *characteristic of their lovely owners*

**W**HAT dressing table does not reflect the personality of its owner? It mirrors her taste, her discriminations, her little indulgences. In terms of creams and lotions, perfumes and powders, and many another dainty mystery, it is eloquent of her very self. Nothing is more intimate, more revealing!

But all dressing tables supply one need—they help a woman care for her looks! Because Pond's Cold and Vanishing Creams, Cleansing Tissues and Skin Freshener are of such dependable worth, they are found on the dressing-tables of lovely and distinguished women everywhere. They are their

choice for quick, convenient daily use at home.

This is how you, yourself, should proceed with daily use of these four famous preparations made by Pond's:—

**CLEANSE YOUR SKIN** with Pond's Cold Cream at least twice a day, always after exposure and every night before retiring. Apply generously over face and neck, allowing the penetrating oils to soak into the tiny air passages and dislodge the grime and powder.

Then use the new Pond's Cleansing Tissues—snowy-white, large, fine—to remove the cream and the loosened dirt. For scrupulous cleanliness repeat these two steps.

Next, if it is daytime cleansing you are having, flick on Pond's new Skin Freshener, briskly. Notice how it tones and firms your skin—the healthful tingling glow it engenders.

Then for protection against wind, sun and all unfriendly elements, and to serve as a foundation for powder, apply a little Pond's Vanishing Cream. It gives a magnolia-petal quality to your skin, a finish that makes your powder last for hours. Mail the coupon below.

MRS. RICHARD P. DAVIDSON, granddaughter of the late Mark Hanna of Ohio, has a dressing table in taffeta bouffant (below), on which are Pond's Two Creams in green jars. Mrs. Davidson says, "I've adored Pond's for years."



MRS. W. K. VANDERBILT's dressing-room is graced by a lovely French coiffeuse (below). In green jars are Pond's Two Creams. She says:—"Through a multitude of engagements Pond's will give you the assurance of being your best self."



**FOUR DELIGHTFUL AIDS TO BEAUTY—** Pond's Cold Cream keeps lovely faces fresh, and deeply cleansed. Pond's Cleansing Tissues remove the cream in an immaculate way. Pond's Skin Freshener tones, refreshes. Pond's Vanishing Cream protects and holds your powder.

MAIL THIS COUPON WITH 10¢ for generous sample package of Pond's Cold Cream, Cleansing Tissues, Skin Freshener and Vanishing Cream.

Pond's Extract Company, Dept. M  
108 Hudson Street, New York City

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Copyright 1928, Pond's Extract Company



We had moved out of the grandiose dining-room into the even more spectacular drawing-room, for coffee, when I was informed that I was being inquired for by telephone. It was Isabel.

"Prof!" she said, and I perceived that she was breathless with emotion, but precisely what emotion I could not tell. "I'm telephoning on John's behalf again. He's on his way to you. It couldn't wait. He's found the culprit. I'd give my soul to be there."

"Who is it?" I asked.

"I mustn't." Her voice was infinitely regretful. "I can't spoil John's act. If there were justice in the world, I'd be with you when you learn."

I returned to the drawing-room and explained to Mary Sullivan. "My function as last hope for lawless students. A protégé of mine has run down the boy who cartooned you. I'll get rid of him before the president comes—that would be a trifle excessive."

THE benefactress had no objection: she suspected possibilities of amusement. So we fell to discussing Terence, who, alas, felt obliged to observe the traditions of the Sullivans, and who had avoided an interview with me.

After a time there were voices in the hall below us, and an impetuous order to the butler; then Terry himself dashed into the room. Mary's face, at sight of him, was at once maternal and stern.

At sight of me the young man halted in his impetuous course. "Say!" he said. "I meant to come. . . . Ma, does he have to take over the family sermons? Is he a drinking man?"

"He's an old friend of the family," Mary Sullivan told her son. "That means he knows without guessin' how big a fool you can be if ye try. . . . What trouble are you in now?"

"I'm off pro, anyway. . . . Listen, Ma—" "Will you call me Mother in the presence of the Professor?"

"Listen. God knows, I don't ask much advice."

"No," she observed, "you can't cash it at a bank."

"I need it now." Terence cast himself on a walnut bench, sprawled out, straightened again, rose, and began to walk the rug, hugely excited. "Listen, Ma—that cartoon. They've found out who drew it—you know the one. Wait a minute—there's some people downstairs."

He rushed out again and returned with Nixon and, to my surprise, the blonde and tragic Miss Allen. I presented them to Mrs. Sullivan, explaining that the girl was one of the beheaded editors of the *Jeremiad*. Miss Allen was, I could see, more desperate and more excited than ever. Her excitement did not abate, when Mary directed keen eyes at her and studied her deliberately.

"So," the widow said at length, "so you're one of them that draws me like a fat angel?" There was neither belligerency nor resentment in her voice, but a sort of horrible tranquillity that would have made even me uncomfortable.

"She didn't, Ma," Terence said. "She only helped publish it. She's one of the goats—and the boy she's engaged to is goat-in-chief."

"But you help get my face, and not well drawn, either, into all the papers. . . . Well, have you come to me to ask me to get you off without payin'?"

The embarrassed Miss Allen crimsoned. "I didn't say such thing!" she snapped. "I came to see if you couldn't help me get Paul off."

"Listen," Terry pleaded. "Paul, that's Barrow, the editor, the chap she's engaged to. He won't tell who drew the picture. Listen, Ma, this is a mess. They're going to fire Paul and suppress the magazine, and keep the rest of them on pro. Now, look—listen, I'm

not asking you to do anything. What I want to know is, how do you feel about it?"

"Oh," said Mary Sullivan, "it don't keep me up nights."

"Well, then, why don't you make Prexy call off the dogs?"

"I'll tell you," she said. "Sit down, young lady—I don't bite. . . . It's in my mind, Terry, that I did you no service, gettin' you let off your probation. You can buy too many things at the college. . . . I like a man that stands by what he does. I was an old fool to get you off probation—it's not the drinkin' I mind, bein' a Sullivan, but me helpin' you to get off. You should stand by what you do. . . . Now you, young lady, you'd not apologize to me for drawin' me into an angel?"

"No."

"Nor the President, for makin' a sweep of him?"

Miss Allen's mouth hardened still more. "To you, maybe, Mrs. Sullivan."

"You got a good laugh out of it all?"

Miss Allen almost smiled. "A laugh I won't get over."

"Then pay for it!" The widow, I realized suddenly, was expressing her creed. "Pay for your laugh, child. You knew you run a chance. You run it. Don't welsh."

"Can't I make it plain," the girl cried, "that I'm working for Paul's sake?"

She glared at the widow, whose stern mouth, I thought, relaxed a little. A short pause succeeded, while they looked at each other, and then Terence Sullivan remarked, mildly: "It's hellish hard on Beatrice, Ma, and harder on Barrow. You see—well, I drew the picture."

AT once I thought of the newspapers.

Terence, I was immediately convinced, was telling the truth. And the situation—well, it was cosmic. Headlines sprawled in my mind. For my persecutors, the reporters, were infallible and would get hold of it, and that which Prexy had greatly feared would come upon him. Mary Sullivan gives a half-million to the School of Dentistry; Olympus makes Mary an L.L.D. and aims at another half-million; Terence cartoons the process, and the *Jeremiad* publishes the irreverence; then Prexy suppresses the *Jeremiad*, and trumpets intolerable vengeance on the undiscovered author; and then Terence is discovered to be the author. Yes, the adjective was cosmic. . . . Mary Sullivan, I could see, was deeply affected. She made a heroic effort to retain her calm. She clamped her jaws so tight that her second chin was almost smoothed away. But the strain was unsupportable. She collapsed into a cushioned chair and the drawing-room reverberated with her laughter, while her feet pounded the rug and her shoulders writhed.

Amazed by this giant mirth, I watched her for a moment; then I too began to laugh. So did Nixon; so did Terence; so, after a shocked moment, did Beatrice Allen. A gorgeous moment! I had been eight years a member of the faculty at Olympus, and in eight years much amusement had come my way, but nothing, nothing whatever, comparable with this.

## Arthur Akers

claims he never has to make up a story; he merely has to write down what he hears in Alabama. However it is, he surely writes the funniest negro stories we have seen. He appears regularly in this magazine; and we will have a dandy in an early number.

Mrs. Sullivan was able to speak, after a while—sat up and dabbed at her eyes and, after a long sigh, addressed Miss Allen. "So your lad was bein' noble and protectin' my Terence!"

"Don't bank on that," Miss Allen said honestly. "He knew he'd get fired, either way. He's just been holding out on them—to keep the faculty from having the satisfaction of finding out."

"Terence," Mary gasped, shaking again, "Terence, when ye make another angel of your mother, for the love of heaven don't cross my eyes."

Nixon, the hard-boiled, was reminded of the chief interest in the occasion. "The point is, Mrs. Sullivan, what are you going to do about it?"

Her laughter ended abruptly, in a return of keenness and grimness to her eyes. She faced her son. "Tis too bad, for I'd have liked proof that one Sullivan could get a degree without buyin' it. But you'll have to die with the rest of the lads."

"You're not going to get us off?" Terry asked, aghast.

"You've had your fun. I'll see that you pay for it."

That, it appeared, was that. I decided that Mary Sullivan was a person, yes, a considerable person. I reflected on the ways of Olympus, which had amused me inexhaustibly. And I saw that Nixon, and Terry Sullivan and Beatrice Allen were stunned. This was not in their plans. And while they looked at one another, in nerveless shock, a butler entered and informed the widow that President Batler had arrived.

"No," Mary said vigorously, "ye'll all three stay here and take it standing."

For the three students had moved concertedly toward the farther door. They grinned weakly and sat down. . . .

To this uneasiness entered our president, magnificent in evening clothes. I took it upon myself to introduce the three students. At Miss Allen's name, he stiffened and grew severe.

"You're one of the *Jeremiad* board?" He turned to the widow. "They've come to ask your intercession?" She nodded, and he faced Miss Allen again. "An apology is certainly due Mrs. Sullivan, young woman. But I had hoped that you people would take your medicine without whimpering."

Miss Allen's cheeks burned brighter still, and she might even have dared the insolence of protest, but I intervened. I perceived that the scene lacked stage-management, and proposed to supply it.

"You're determined to maintain your stand?" I asked him.

"Quite. I thought that was clear, Mr. Sloane."

"Probation for them all. Expulsion for the culprit, if found; expulsion for Barrow if the culprit isn't found?"

"If Barrow is the editor, expulsion in any case, and certainly expulsion for the one who drew the picture."

"A pity," I said sweetly, "—for Mrs. Sullivan's son drew it."

IT came out quite dramatically, I thought.

I had not hoped to mar the President's poise, and I did not. But I had jarred him. The situation needed thought, accurate and lightning-fast—and under the gaze of one who was to make a Christmas Present to Humanity.

He slowly sat down, adjusting the tails of his evening coat.

"You mean," he said slowly, "that you,"—a forefinger selected Terence,—"that you caricatured your mother, and your college, and me, and the service of humanity?"

Terence nodded, intimidated by the rhetoric.

The presidential mind had now fully realized the inescapable necessities of the situation. They weren't agreeable, but they must

# Don't give her this for Christmas



**I**F SHE is like most women, Yuletide gifts of automatic ash sifters and self-wringing mops, no matter how useful they are, will never fill her heart with glee!

If we dolled up Fels-Naptha Soap in holly and ribbons, and advertised "Give your wife this welcome help for Christmas", some husband might do it! Perish the thought! We're against it! We believe Christmas is the time for frilly, fussy, gay-hearted gifts!

But after Christmas, to take every trace of turkey gravy off her best tablecloth and lighten each washing all through the year, your wife should have Fels-Naptha.

And Fels-Naptha will do it, because

Fels-Naptha brings her extra help! Two cleaners instead of one. Good golden soap blended, by the exclusive Fels-Naptha process, with plenty of naptha.

You can *smell* the naptha! And naptha, you know, is the safe, gentle cleaner used in "dry cleaning." So when your wife does the wash with



Fels-Naptha, she gets naptha, the dirt-loosener, and soap, the dirt remover, working together—dissolving the dirt and carrying it away—making the clothes fresh and clean without hard rubbing.

Fels-Naptha does excellent work in either machine or tub. It washes clean in cool, hot and lukewarm water, or when the clothes are boiled. And Fels-Naptha's mild suds are kind to your wife's hands!

So remember—not on the Christmas list, but on the grocery list. And now go out and get her something as sweetly feminine as an ostrich feather fan—and a Merry Christmas to you.

FELS & COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa.





# Chester

**MILD** *enough for anybody*



## What a cigarette meant there

*Ten seconds to go—*  
and raw nerves fighting wearied muscles, driving them on into that fearful unknown beyond the wire. What man will ever forget the steady solace of that last sweet stolen smoke?

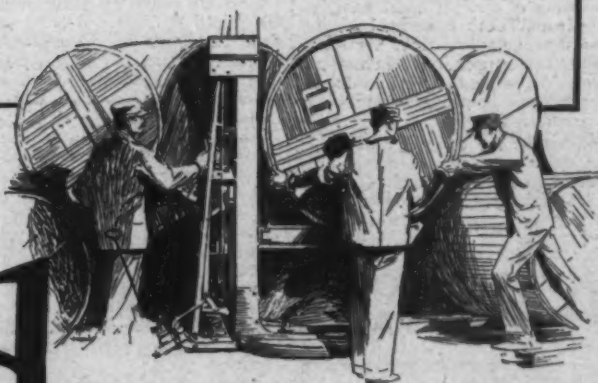
## What a cigarette means here

*Two years to go—*  
the slow "ageing" by which tobaccos for Chesterfield lose all bite and harshness . . .

Mysterious, this chemistry of Nature! Endless rows of great hogsheads, stored away in darkness; choice tobacco, tightly packed . . . just waiting. And as if on signal, twice each year the leaf goes through a natural "sweat"—steeps in its own essences, grows mild and sweet and mellow.

Selected leaf, costly patience, endless care — that's what a cigarette means *here*. But right there is *exactly* the reason why Chesterfield means what it does to you!

*Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.*



Millions of pounds of choice tobacco from each crop are stored away in great warehouses to "age."

# field

..... and yet THEY SATISFY



## How soft food robs the gums of health

NO one who has studied the effect of our diet upon the tissues of the mouth can doubt that here lies the reason of modern gum troubles.

There's no mystery about it. The gum walls, like any other living tissue, need exercise. But these soft foods of today—these tender cuts of meat, these creamed vegetables, entrees, and fluffy puddings—they have no power to give to our gums the stimulation they need to vitalize and sustain them.

Gradually enervated by a life of too much ease, gums grow lazy and flabby. They become tender—they bleed. All too often "pink tooth brush" gives its warning that more serious troubles may be close at hand.

### How massage and Ipana keep gums firm and healthy

Fortunately the dental profession offers a simple remedy for this difficulty—an easy, natural way to supply the stimulation so vital to the health of our gums. They recommend massage—a gentle frictionizing of the gum surfaces with the brush while brushing the teeth, or with the finger-tips after each twice daily brushing.

And thousands of dentists order their patients to use Ipana Tooth Paste for both the massage and the regular brushing. For Ipana contains ziratol, an antiseptic and hemostatic well known to the profession for its value in toning the gums and in strengthening weak, under-nourished tissue.

The ten-day tube the coupon calls for is gladly sent. But a better plan is to get a full-size tube of Ipana at your druggist's. Use it for a month and then see how it has improved the health of your gums—the brilliance and beauty of your teeth.

# IPANA TOOTH PASTE

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. C-128,  
75 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

© R.-M. Co., 1938

be accepted. With the simplicity of greatness, he accepted them.

"You are a singularly lucky group of malcontents," he told Miss Allen. "This must not get to the newspapers—that is absolute. They must know only that all proceedings have been dropped. You seem to be intimate with reporters, Sloane—you may attend to that." He faced me, without approval of me anywhere visible. "And since your resignation hasn't been acted upon, you're still a member of the committee. Tell them I direct them to restore the staff to office and drop all proceedings at once." He paused, an awful doubt coming into his mind, and added: "And it will go hard with anyone who lets a word of this get out."

"That," I told him, "seems very sensible. Go telephone your fiancé, Miss Allen, that he may take his degree in peace."

The three undergraduates melted from the room—it was as if they had not been there. The Widow Sullivan and the President of Olympus and I were left alone. The President had been deeply disturbed, and there was no way of knowing what would happen to his plans. But the widow, who had enjoyed every moment of the episode up till now, had become very grave.

"You said the paper was in debt, Henry?"

I nodded. "It always is."

"You let the boys off?" she asked the President.

"What could I do? The situation was altogether impossible. It was fiendishly clever of the editors. . . . I had no alternative, of course. One word to the newspapers—"

She broke in on him. "You would have fired the boy if it hadn't been my boy?"

Here the Widow Sullivan stood up. For all her outside gown, her bulk of flesh and fashion, for all the ensemble of blatant wealth, she had an unmistakable dignity.

"If I was running a college, Mr. President, I'd fire one boy as quick as another, even if the papers did get hold of who he was, for what he did. If I fired anybody, I'd fire anybody else—and I'd remember how Tim Sullivan told the papers to publish and be damned. I'll leave my boy to graduate or get fired for drinkin', but I'll make no present to the college."

many things were to happen before then—as you shall see.

Dogs are guided by scent, even as humans are guided by sight. It is by scent, not by sight, that your dog recognizes humans and animals. If you doubt that, place your dog in front of a mirror. Nineteen times in twenty he will scarcely glance at his reflection in it. His eyes tell him another dog is there. His nose tells him there is not. He discredits his uncertain eyes, and he believes his nose.

So it was that the inimical fox-reel and the wholly foreign odor of the monkey became soon so familiar to the dogs at the Place that they took the outlanders as a matter of course. Bruce and Bobby and young Gray Dawn had scant interest in them. These three collies seemed to regard them as something mildly repulsive, and they turned annoyed away from all play-advances.

Bruce had always disliked puppies. Never would he hurt one of them or even snarl at it. But always he would get out of its way with the ludicrous haste of an elderly gentleman who is pestered by kindergarten children. Bobby and Dawn growled warningly when the fox frisked up to them, and they shook themselves free in disgust when the monkey leaped on their backs in play. But Wolf's reaction was the oddest of all.

Wolf had looked with cold distaste, from

She swept toward the door, but paused. "Henry, will you tell the paper I'll pay off their debts for them? If I must make Christmas presents to the college, I'll do it to the boys that stand by what they do."

IT was dismissal. I escaped into the bracing December night. Rounding the first corner in search of a taxi, I was hailed from what proved to be Nixon's dilapidated flivver. It held, beside Nixon, the culprit Sullivan.

"Let us take you home, Prof," Nixon invited me. I climbed in and he explained. "Bee had to rush off and tell her beloved he could graduate. We thought we'd wait and ask you if there was any developments. What happened?"

"Yes," Terence Sullivan said eagerly, "did Ma have anything more to say?"

I held my throbbing head. "Yes," I said, "she refused to build a new home for dentistry. And I'm under the impression that she is endowing the *Jeremiad*."

"What!" Two voices were hopeful but unbelieving.

"She is paying off the debts, anyway. That constitutes an endowment, I should think."

"Golly!" Nixon was subdued and reverent, contemplating an outcome that was perfect beyond imagining. "Golly!" he repeated, still more softly.

"Listen," Terence urged, "is it a cinch, now? Prexy can't renig?"

"I hardly think he'd care to, since I'm looking for reporters."

Nixon embraced the steering-wheel with one arm and whistled between his teeth.

"At's swell," he said musingly, abstractedly.

"Well, maybe we can get Barrow to tell us, now, who drew the picture."

I laid violent hands on his shoulders. "What?" I shouted.

Nixon let the flivver come to a stop.

"Wouldn't you think Terry had been lyin' all his life? He did it swell—y'ought to join the Campus Players, Terry. . . . Oh," Nixon added, "something had to be done—anybody could see that—and done quick. Yeh, I get credit for the idea. Johnny Nixon, jobs done to order. . . . Golly, I would like to find out who *did* draw it, though!"

The flivver groaned into motion and accelerated down the street.

## CHANGELINGS

(Continued from page 45)

first to last, upon Rameses, the luckless pet raccoon. But a latent impishness in the fiery red-gold collie made him unbend in gay goodfellowship toward these mischievous youngsters. He would romp wildly on the lawn with the fox, enduring without a show of his wonted hot temper the occasional pin-prick bites inflicted on him. As for the monkey, Wolf would let the frolicking little simian pull his ears and explore his coat for fleas and ride proudly on his back. Some elfin trait in his own strange nature seemed to respond to like traits in theirs.

Lad, from the first, had constituted himself the guardian of the changelings—not through any love for them, but because they belonged to his worshiped mate Lady, and as such were under his protection. The great dog, moreover, had an unbelievable gentleness toward everything small or weak, whether humans or fellow-quadrupeds, and when Bobby or Dawn would snarl threateningly at either of the two that dared to take liberties, Lad ever stepped between, and with icy authority made them shrink back from the fulfilling of their punitive threat.

The Mistress named the fox "Esop" and the monkey "Darwin." In a surprisingly short time they learned their names and to come at her call. She it was, too, who more than once enacted Lad's chosen rôle of standing between them and punishment—not from punishment by the dogs but by her husband—for the Master's patience was



# Dainty New Zippers in Moiré Rubber and Smart Fabrics

*Goodrich Presents New Fabric Zipper  
With Dainty Lines . . . In Colors to  
Match Your Costume . . . Also Moiré  
Rubber Shower Boots of Evening  
Slipper Weight . . .*

**N**OW FABRIC ZIPPERS are presented in new colors. With new patterns . . . and a new note of smartness in their trim tailored lines.

Today you can select overshoes to complement your costume. There's no need now to sacrifice smartness on rainy days.

These new-style Zippers are sensible and fashionable, too. Smart looking . . . slim and glove-like . . . flattering to the shapeliness of ankle.

Now, too, you can buy the new type of Zipper . . . the chic, dainty Shower Boots! A smart new overshoe made of moiré rubber . . . in all the new colors.

They're washable, too! A wet cloth and a little soap. That's all you need to remove the mud and grime. A quick rub and Shower Boots regain their dainty freshness and that lovely satiny sheen.

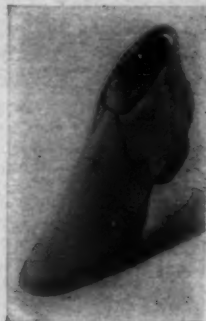
But one word of caution before you buy. Remember, all overshoes that close with a sliding fastener are not genuine Goodrich Zippers. Look for and find the name Goodrich on the shoe . . . only in this way can you be sure of authentic Goodrich style with the famous Hookless Fastener which cannot rust, stick, loosen or cause trouble.

Don't wait for stormy weather . . . get your Zippers now. Thousands of stores everywhere have them on display.

The B. F. Goodrich Rubber Company, Established 1870, Akron, O. Pacific Goodrich Rubber Company, Los Angeles, California. In Canada: Canadian Goodrich Co., Kitchener, Ont.



*A Beautiful Brown  
Tweed Zipper Shoe With  
Yellow—a smart pattern*



*Smart Fabric Overshoe  
Red Brown Shoe With  
Green—Snap Fastener*



*7 ounces! That's all  
they weigh. No more  
than your dainty evening  
slippers.*

**Don't Wait for  
Stormy Weather**  
—Many women make  
the mistake of waiting  
for stormy weather, be-  
fore they buy their Zip-  
pers. Thus they encounter  
inconvenience in buying  
. . . sometimes find it im-  
possible to get them.

Don't make this error  
yourself. Go to the nearest  
Goodrich dealer today . . .  
and see these smart over-  
shoes.



*The Beautiful New Brown  
Shower Boot with Zipper  
Fastener. See this Model.*

## Goodrich Zippers

*In Moiré Rubber and Dainty Fabrics*



## Winter Beauty

**T**HE cold biting winds and freezing rains are complexion destroyers. Under their parching, roughening effect, Face Powders will not protect your skin nor retain their appearance.

Gouraud's Oriental Cream imparts a transparent film of exquisite, pearly beauty that fully protects the skin from all weather conditions. The soft, alluring appearance it renders will not "rub off", streak, spot or show the effects of moisture.

Its highly antiseptic and astringent action is helpful in correcting blemishes, coarse, rough or muddy skins, flabbiness, wrinkles, redness, freckles and similar conditions. You can enjoy a skin and complexion of exceptional beauty at all times thru the use of

## GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM

"Beauty's Master Touch"

Send 10c. for Trial Size M-28.8

FERD. T. HOPKINS & SON  
430 Lafayette Street New York City

Check shade desired: White ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

scraped raw, again and again, by the changelings' antics.

For instance, Æsop's kennel was moved, one morning, to be repainted. Under it the Master discovered a veritable cache—a neatly dug hollow nearly full of the feathers and chewed bones of chickens. The occasional vanishing of some of the Master's best white Leghorns had been attributed to rats. Now the mystery was cleared up.

Darwin vaulted in through the open study-window, the same day, and proceeded to have a really pleasant time. The pleasure was all his. The Master came in from breakfast to find a nearly completed manuscript torn neatly into a myriad shreds, and the contents of his ink-bottle sprinkled artistically all over his best rug and on the room's newly tinted walls. Incidentally, a stuffed osprey had been plucked naked, and nearly a bushel of feathers drifted the inky floor. The monkey had made full use of every instant of his time in the desecrated study.

These were but stray samples of the escapades on the part of both Æsop and Darwin which made the Master clamor for their blood and which strained all the Mistress' tact and eloquence to protect them.

The superintendent had a new pipe, sent to him from England. It was his pride. Darwin filched it from his pocket, before ever the man had had a chance to fill and light it. With true simian mimicry, Darwin proceeded to stick the pipestem in his own mouth.

Thenceforth it became his favorite possession. For hours at a time he would pretend to smoke it, especially after he saw the hit it made with guests at the Place. He loved to show off. Therefore, the moment a guest arrived on the grounds, Darwin would fetch forth his treasured pipe from some hiding-place and would go through the motions of smoking it. The superintendent refused indignantly to touch the pipe again, after the monkey had been sucking at it. So the Master had to send to England for another in its place.

Adornment of all kinds was Darwin's delight. He would find and put on any article of wearing apparel that he could make stay in place. As he was little larger than a kitten, this was not always an easy task.

**T**HE long lush summer drowsed away, and autumn chill tinged the still October nights. Æsop reveled in the cold. His rufous coat waxed thicker and more luxuriant. But Darwin hated the icy weather. Shiveringly he hung back from going out of doors at all, as autumn whitened into winter. He spent much of his time cuddled down in the warmest corner of the disreputable fur rug in front of the living-room fireplace.

Christmas drew near. Day after day the express truck would disgorge a load of parcels at the back door of Sunnybank House. Some of these were for the Place's people. Some were ordered gifts, to be sent away. It was these latter parcels that the Mistress enjoyed most—in their buying and in their arrival and in wrapping them up daintily for re-sending to their various destinations. She reveled in this form of Yuletide preparation.

One of the gifts she spent most time and loving care on was a doll which she had bought and was outfitting for a little niece of hers. The niece's elder sister had been married, a few weeks earlier, and the child had been thrilled over the wedding arrangements. So the Mistress had bought for her, as a Christmas gift, a "bride doll" with a tiny trunkful of trousseau garments. She herself had made the bridal dress and veil and wreath, and the imitation-flower bouquet.

Some difficulty attended the wrapping and unwrapping of Yule parcels, because of

Darwin's almost delirious curiosity as to the contents of each and every one of them. At last it became necessary to shut him up somewhere, when they were opened. This, after he had dragged a shining lace scarf from its tissue-paper bed and had draped it meticulously about his own shoulders—his paws being black from playing in the hearthside soot.

**O**N an evening five days before Christmas the Mistress and the Master were just getting up from the dinner-table when one of the maids reported excitedly that there was a great glare of fire, beyond the woods to the north.

In the country, especially at night, fire is a thing of horror. News of a burning building is quite enough to make every man and woman and child, within the radius of a mile, drop everything and hurry to the conflagration. Thus no country-dweller needs to be told that every soul at Sunnybank House and at the gate-lodge bundled into wraps and started at top speed toward the ever-brightening glow.

As they crossed the highroad, they saw neighbors converging toward the same goal. All of the Sunnybank colliers which were not shut into their kennel yards galloped gleefully along with the Mistress and the Master—exulting, collielike, in the prospect of a walk, and grateful to these human deities of theirs for setting out for a stroll at so unusual an hour.

All except old Sunnybank Lad.

The grown dogs, at the Place, had but one meal a day—a big dinner, usually fed to them at dusk. Lad and Bruce and Wolf were fed by the Master himself, nightly, as soon as he had finished his own dinner. Lad was the dining-room dog. Always he lay on the floor at the Master's left, during meals.

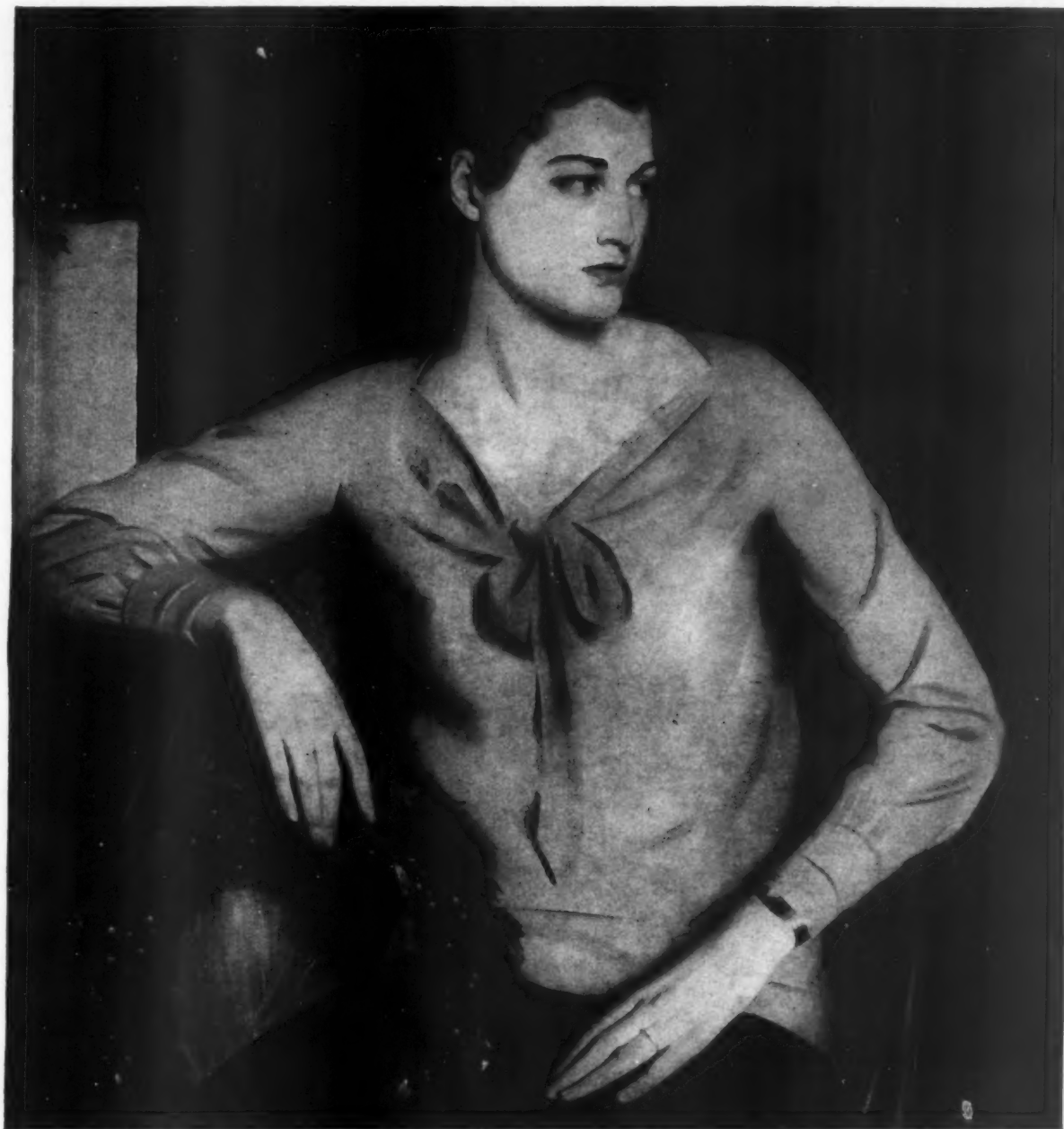
Tonight, when his owners got up so suddenly from the table and seized their outdoor clothing and hurried into the night, Lad followed the Master, unnoticed, into the study, when the man went there for his thick mackinaw. In the study, before dinner, Darwin had been imprisoned, to keep him from meddling with the heap of Christmas presents. He slipped out of the room unnoticed as the Master entered it. The Master found the mackinaw and ran out shutting the study door behind him—in the indignant Lad's face.

Thus the big dog was left a prisoner while his fellow-colliers could be heard dancing and barking around the fast-hurrying Mistress and Master outside. In other words a gay walk was in progress, and Lad was left out of it. The abnormally sensitive old collie was cut to the heart by this supposed slight on the part of the two humans who were his gods.

Though the Master instinctively had slammed shut his study door behind him—a needful precaution when Darwin was incarcerated there—he had been more careless in shutting the house's outer door. It did not latch at his inefficient tug, and a gust of breeze blew it a few inches open.

Æsop pattered home, a minute later, from a foraging trip in the woods. He had drawn a blank in his effort to catch some unwary rabbit or partridge, and so had come back hungry. He heard and saw the walkers, as they neared the gate-lodge. But he was of no mind for a longer ramble. He wanted food. As he passed by the house he saw the front door slightly ajar. In the dining-room and elsewhere, before now, Æsop had been able to find delectable tidbits.

In through the slightly open doorway he slunk, like a furtive ghost, and on through the house to the deserted kitchen. There he smelled, on a table, the dinner just laid out for the maids. In two minutes he had wolfed all of it that met his approval. Then, lazily, he strolled back into the larger



Portrait painted for The Hoover Company by Paul Trebilcock

## *—but I Can't Say This to My Husband*



**M**Y HUSBAND will give me this Christmas, as he does every year, some lovely and very useless trinket. He likes to be extravagant and a little foolish in his gift to me.

But sometimes I wish—how can I say it? He wants so much to please me—only, like other men, he's a bit unseeing.

To him I'm still the girl he married. Young and strong and radiant with health. He doesn't know — no one but the woman who cares for a home can know — how much of that youth and strength and health can slip from one under

the burden of cleaning duties heavier than they need be.

Yet how can I suggest the gift I really want? He would only laugh at me. Tell me that Christmas is no time for such a sensible purchase. That I must have something for *myself*.

If only he could see that what I want is for myself. More for myself than any pretty trinket. That it means the very preservation of those things about which he cares so much. My youth. Freshness. That sparkle of unwearied health.

I can't say this to my husband. But I can say it to other husbands like mine:

Give her this year what she really wants. A Hoover.

"GIVE HER A HOOVER AND YOU GIVE HER THE BEST"





# Betty Lou POWDER PUFF

## 10¢

(15¢  
in Far West  
and Canada)

BETTY LOU powder puffs always come up smiling—soft and fluffy day after day. Made of the finest deep pile velour, and sewed with seams that simply will not rip. True Woolworth economy in the remarkably low price—10¢!

Four generous sizes in White, Pink, Honeydew, Coral and Two-Tone  
(In Sanitary Transparent Wrappers)

For sale exclusively at  
**F.W. WOOLWORTH CO**  
5 & 10¢ STORES

wing of the house, to be met in the living-room by his congenial little chum Darwin.

Darwin had been only mildly interested in the tramping of feet and the barking of dogs. He was free—free to get into any form of mischief that might appeal to him. Looking around for something to amuse him, he had happened upon a daintily wrapped parcel, high on a wall shelf. This he had tucked under his arm and borne back to the hearth. He was just ripping open its wrappings when his dear chum Æsop jogged into the room. A romp seemed in order.

**TULLY MEED** and **Gil Yeager** were local geniuses who had solved the problem of making the world pay them the living it owed them, without giving any undue amount of manual toil in return. They were next-door neighbors, in ramshackle shacks just below the so-called "Steel works district," two miles south of the Place. Here, a half-century ago, had stood the Ludlum Steel Springs factory, long since abandoned. Hereabout still abode certain villagers, some of whom saw no sense in searching for hard labor.

Yeager and Meed had hit on a truly brilliant plan for bringing Yule money into their homes this year. From neighborhood talk and from fleeting glimpses, they knew the custom of their several distant neighbors along the lake, of receiving Christmas packages for a week or so before December twenty-fifth.

It occurred to the two that a comfortable haul might well be made by visiting these widely scattered houses, locating and pouching such packages, and then carrying the combined plunder to a kindly pawnbroker of their acquaintance in Paterson, nine miles away. The kindly pawnbroker was always glad to give them cash for such pilfered articles as seemed to him resalable.

There was a grievous flaw in their otherwise simple plan. Almost all of the people who lived on or near the lake owned watchdogs. At the Place there was Sunnybank Lad, whose teeth had met before now in midnight prowlers. At the Place, too, were other collies scarcely less formidable. A nocturnal visit might well be fraught with more lacerations than loot.

It was Yeager who solved the problem. All his life he had lived in the country. Thus he knew the instinct which makes a whole rural neighborhood turn out at first news of a near-by fire. Behind the woods, just beyond the highroad, stood a very large and very old and sagging barn in which a Pancake Hollow farmer was wont to store his winter hay. It would furnish a famous blaze, and it would be visible for miles.

**AT** nightfall the two men met, carrying canvas bags under their arms. In addition, Tully Meed had brought an element of pre-Christmas cheer, in the shape of a quart bottle nearly full of "green" moonshine corn whisky—liquid flame, containing something like sixty per cent of alcohol.

The adventurers drank, in turn, to their enterprise. Then, in turn, they drank to Christmas. Then, as a courteous afterthought, they drank to the kindly pawnbroker. Then they journeyed, in a cautious backwoods detour, to the fated hay-barn in Pancake Hollow. After one more libation, they set fire to the barn in five places. Then, at top speed, they made their unostentatious way to the first of the four houses they planned to bless with their presence. They knew that all untied dogs would run to the fire with their owners. Tied dogs could only bark the alarm; and there would be nobody at home to hear the bark. The venture was ridiculously safe. Another drink made it seem doubly so.

Scarcely had the occupants of the first house on the chosen route streamed forth

across the fields toward the far-off fire when Meed and Yeager entered the house and set to work. They had scant trouble in locating the downstairs closet where the Christmas packages were kept. Rejecting such parcels as manifestly held non-pawnable toys and the like, they dumped the better-promising plunder into their bags, and hustled to the next house, where they repeated their first success.

So on they sped, until they reached the third house, laughingly barking an imitation of the furious chained watchdog as they came out with their sacks laden. In each of the three houses they had paid a cursory visit to the dining-room and had tossed into the bags such loose silver as they chanced upon. By way of rebuke to pikers, they had merely twisted or broken any pieces of plated ware they happened across, and left them on the floor. So pleasant had been their experiences, thus far, that they took another drink in honor of their easy success.

The Place was next to be visited.

**NO** clamor of vibrant barks assailed their ears as they ran down the long oak-bordered winding driveway from the road. Everything was silent. The front door was even hospitably ajar. Fearlessly the two entered the softly lighted living-room.

The room was cozily warm, after the biting chill of the outer December night. It is not always well to come into a warm room, out of zero cold, when one has been drinking heartily of high-proof "green" liquor. It does things to one's brain.

From the study came thunderous barking and infuriated snarls and the impact of a raging body against an unyielding door. Lad had heard, and Lad had scented. He was struggling mightily to get at the marauders, and to fulfill his lifelong duty as watchdog.

But after the first startled jump, the men realized he was shut up somewhere and could not harm them. Also, they could see the piano in the adjoining music-room piled high with many-shaped boxes and packages. This, though the lights were shaded and though their eyes were still vague and blurred and dazzled after the blackness of the outside night.

They made their dizzy way to the piano. There they set down their heavy and bulging sacks and prepared to gather in the new plunder by the armful. This was due to be the richest haul of the night.

Then a faintly pattering sound on the hardwood flooring made Yeager turn his head, in drunken worry lest the noisy dog had managed to get out of prison. Yeager's gargling snort of amazement caused Meed to cease appraising the prettily tied parcels, and to wheel about in the direction of his partner's glassy and droop-jawed gaze.

Across the living-room rug, toward them, was advancing mincingly a most impossible and horrifying apparition:

A large and stately red fox was walking up to them. On the fox's back rode haughtily a tiny creature which looked like an incredibly old woman. On the creature's head was a flowered wreath from which a shimmering bridal veil floated backward over its shoulders and down along the fox's red back. Between its jet-black hands the rider carried a shower-bouquet of artificial flowers. From one corner of its mouth protruded a disreputable tobacco-pipe, on which it sucked with relish.

Darwin, as ever, was rejoicing to show off for the benefit of stranger-guests, the more so since he had just opened the box containing the bride-doll and had been able to find a part of the doll's costume which fitted him to perfection. Æsop, with all a fox's innate vanity, was entering to the full into the spirit of the masque. Eagerly, both of them awaited the exclamations of sur-

THE WORLD HAS A NEW



AND FINER MOTOR CAR



SPECIAL SIX "400" SEDAN

**M**ANY handsome compliments have been paid this brilliant new sedan by Nash—the Special Six “400” Sedan for five.

It astonishes people to discover that such a big car, so fine a car, with so many costly car features, can be purchased for so very little money.

Its 116-inch wheelbase, Lovejoy hydraulic shock absorbers, front and rear, individually designed alloy springs, rubber insulated body, and new soft seat cushions, give it its remarkable travel comfort.

It has the new “400” *Twin Ignition high-compression, valve-in-head motor* for power, pep, smoothness and silence that are the envy of the motor car industry.

It is, beyond all question, the easiest steering motor car the industry ever has produced.

And it has the new Salon Body—low, graceful, very smart, very luxurious.

The world has a new and finer motor car. It leads the world in motor car value.

**The car with the  
Twin Ignition motor**

**NASH**  
**"400"**

*Leads the World in  
Motor Car Value*

## Have you a *Prima Donna* complexion?



**W**HEN winter comes, some complexions develop prima donna tendencies. They get temperamental. Today, peach-blown in tint and texture — tomorrow, coarsened, rough, chapped and super-sensitive.

If you've an operatic complexion, Frostilla is just meant for you. Its instant touch soothes—and comforts. Tired skins perk up, color glows, satiny smoothness is regained, coarse pores become a memory. Then the complexion graciously accepts powder, rouge and any other little attention you may choose to confer on it.

However, don't wait until your skin is in a huff to treat it to Frostilla. Let it guard you against wind and weather during the day—let it send your skin to sleep at night. You can depend on Frostilla to foil all temperamental tendencies—and make your skin a gift to be proud of, the year 'round.

In attractive, blue-labelled bottles, Frostilla is priced at 50c and \$1 at druggists and department stores. Or write us for an attractive, useful sample sent **FREE** on request. Dept. 1436, The Frostilla Co., Elmira, N. Y. and Toronto, Canada. (Sales Reps.: Harold F. Ritchie and Co., Inc., Madison Ave. at 34th St., N. Y.)

# FROSTILLA

for  
exposed and  
irritated skin

© 1928, The Frostilla Co.

prise and glad amusement with which strangers always greeted their equestrian advent. But for once they were to be disappointed.

It was Meed who emerged first from the brief trance of horror which had stricken the two drunken and superstitiously ignorant men at the dumfounding sight.

With a wild screech which drowned out Lad's thunderous assault on the study door, Meed leaped high in air, diving straight through the long French window by the piano.

Yeager emitted a fascinating sound such as might have issued from the throat of a turkey whose tail is pulled violently just as the bird starts to gobble. Yeager wasted no precious time, as had Meed, in leaping high in air. In a single maniacal plunge he crashed through the long window nearest him.

The two pan'c-scourged men cleared the broad veranda in a bound. They fell together, on hands and knees, in the icy driveway below. By the time their abraded knees and glass-cut hands touched ground, the thieves were up again, tearing down the long snowy slope of lawn to the thick-frozen lake and across it—slipping, falling, scrambling to their feet again, bleeding at face and fingers from the cruel glass-edges, moaning and gibbering crazily, as they fled.

Midway to the Steel Works, Yeager collapsed, and sprawled on the ice. Meed did not stop until he burst into his own hovel, and crawled under the bed.

## THE SILKS OF OAKMEAD

(Continued from page 81)

A small figure approached the inner rail along the opposite side, and leaning upon the top bar, whistled. Trumpeter nickered in reply and trotted across the infield, playfully shaking his head the while. In another moment that figure was upon his back, and the horse started off in a canter which soon grew into a running, sweeping stride. Objects about us stood out as clearly as upon a foggy day; and as the horse raced on through the moonlight, I saw, one moment, the hatless rider's head thrown back, his face upturned to the sky, as though the whole of it was a joyous play, and the next he was crouching low again. One instant horse and rider were hidden in the shadow of some spreading tree, and the next they flashed into the light again.

They made two rounds of the track—a full mile in all; and then, as the horse slowed down, his rider slid to the ground, and standing at old Trumpeter's head, stroked and patted his nose.

Barney started to his feet. "Of all the double-run nerve—"

Little Gill caught his sleeve. "Please, Mr. Barney, don't!"

"But ridin' our horse with never so much—"

"I know, sir; but it's the Bland boy. If we frighten him now, he'll never come again, and what little good we've done—"

The Boss spoke up. "Let him go, Barney—at least till we figure this thing out. He can't hurt old Trump. Maybe it'll do him good. He seems to enjoy it."

As he spoke, I saw the boy hurrying away through the trees; and once he was out of view, the four of us rather silently made our way homeward.

When we reported to Aunt Fran, she sat a long while silent; then she turned to Little Gill. "Oh, the pity of it! The pity of it! Don't you see?" she asked of us all. "He wants us and needs us, but is afraid. Somehow, we're failing him! Youth cannot live alone; and sometimes I think," she added, a little wistfully, "neither can old age. He's afraid—afraid! He's a pitiable, wounded thing fearing what he craves—for it's the

"WE never did find out everything that happened that night," the Master concluded his tale, to the astounded little old lady in the cushioned window-seat. "We came clumping back through the snow, from the spectacular hay-barn fire, to find Laddie roaring and tearing at the door of the study. We don't know even yet how the old dog happened to be shut in there, or how Darwin got out. Then we went into the living-room, and we found the bride-doll and her clothes and her wrappings lying scattered everywhere. Then we went into the music-room; and we found two of those French windows broken to pieces and a trail of blood on the porch and the snow.

"Then my wife discovered two enormous canvas sacks on the music-room floor. We opened them. They were stuffed to overflowing with initialed silverware and ornaments and wrapped-up Christmas packages. We studied out some of the initials on the silver, and we did some telephoning. Then most of our neighbors trooped down here to sort out their valuables. The State Police reported finding a man lying on the ice in a stupor, with glass-cuts all over his face. And there's a story about another man, in the steel works district, who wouldn't come out from under his bed for three days.

"We pieced much of the thing together; but a lot of it is still a mystery to us both. Laddie could tell. But Laddie *can't* tell. . . . By the way, want to buy a monkey? I'll sell one, cheap, and I'll throw in a perfectly good English tobacco-pipe and one live red fox. How about it?"

thing that has given him his wound. It's inherent, God-given, ineradicable—this longing for the companionship of our kind. And to think," she added, her fingers resting upon the little lavender puff at her throat, "that he must get from a horse what we, poor clumsy humans, cannot give! Oh, the pity of it! The pity of it!"

She rose from her chair, and for a long moment stood before us, her shoulders squared, her head erect and her dear unseeing eyes glowing. Unseeing? I wonder! Then a mist came over those eyes; she dropped her stick to the floor, and stepping before Little Gill, placed her hands upon his shoulders while the rest of us silently looked on. "My friend, shall it be said that a horse can give more than we?"

It seemed he would speak, but he could only move his head, slowly, in negation.

**B**EING spring, those were busy days at Oakmead, for the "babies" were being broken, two-year-olds were being schooled to the barrier, and other horses, soon to race in our silks, were receiving their daily gallops.

There came a day when Little Gill drew near me and pointed toward the far side of the track. Searching the irregular line of greening trees, I saw the boy—barefooted, hatless—perched in the fork of a low-limbed tree and watching two horses in a workout.

Gill turned to me. "If you don't mind, sir, steppin' off a bit, I'll try—"

"Surely," said I, and hurried to the cover of a near-by shed.

Gill waved to him, with his old frayed cap; but there was no response from the tree, and finally the boy dropped to the ground and furtively glided away.

Upon the fifth day he answered Gill's signal. Slowly his arm was raised—stiffly, awkwardly, uncertainly; and though it stayed there but a moment, it left Gill strangely happy. It seemed to him—and was—a victory against the sinister and unseen forces he was coping with.

One August afternoon I started down

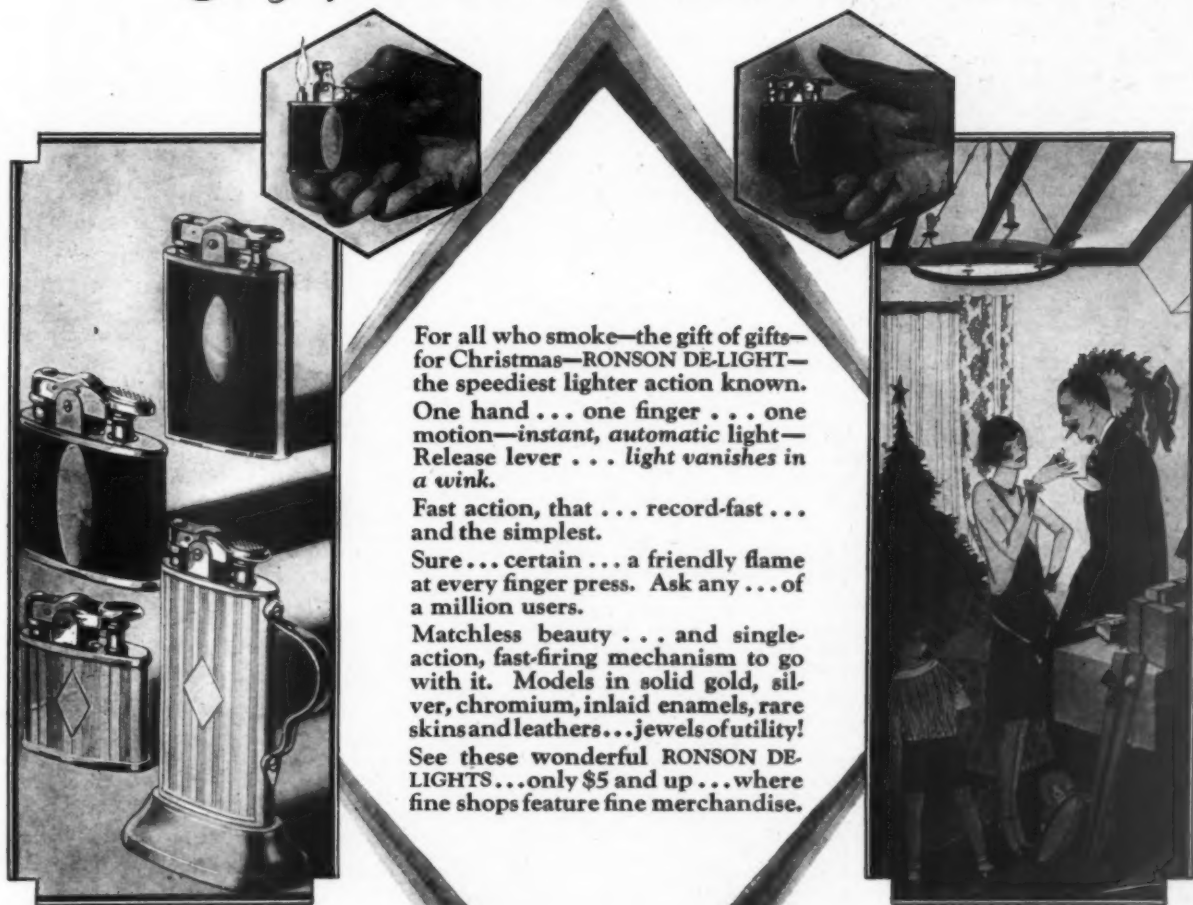


# The world's greatest lighter

## RONSON DE-LIGHT

Trade Mark Reg. Fully P't'd. Other Pat's. Pend.

*A flip and it's lit... Release and it's out!*



The illustration features a central diamond-shaped frame containing text. To the left of the frame, three different models of Ronson De-Light lighters are shown: a small rectangular one, a larger rectangular one with a diamond emblem, and a tall, ribbed one with a handle. Above the frame, two hexagonal insets show a hand flipping a lighter and another hand releasing a lighter. To the right of the frame, a rectangular inset depicts a family scene with a man, a woman, and a child gathered around a Christmas tree, with the man lighting a cigarette.

For all who smoke—the gift of gifts—  
for Christmas—RONSON DE-LIGHT—  
the speediest lighter action known.  
One hand . . . one finger . . . one  
motion—*instant, automatic light*—  
Release lever . . . *light vanishes in  
a wink.*

Fast action, that . . . record-fast . . .  
and the simplest.

Sure . . . certain . . . a friendly flame  
at every finger press. Ask any . . . of  
a million users.

Matchless beauty . . . and single-  
action, fast-firing mechanism to go  
with it. Models in solid gold, sil-  
ver, chromium, inlaid enamels, rare  
skins and leathers . . . *jewels of utility!*  
See these wonderful RONSON DE-  
LIGHTS . . . only \$5 and up . . . where  
fine shops feature fine merchandise.

## ART METAL WORKS, INC.

Aronson Square

Newark, New Jersey

In Canada: Dominion Art Metal Works, Ltd., 64-66 Princess St., Toronto, Ontario

Alan's Walk toward the stables, and upon passing Fanny's Oak—at which point Mercy Lodge comes into view—I abruptly halted. On a bench under his cottonwood tree was Little Gill mending a saddle, and seemingly oblivious to all about him. Upon a backless chair near by, his throat bare, his feet all but hidden by the overlong legs of his faded overalls, sat Emil—alert, tense and ready, it seemed, to dash away at the least alarm.

That day, I believe, marked the turning point in their battle. Just how Gill accomplished it I do not know. A kindly word here, a lingering glance of reassurance there, a well-timed silence, a soft-spoken plea, a hand lightly resting a moment upon the boy's arm—who can describe the deft and gentle methods of him we call Little Gill? Surely not I!

In any event a cot was added in Mercy Lodge, and thenceforth the boy slept there. Each day found him following Gill about the place, watching his every movement and drawing near to him when another approached. I can see him now, clearly—silently gliding about the building or among the trees, and seeming strangely and pitifully frail in the folds of his overlarge garments.

THERE came a time, however, when Aunt Fran and Little Gill held a worried conference, for it appeared to them the boy's progress was arrested.

"If we could only do one thing," said Gill, "I believe—I believe all would soon be right."

"What thing is that?" I asked.

He was silent a moment, glancing toward me with a look that implied he was afraid I would not understand. "Just arouse a bit o' pride in 'im, sir. Just make 'im feel 'e's human like the rest of us—and can have what the rest of us have and do what the rest of us do. Maybe, if he had something, if he owned something—"

Aunt Fran's fingers rested a moment upon the lavender puff at her throat; and I knew some plan was forming behind those dear sightless eyes—those eyes which see, I fancy, so much that is hidden from the rest of us. "What say you to giving him old Trumpeter?" she asked.

Little Gill's eyes lighted; and I believe had he been any save his own shy self he would have bent over the old lady's fingers and reverently touched them with his lips.

"It would do it, ma'am! But—the Boss?"

"Bother the Boss!" said she in a way that she—and she only—has. "Where is Emil?"

"Over at the track, with Trumpeter, I guess."

"Come along," she ordered, emphatically tapping the floor with her stick as she led the way out.

Having me get bridle, saddle and blanket, she led the way to the infield of the track, where we found Trumpeter contentedly grazing, and the boy, his back to a dogwood tree, alternately watching him and gazing at the cloudless sky.

Once or twice the horse, gentle as a kitten and sometimes well-nigh as mischievous, playfully shook his head, trotting away from Gill's extended hand; but in the end Trumpeter let him adjust bridle and saddle.

The two of them led him toward the boy, who had got upon his feet. Gill extended the reins, and wonderingly Emil took them in his hand.

"He's—he's yours!" smiled Gill.

Emil, his lips pressed together, eyed him doubtfully.

"Yours!" repeated Gill. "He's yours!"

Again the boy glanced toward him and from him toward Aunt Fran. Then a mist stole over his eyes—and he smiled.

Hurriedly, Little Gill turned and started away, Aunt Fran at his side.

That night the Boss made a great to-do over it all, gruffly protesting, but, I'm pretty sure, inwardly pleased. "By ye gods o' war, between the two of you, you'll ruin me yet!"

EACH morning after the horses had received their work at the track, one might have observed an odd procedure there. But for the sheer pity of it and the seriousness of it, the whole might have been—shall I say amusing? The word seems ill-chosen. No sooner had the other horses returned to the stables than a strange trio approached the track. One shoulder sagging, one leg shorter than the other—these were the grim and enduring mementoes of his last race over the jumps in England—Little Gill soberly walked ahead. At his side was Emil, flashing quick glances about in tensed uncertainty, as he led old Trumpeter. The great shoulders of the horse, which was well over sixteen hands, rose above the boy's head; and now and again he lowered his ears and none too gently nosed the lad's shoulder.

To two of them at least it was serious business—so serious that the rest of us caught the spirit of it, and not even a stableboy ventured a jest. On they marched to the deserted track; the boy was tossed to the saddle and Gill took his place at the barrier; and then he was showing Emil how to hold the reins, how to remain secure with the short-hung stirrups, how to grip the horse's withers with his knees. A moment they stood at the post; then the barrier flashed up, and Trumpeter sprang ahead. Time and again they solemnly went through the procedure; and finally, sober as ever, they made their way back to the stables and the cooling-shed.

I supposed, of course, that Gill's idea was but to develop a comradeship with the boy and a self-reliance in him which, in time, would remove the fear that gripped him; but one day I found myself wondering. I saw Little Gill speak to the Boss, who nodded; and then, in a short while, three horses approached the barrier. One of them was Trumpeter, Emil upon him; Mary's Jim rode a three-year-old we were rounding into form, and a stableboy was on a filly we were planning to race.

The three of them came to the barrier; there was the usual bit of delay, what with one of them wheeling and crowding—and then "*Spi-n-n-g!*" sounded the barrier, and away the three went—three whirling bodies with three crouching forms atop them.

Gill must have read the question in my eyes. "You see, sir, getting him used to the wait at the post and the short stirrups and a four-pound saddle, but riding alone, was not enough. He can take old Trump now and give him a fair ride, rating him pretty well; but I was afraid he'd stand off, while the other boys were at work, and say to himself: 'Now, I can ride alone all right, but they can ride against others. I can't do that.' I want,"—he glanced over the infield,—"*I hope, sir, to get him so he'll think he can do what others do. If I can get him to do that—*"

IN April the races were to open at Lexington, and Oakmead was to have there a fair-sized string, including Mansard—the best two-year-old we had produced in years—and Trumpeter, now fresh after his rest on the farm.

"Whose name is old Trump going to run in?" asked the Boss one evening.

"Yours," replied Aunt Fran; and as she spoke, something in her manner told me she and Little Gill had again had their heads together.

"But he's not mine," protested the Boss. "You gave him to the boy—"

"That is true, my dear," agreed Aunt Fran; "but you have not recorded the transfer; so, for a while, we will let it remain as it is. You see," she added, smiling, "a boy cannot ride and own horses at the same time."

The Boss wheeled upon her. "Do you mean to tell me you are planning to allow that boy to ride at a regular race-meet?"

"Allow him? Ah, if it were only that!"

She paused, meditatively. "It will prove, perhaps, impossible to persuade him to ride. But"—she turned to Little Gill—"shall we try, my friend?"

He nodded.

She resumed her explanation to the Boss. "I feel—I know some of the fear has been driven from the boy's mind—or heart—or soul; but, there's some of it still there. He's still aloof—still removed from the rest of us. He knows us here at Oakmead—trusts us—and is not afraid of us; but he must brush elbows with mankind in the mass—with life. He must see that all of it is not harsh and cruel and bitter. He must, God willing, taste victory, for in it lies faith in self. If, but one time, he could see and feel that he too is a part of this scheme of things—"

AS a result of that conversation the Boss one evening shortly afterward made the announcement that, at the proper time, one Emil Bland would be granted an apprentice rider's license.

Little Gill undertook the difficult task of persuading him to ride in a race, and he proceeded in Gill's own way. Day by day he dropped seemingly casual remarks: "A bit tighter there. That's the boy! Always hold a firm line. It's a good habit to form. Some day you may be a regular jockey." Or, again, taking Emil by the wrists and turning his palms upward: "See those hands? They're what win horse-races. It's through them the horse talks to you—and you to him. If he's tiring or letting down, he tells you through your hands. If he's got a lot left and ready and eager to challenge, it's your hands that tell you. The feel o' the horse—what he can do and will do—creeps up to you through those ten fingers. His ears, his tail, even his breathing and his stride will fool you; but not that feel, once you've learned it, that steals up through your hands. Some day, when you're riding in the races before great crowds—" At times, the expression in the boy's eyes halted him. It was the look Emil had had during those days when he seemed ready to flee from us. . . .

The races at Lexington were but a week off when Gill definitely and frankly broached the matter to the boy. They were sitting before Gill's cabin, Emil silently looking on as Gill replaced a bit in a bridle. Leaning far over, as though to scrutinize the stitching, he began: "I think—you are ready to ride in a race."

The boy caught his breath. "I?"—wonderingly.

Gill nodded, slowly unbuckling a rein. "You see, you've learned plenty. You—why, right today, you can ride better than half the boys called jockeys." He turned to Emil, faintly smiling; but the boy, the fingers of one hand upon his chin, stared at him. For a long moment, Little Gill was silent; then, placing a light hand upon the boy's knee, he added:

"You see, Emil, we want you to. Miss Fran—and I—want you to carry the silks of Oakmead."

Slowly the boy rose, his lips nervously moving and his eyes upon Gill's face. He pointed vaguely toward the north with a shaking hand. "There? You mean—there?"

Again Gill nodded.

The boy leaned toward him. "Those people—all those people?"

"Yes."

The color had left Emil's cheeks, and his eyes were wide—"with some of the old fear," Gill later explained to me; then he turned and hurried away. . . .

A light burned late in Mercy Lodge that night. Knowing what had happened that day, I knocked on the door about ten o'clock, and I saw a look of disappointment flash across Little Gill's face as I entered.

"Emil—has gone?" I asked.

"Yes."

The thing gripped me. To think that per-







Open this book..



and  
give today's  
dinner—  
any dinner the  
Holiday touch!

IT'S EASY TO DO  
WITH JELL-O

OPEN your recipe booklet, "TODAY... what salad... what dessert?" (if you haven't already ordered your copy, we'll send one as fast as the mails can travel)—

Take one package of Jell-O down from your pantry shelf—

Select a recipe that calls for other materials you have on hand (fresh or preserved fruits, nuts, cream, etc.)—

And in scarcely more time than it takes to tell it, you'll have a *scrumptious* dessert or salad—one that will give your next meal the Holiday air!

For Jell-O, by its very nature, is a treat. Its sparkling color! Its melting tenderness! Its fruity flavor! Just try the recipes on this page. *Just try them!*

Important, too, is this: *Jell-O is very, very easy to digest.* You can serve festive Jell-O desserts, knowing that they aren't going to be "too much" for young digestions.

All Jell-O flavors come from fresh, ripe fruits. And Jell-O itself is always fresh, filled with flavor—the huge demand and skillfully sealed package take care of that. Be sure to get genuine *Jell-O*, with the name in red on the package. Your grocer has it—in five flavors.

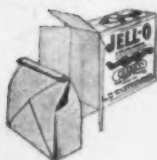
Send for that copy of the recipe booklet, "TODAY... what salad... what dessert?"—right now!

#### SPICED JELLIED PEACHES

(All measurements are level)

- |                         |                                       |
|-------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| 1 package Orange Jell-O | 1 cup peach juice, spiced             |
| 1 cup boiling water     | 1 cup peaches, cut in pieces, drained |

Dissolve Jell-O in boiling water. Add juice from spiced peaches or canned peach juice that has been spiced. Pour small amount into individual molds. Chill until firm. Add layer of peaches. When Jell-O is cold and slightly thickened fill moulds with it. Chill until firm. Serve as a relish with roast or fowl. Serves 6.



#### FRUIT PUDDING

(All measurements are level)

- |                         |                                 |
|-------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 1 package Cherry Jell-O | 3/4 cup nuts, chopped           |
| 1 pint boiling water    | 12 dates, chopped               |
| 3/4 teaspoonful salt    | 6 figs, chopped                 |
|                         | 1 banana, chopped               |
|                         | 1/2 cup seeded raisins, chopped |

Dissolve Jell-O in boiling water. Add salt. Chill. When slightly thickened, add fruit and nuts. Turn into mold and cool until firm. Serve with whipped cream. Serves 8.

© 1928, P. Co., Inc.

THE JELL-O COMPANY, INC. J. & W. 12-28  
LE ROY, NEW YORK

Please send me, *free*, the new recipe booklet, "TODAY... what salad... what dessert?"

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Fill in completely—print name and address  
In Canada, address the Jell-O Company of  
Canada, Ltd., 812 Metropolitan Bldg.,  
Toronto 2, Ontario

# JELL-O

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Five Flavors—  
From Fresh, Ripe Fruits

# Concerning fair, white hands and how to keep them fair and white



*Hands that reach up in  
tenderness can be as soft  
and cool as moonflowers  
... if they guard their youth  
by using a kind soap in  
all their working hours!*

**L**OVELY hands that speak  
a welcome . . . hands that  
express your every mood, now  
eloquent, now listening, now  
tender, now gay! Do you ever  
wonder how you can *keep* them  
soft and smooth when they are  
busy all day? Don't be discouraged.  
You can!

You may have thought that you  
must use rough-and-ready kitchen  
soap for your household tasks in order  
to keep things shining and spotless.

Yet you know that strong soap burns  
the skin, parches it into tiny lines and  
roughens its smooth texture so that  
lotions can't repair the damage.

**Ivory—whenever hands  
touch soap**

May we suggest that if you use Ivory  
whenever you use soap, your house

and everything in it will shine and  
sparkle, and your hands will be *pro-  
tected*—all at the same time?

Ivory will cleanse everything a  
stronger soap can cleanse—and much  
more pleasantly and safely. Ivory makes  
silver and china shine. Its pure, bland  
suds safely removes tiny finger marks  
from creamy woodwork or washes  
cheerful housedresses to smiling clean-

liness. And it *never* leaves a  
“laundry-soap” odor behind.

But even more important—  
Ivory helps your hands stay  
smooth and white. For after  
all, when you use Ivory for any  
soap-and-water task, you are  
merely giving your hands a *bath*  
with as pure and fine a toilet soap as  
you can buy . . . Ivory's purity pro-  
tects sensitive complexions and the  
skin of tiny babies . . . and if you  
wish, it can keep your hands lovely—  
to say the pleasant things that fair  
white hands can say so well.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

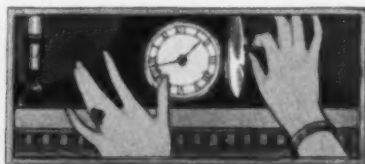
Free: A little book on charm. What kind of  
care for different complexions? For hands?  
For hair, for figures? Send a post card for *On  
the Art of Being Charming* to Winifred S.  
Carter, Dept. 28-L, Box 1801, Cincinnati, O.

## IVORY SOAP

Kind to everything it touches · 99 <sup>44</sup>/<sub>100</sub> % Pure · “It floats”



*Hands that set a charming tea table should  
themselves be ready for the occasion. They  
will be—if they use gentle, pure Ivory.*



*Quick, dextrous hands which keep a home  
bright also keep their own charm—if,  
when they use soap, they touch only Ivory.*





7

h  
m  
h  
ti

le

H

le

m

re

a

it

th

C

h

b

v

m

n

t

u

s

t

v

a

f

s

v

v

h

m

n

s

h

c

a

v

h

t

s

a

h

a

h

a

h

a

h

a

h

a

h

a

h

a

h

a

h

a

h

a

h

a

h

a

haps all he and Aunt Fran had accomplished might be erased! "Do you think he could have gone?" I waved my hand in the direction of Bogue Flat—"down there?"

He nodded.

I sat, all but exasperated at the little fellow's seeming apathy. "But that would be—Hadden't we better go to him?" I demanded.

For a long moment he glanced toward the low ceiling; then he turned to me, his hands rather helplessly lying upon his lap. "I think not, sir. If he's gone,—down there,—he's a reason for it—some reason we don't know, and maybe wouldn't understand. It seems—it seems bad, sir, to leave him alone; but then—"

I rose, glancing at my watch. "It's late, Gill."

"Yes sir; but I've a bit o' work I must have done 'fore morning. I'll just finish it before turning in."

As I left, I wondered if he fancied he was fooling me.

I learned the following day that it was near dawn when the boy returned, nervously moistening his lips as he furtively opened the door and stole in. Little Gill did not look up from his work as Emil, breathing rapidly, stood a moment and then seated himself on the edge of his cot. To all appearances Gill, who worked on, had not noticed the boy's absence.

That night, as we discussed the matter, I frankly expressed the opinion that I could see only failure ahead of them; and the Boss was even more emphatic.

"Stop where you are," he advised. "Let well enough alone."

"Well enough?" Aunt Fran glanced toward him.

"But you can't do it!" he fumed. "You've proven that. Aint I right, Gill?" he ungrammatically and heatedly demanded.

Gill glanced toward Aunt Fran. "I think, sir, that with patience, maybe—"

"Patience! By ye gods o' war, what else have you shown but patience? My advice is—drop it! It's a hopeless fight. And you?" he challenged, turning to Aunt Fran.

"What was it," she asked, smiling a little, "that American commodore, or admiral, said about just beginning to fight?"

"Bah!" the Boss snorted; but I noticed that as he prepared to leave the room, he lingered somewhat longer than usual over Aunt Fran's chair, and as his eyes followed the limping figure of Little Gill, there was something other than displeasure in his glance.

THE matter of professional riding was not again proposed to Emil. Each morning he gave Trumpeter his allotted work, and was rarely out of sight, during his waking hours, of the one thing that was his. During the day he loitered about the horse's stall, either fussing about the old fellow or else sitting before the half-door silently watching him.

I fancied during these days—and perhaps it was fancy only—that he seemed moodier than he had been; and I thought I saw evidences of his sometimes avoiding Little Gill. The thought struck me that perhaps the consciousness of failing or disappointing his friend and guide weighed upon him; but of this, of course, I could not be sure.

It was decided to start two horses the opening day—Mansard in the second race, which was for two-year-olds, and stanch old Trumpeter in the fourth, an all-age event at six furlongs.

"You will go with us?" Little Gill asked Emil. "Your horse is to run, you know."

For a moment the boy looked away, carefully considering the matter; then he turned to Gill and slowly nodded. I felt then and I feel now that he agreed only because he had disappointed him before, and hoped to make some amends.

The day before the opening, there was a downpour of rain, and night came on with a bite and wintry chill in the air. The day of

the race was murky and cold, and I found myself rapidly losing the hope I had fostered, for Mansard was not bred to run in the mud, and while old Trump had a chance in any sort of going, he liked a fast track.

It was a cheerless, dispiriting day. Dark clouds swept across the sky so low they seemed all but touching the trees upon the surrounding hills; and we huddled together in the Boss' box, shielding ourselves as best we could from the weather. Aunt Fran seated Emil between herself and Little Gill; and as I watched him, I saw his wondering eyes sweeping the half-filled stand, the track, the infield, the stables beyond—and now and again they peered in the direction of those low-lying lands which we call Bogue Flat. To the rest of us, it was a dreary day fraught with uncertainties; to him it must have been a maelstrom of bewildering events. More than once with the tense boy ready, it seemed, to spring from the box and flee from it all, Aunt Fran, smiling faintly, placed a light hand upon his arm—whereat he would glance up at her and then, reassured, for a moment relax.

The horses filed out for the first race, the boy watching them closely as they passed; and in a little while I saw him start at the cry: "They're off!"

WHEN the two-year-olds came out for the second race, he sat straighter, for he had caught sight of our colt Mansard—Number Five—with Mary's Jim upon him.

I saw his eyes brighten and his hands grip the back of the chair before him. And I was glad it was so—for perhaps, after all, he felt himself a part of Oakmead, and envisioned the silks of Oakmead finishing in front.

The start was across the track from us, and I strove to see the horses through my glasses, so that I might tell the others how Mansard and Mary's Jim were faring; but I could see them only uncertainly through the haze, and before I had them in focus, the shout, "They're off!" again arose about us. The horses made the far turn, and as they drew nearer, I saw they were well bunched. As they approached the head of the stretch, I caught Mansard clearly for a moment. "He's fighting for the lead!" I told them. "He should score—"

But I never finished the sentence.

"Great God! They're down!" I fancy I shouted it. In making the turn on the muddy track, something had happened. Mansard had fallen, and the horse just back of him, too close to clear the struggling barrier, fell over him.

I felt some one gripping my arm, shaking me; and looking down, I saw Emil, his face white as death, peering up at me, something in his eyes I had not seen there before. "Mary's Jim?" he whispered hoarsely; and again, clutching my sleeve: "Mary's Jim?"

The horse had got to its feet and was trotting away. I saw a limp figure lying at the edge of the muddy track.

"I'm afraid—" I began.

The Boss, who had watched the race from below, rushed up to the front of our box. "Wait here!" he ordered, and in another moment was hurrying toward the crowd that had formed about Jim.

When he returned, he sat for a little while silent, his chin in the cup of his hand. Then: "The boy's hurt—badly, I'm afraid. Barney's gone with him to the hospital."

"And Mansard?" I asked.

"Oh, he's all right—the pulling-out fool!" He wheeled upon me. "But what about Trumpeter? I want that race! Oakmead wants it—needs it! Who's to ride him? There's mighty little time left."

"Can't you get some other boy—" I began.

"Sure I can get some other boy—plenty of 'em; but what sort? There are precious few good ones here—and what few there are will already have mounts or are under contracts that would take time—" He glanced

at his watch. "Every boy can't ride old Trump. You've got to know him! He's a pet and all that—but make the wrong move and he can be as cantankerous as the worst of 'em. By ye gods o' war!" He rose, whipping off his hat. "Why didn't I scratch that colt?"

I heard a chair pulled back, and glancing about, I saw Emil standing at my side, his little figure stiffly erect, his eyes closed, his hands gripping the chair before him. Slowly he faced the south, his eyes opened, and as he peered toward the hidden lands of Bogue Flat, a faint smile lurked upon his lips. Then he turned to Aunt Fran, from her to Little Gill and, for a long moment, looking down at him, nodded. Neither spoke. There was no need of speech.

Gill turned to the Boss. "I think, sir," he began a little uncertainly, "if you'll let Emil ride—"

"Emil?"—incredulously. "Why—"

Aunt Fran laid her hand upon his arm. "I think," she suggested, "you had better hurry."

I waited in the paddock. I had wanted to say something or do something that would help the boy; but somehow I could think of neither word nor act that would make his burden lighter.

The crowd milled about me, but I was scarcely conscious of it until I heard a voice ask: "Who's this they've got up on Trumpeter?"

Another consulted a penciled memorandum on his program. "Boy named Bland."

"Who is he?"

The other shrugged his shoulders. "Some apprentice of Churchill's, I reckon."

"Can he ride?"

"Don't ask me! Never heard of 'im."

Now the horses were being walked about the paddock, old Trumpeter among them; and shortly I saw a trim-bodied mite of a man step upon the glistening weighing-in scales. The judge nodded, and the jockey walked toward the stall where would stand the horse he was to ride. Then another came and a third—and a fourth; and at this fourth, my eyes opened wider and I realized I was leaning rather heavily against the wooden wall. His face was pale, but his lips formed a thin straight line as he stepped upon the scales. I must have sighed audibly as I saw the judge perfunctorily nod and the boy start toward us.

And then he was at Trumpeter's stall. Little Gill's arm was about his shoulders and he was whispering to him. Ostensibly they were words of advice and instruction; but I knew another message lurked in his voice—a message of cheer and encouragement.

Finally a bell rang, and close upon the heels of it, came the bugle-call "Boots and Saddles." At the clear, ringing notes old Trumpeter's head went higher, for they were his call to battle; to him they were part of a martial litany, to which he would respond with sweeping strides and the courage of a stanch heart.

EMIL was tossed to the horse's back; as he fitted his feet in the stirrups and took the lines in his hands, I saw him peer down questioningly at Little Gill.

A piebald pony led the way, and five horses filed out upon a track ankle-deep in mud. Past the stands they walked, and turning, trotted or cantered over to the six-furlong pole. Little Gill and I stood watching them as they approached the barrier.

"I hope the boy fares well in his first race," I said.

Gill turned to me. "It's a long, long race he's riding, sir."

"Long? Six furlongs?"

He glanced toward the south. "I've an idea, sir, that he's riding clear away—from Bogue Flat."

I hurried up into our box, where I found Aunt Fran peering toward the point where she knew the race would begin.



"Emil?" she asked, in little more than a whisper.

I quoted the thought of Little Gill, and she touched my hand gratefully. Then: "The horses? Where are they now?"

I strove to see through the gloom. "At the post. There's some trouble getting them—"

I saw that her lips trembled. "The boy—is so alone!"

I laid my hand reassuringly upon hers. "Most of us are, I'm afraid, at the moment of our hardest fight."

The dark-hued clouds were scudding low, and the trees bent and swayed under the pressure of a moist wind. It was dark as late twilight; and I strained my eyes to find our colors in that moving splotch across the track.

"And—Trumpeter?" she murmured.

"It's so dark I can hardly—" I fumbled for my binoculars.

"Dark?" she repeated. "Why, I fancied it was clear! But don't bother, dear. Trumpeter, you know, is a gentleman!"

There was no need to say more, for about us rose the shout, "They're off!"—a roar that, seemingly pressed down by the murky air, rolled across the track and the infield and on toward the mist-shrouded hills beyond.

I saw the animate black splotch that I

knew to be five horses leap ahead into the gloom—the driving, hurtling forms were but darker shadows in a darkly shadowed world. As they raced and splashed and fought down the back-stretch, I peered through my glasses, striving to catch the gleam of the silks of Oakmead; but either the darkness or the shaking of my hand held from me that which I sought. They whirled into the stretch, and I could see them more clearly. For a moment I fancied I saw in the lead—

Suddenly a dark form flashed by—then another, and close behind them, three more. I found myself gripping the rail before me till the tips of my fingers burned; and still I gripped it as the horses, with flashing eyes and heaving sides and rapidly distending nostrils trotted back toward the stands.

One of them, spattered with mud, came up; but the crowd about me was silent. Another came—and a third; and still from the crowd there was no applause. Then a fourth came mincingly toward us, and as he neared the judges' stand, the crowd roared its greeting—its tribute and homage to a winner.

I leaned far over the rail, for I knew those muddled silks—and the drawn face and the glowing eyes of the boy that wore them. "Good boy!" I called; and I waved. "Good

boy!" It was all I could say, for there was something amiss with my throat.

Of a sudden I felt strangely alone. The crowd about me had seen the ending of a race—but I, the final curtain upon a living and throbbing drama! They had but marked a winning number posted; but I had seen the symbol of an enduring and hidden victory.

WE were back at the stables—the Boss, Little Gill, Emil and I. Slowly, under the shed, a stableboy led old Trumpeter around, while the rest of us silently looked on.

Suddenly the boy stepped away from us, and taking the horse's line, led him out into the open.

Pausing, with head upraised, his hands fell to his sides, the lines on Trumpeter hanging loosely. For a long moment he stood with his eyes closed and his shoulders squared to the sweeping wind, oblivious to the horse that nosed his shoulder and to the rest of us so intently looking on.

Then a smile, wistful but of courage, came to his quivering lips; and I heard him murmur: "Oh, *ma chère Maman, chère Maman!* Do you see, *chère Maman!* I'm not afraid now! I'm not afraid!"

## THE POOR RICH!

(Continued from page 64)

the pale level rays of sunshine which had struggled across the smoky purlieus of North River. And after a while Lucia dropped into the heavy sleep of a mind and body utterly weary.

### Chapter Twenty

LUCIA woke in the early afternoon, restored to sanity and balance. The events of the night before were no longer so lurid and sinister, and even Zoë's accusation against her father seemed but a reflection of too much going to movies and reading mystery stories. Lucia was not inclined to give Zoë a high rating in good sense. There remained then but the painful memory of Gadget's untimely end. Lucia could not honestly grieve for the slinky prince, but there is always something shocking and sobering in the sudden death of an acquaintance by strange unforeseen accident.

Kane brought in the papers, and Lucia searched them carefully. There was no sensational account, only unimportant paragraphs tucked away on inner pages. The name of Osgood was mentioned in none of these small notices. Lucia was puzzled. She sent word to Alden that she would like to see him; but Kane reported, via Hapgood, that Mr. Alden was out. So Lucia got up and dawdled about. There was a list of telephone-calls half a yard long—Mrs. Wheelwright, Tommy Driscoll, Eleanor Devlin, Imogene Perry, who was one of Zoë's intimates, Mrs. Wheelwright again, a persistent artist who had every intention of doing Lucia's portrait whether she wanted it or not. Lucia threw the list into the wastebasket and told Kane to say that she was not in to anyone except Miss Devlin, in case she called again.

She did not know whether to go out or not. There might be reporters hanging around. Better to wait for Alden. The servants, she thought, all looked excited and important, and as if they were dying to talk, but she asked them nothing. Their suspense, however, communicated itself to her, and she could find nothing to do to soothe her restlessness. What had happened to Zoë? Where was she? Where was Quincy D.? And how had Gadget managed to fall off a dock, if that was what he had done? Questions buzzed about in her head; and at last, desperately, she sat down and wrote a

letter to her father, telling him that she had met Rodman, and asking for the return of her manuscript as soon as possible. It was soothing to write to him, but brought with it a nostalgia for the dignity and order of the Thayer home. No ugliness entered there; nothing needed to be hidden; and you didn't, reflected Lucia, have to play a part for the benefit of servants! There were advantages in waiting on oneself that she had never dreamed of; she could see that now. Every person, every object added to existence had its inexorable demands, and the more that was added, the more artificial and forced became the owner's behavior.

At last Alden came in, frowning and disgusted.

"Some day! I've been bothered to death. Dragged out of bed this morning and chivvied about from one tiresome place to another. All because I had hired Gadget for tennis, you'd have thought I was his father or brother or something!"

"What happened? There wasn't a word about the family in the regular papers."

"No, Dad kept it out. He had his confidential man, Clyne, on the job the minute he heard of it, and got it all soft-pedaled. I don't know all the details; nobody does, apparently. It seems Gadget went out on a big toot last night with some fellow he picked up Lord knows where, another foreigner, and they made the grand speakeasy tour, and rode around in taxis, and finally their money gave out, so they couldn't ride any more, and in their wanderings they somehow got uptown and out on the Seventy-ninth Street pier and just naturally walked off it. Gadget couldn't swim, but the other fellow could, and he tried to hold Gadget up, but the tide was running fast and—well, poor old Gadget got swept away. A policeman saw them and tried to save them, but he only got the other chap, and he's in the hospital and pretty much all in. But I guess he'll come round. Clyne's looking after him."

"Then it was an accident!" said Lucia involuntarily.

"Well, for Pete's sake, what else could it be? I don't know why Gadget went off on such a sosh, but it seems he's been acting very strangely around the hotel, bragging and blowing that he was going to get a lot of money—he never said anything to me about it, but maybe he had an inheritance coming to him, and was celebrating. Where

am I going to find another man for my tennis as good as he was? That's what's on my mind. Well—I've got to go down and see Dad now—he sent for me."

"Is your father down at his office?" asked Lucia warily.

"No, he's at home. He sent Zoë away for a few days; he was afraid she was a little taken with Gadget and might pull some fool stunt, and I think he was right—I told him you'd spoken to me down at Southampton about how Gadget was hanging around her. Zoë always blabs whatever is on her mind, and if one of these slick reporters got hold of her, she's liable to pull a sob-stuff story that wouldn't be so good."

"Yes, I see," said Lucia, seeing infinitely more than Alden.

"I hope you've not been bothered, darling girl," he went on. "If any reporter gets in here, just you ring for Hap or the butler and have him thrown out on his neck. Those lads would slice their aged grandmother into cutlets for a front-page story."

"Fifi Wheelwright's been ringing up all day," Lucia told him. "I suppose she's heard it somewhere. I didn't talk to her."

"Ring up two or three good scouts and have them in for dinner, why don't you? We went out tonight, and it'll be dead to have nothing to do; I mean, while we're all full of gloomy thoughts about Gadget, you know."

THERE was only one more chapter, and a short one, to the Gadget episode. Zoë came back after a week's absence, a strange pale Zoë, with childishness gone from her eyes and lips. Lucia asked her nothing and Zoë told nothing—nothing, that is, but one thing. She told it as if she had committed it to memory, spoke it stiffly, woodenly. "I hope you'll forgive me for the wild things I said to you, Lucia. There was, of course, no truth in them. There was no reason why Gadget should marry me, except that I was fond of him and thought he was fond of me. I don't know why I ever told such a crazy tale, except that I believed, if I said that, he would marry me. And I wanted to marry him, then."

Lucia kissed her. "We'll forget all about it, everything," she said. "We'll never speak of it again. Don't you feel distressed, Zoë; every girl has a lot of affairs—you know it. Why, I used to think I was in love with half a dozen boys at home."

"Zoë's smile was crooked and sad. 'You're a dear.' She came close and whispered: 'And the other thing I said—about Dad—' 'Oh, heavens,' cried Lucia, 'you were overwrought and upset—you weren't responsible. You don't think I took that seriously, do you?'"

"Then that's all right." She sat still, looking at her hands, idle in her lap. They were plump, pretty, useless hands, and she twisted a glorious star sapphire ring as she talked. "Dad thinks I'd better go over to Mother and Irene for the winter. I don't want to go. They don't want me. Mother's never liked me, because I'm not as pretty as Irene. But Dad says I must go. I'd heaps rather stay here with you and Alden."

Lucia said what she could to console her, and was glad that she was going. The new scene, the new people, would distract her; and though Rhoda might not be much of a mother, Lucia felt sure that she was a competent chaperon. Zoë would be looked after sharply. That was something, thought Lucia, but hardly a substitute for maternal affection.

"And hundreds of tired little shopgirls and stenographers and clerks will read in the papers that the Osgood heiress has gone abroad for the winter, and they'll see a picture of Zoë, and they'll envy her," ran on Lucia's reflections. "But if they only knew it, she's nothing but a neglected, forlorn, misdirected big kid who needs a mother to hug her and make a fuss over her, and a job of hard work to discipline and develop her. Osgood heiress! Heiress to nothing but money!"

She wondered if she might ask Quincy D. to let Zoë stay, on her own promise to be with her and look after her, but when she saw him, she could not do it. There was something too forbidding, too final, in the way he spoke of Zoë's going. For the first time Lucia beheld Quincy D. inflexible and hard beneath his ordinary gray quiet; for the first time also, he was remote and unapproachable, to her. Yet he seemed to like her, and to trust her more than ever before. Even Alden commented on that. "You're ace-high with Dad, I tell you, Lucia," he said gayly. "He's always subtly hinting that you're a lot too good for me."

ALDEN was not going on with his tennis. "I can't find anybody who hits it off with me the way Gadget did," he said. "And I dare say it was all a pipe that I could have made the Davis Cup team. Tommy thinks so."

"But what does Tommy know about it?" asked Lucia.

"Oh, he's up on everything like that. He gets about a lot, Tommy does."

Lucia dismissed Tommy's knowledge. "Why don't you go down to your father's office and help him?" she asked. "I think he'd like it."

Alden looked at her quizzically. "The truth is, it bores me to death. I can't see myself sweating away the way Dad does, just to pile up more money."

"But your father doesn't do it for more money. He's built up a number of huge, complicated businesses, and they've got to be managed. They involve thousands of people; they're vital parts of the life of the whole country. And some day, Alden, they'll most likely be in your hands, whether they bore you or not. You ought to know about them. You're responsible for too much to slide out from under."

"Gee, Lucia, your eyes are wonderful when they sparkle like that." He lounged over to her, slipped an arm about her and gently kissed the back of her neck. "I didn't know you were so bright about things, Mrs. Osgood, before I married you."

"I didn't know it myself. I didn't have the least suspicion of what sort of life I was going into. But don't change the subject."

## How the LaSalle Problem Method Increases Your Salary



—How increased ability, developed through the solving of actual business problems, leads to promotion and a bigger pay check.

—A quicker, shorter cut to the kind of experience that pays big dividends.



No matter what you are making now, you are interested in any plan which suggests a practical way to increase your earnings—within a comparatively short time. There is such a plan—it is known as the LaSalle Problem Method—and its practical value is attested by thousands of men who have employed it to plus their native aptitude with systematic training. Read these typical experiences:

**From Clerk to Asst. Treasurer**—"I worked hard for four years in a clerical position and had plenty of opportunities, but was not fitted to accept them. I saw that something had to be done if I ever hoped to get ahead. I had never had any training in accountancy, but I enrolled for the LaSalle Higher Accountancy course. Today, just fifteen months later, I am Assistant Treasurer of my firm and enjoy the benefits of a 137 per cent increase in salary, and I have not yet finished the course."

PHILIP S. BLESSING, Pennsylvania.

**Now in Business for Himself**—"When I first took your course in Traffic Management, thirteen years ago, I was a bill clerk with the B. & O. Railroad—at a salary of \$55 a month. For the last five years I have successfully conducted a Freight Bureau of my own, through which I am now serving more than 500 clients. During these five years my income has averaged better than \$10,000 a year. I owe my success mainly to LaSalle training."

S. MOSS, Jr., New York.

**Steel Worker Becomes General Manager**—"For a number of years I was assistant roller at the Carnegie Steel Mills. Realizing that hands and feet would not do for me any longer, I decided to give my brain a business training. Today I am Treasurer and General Manager of W. C. DuComb Co., Inc., Detroit—with easier hours, work that I like, and a larger income. LaSalle has been the instrument to my success."

RALPH H. BERNDT, Detroit.

**Always a Bigger Opportunity Just Ahead**—"Before I had completed my first course with LaSalle, I got the chance I had been looking for—with this company, of which I am now Sales Manager. Since that time it seems as though one opportunity has followed another, just as fast as I could make myself ready. Incidentally my salary has been increased more than 500 per cent."

E. T. ORCUTT, New Jersey.

When thousands of men in the United States and Canada (not to mention many hundreds in England, Australia, China

and other foreign countries) choose the LaSalle Problem Method to speed their progress—when over 4,000 LaSalle members belong to the LaSalle One Hundred Per Cent Club, having more than doubled their incomes—when the average increase reported by other thousands is 89 per cent—surely the LaSalle Problem Method must offer an unusually sound way of securing quickly the kind of experience that can be cashed.

It does. And here is why:

### You Learn by Doing

Suppose it were your privilege every day to sit in conference with the head of your firm. Suppose every day he were to lay before you in systematic order the various problems he is compelled to solve, and were to explain to you the principles by which he solves them. Suppose that one by one you were to work those problems out—returning to him every day for counsel and assistance—

Granted that privilege, surely your advancement would be faster—by far—than that of the man who is compelled to pick up experience hit-or-miss.

Under the LaSalle Problem Method you pursue, to all intents and purposes, that identical plan. You advance by solving practical problems.

Only—instead of having at your command the counsel of a single individual—your Chief—you have back of you the organized experience of the largest business training institution in the world, the authoritative findings of scores of able specialists, the actual procedure of the most successful business houses.

Thus—instead of fumbling and blundering—you are coached in the solving of the very problems you must face in the higher positions. Step by step, you work them out for yourself—until, at the conclusion of your training, you have the kind of experience for which men are willing and glad to pay real money.

### Send for Salary-Increasing Plan

The details of the LaSalle Problem Method—often spoken of as the salary-increasing plan—will be sent you for the asking. Whether you adopt the plan or not, the basic information it will place in your hands, without cost, is of very real and definite value. And—it's FREE.

Balance the two minutes that it takes to fill out the coupon against the rewards of a successful career—then clip and mail the coupon NOW.

## LaSalle Extension University

THE WORLD'S LARGEST BUSINESS TRAINING INSTITUTION

### Find Yourself Through LaSalle!

LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY, Dept. 1266-R CHICAGO

I would welcome an outline of the LaSalle plan, together with a copy of "Ten Years' Promotion in One," all without obligation.

- ☐ Business Management: Managerial, Sales and Executive positions.
- ☐ Higher Accountancy
- ☐ Expert Bookkeeping.
- ☐ C. P. A. Coaching.
- ☐ Modern Salesmanship.
- ☐ Traffic Management.
- ☐ Railway Station Management.
- ☐ Modern Business Correspondence.
- ☐ Stenography—Stenotypy

- ☐ Law: LL.B. Degree.
- ☐ Industrial Management.
- ☐ Modern Foremanship.
- ☐ Personnel Management.
- ☐ Banking and Finance.
- ☐ Credit and Collection Correspondence.
- ☐ Business English.
- ☐ Commercial Law.
- ☐ Telegraphy—Railway and Commercial.



free!  
mail  
coupon  
now

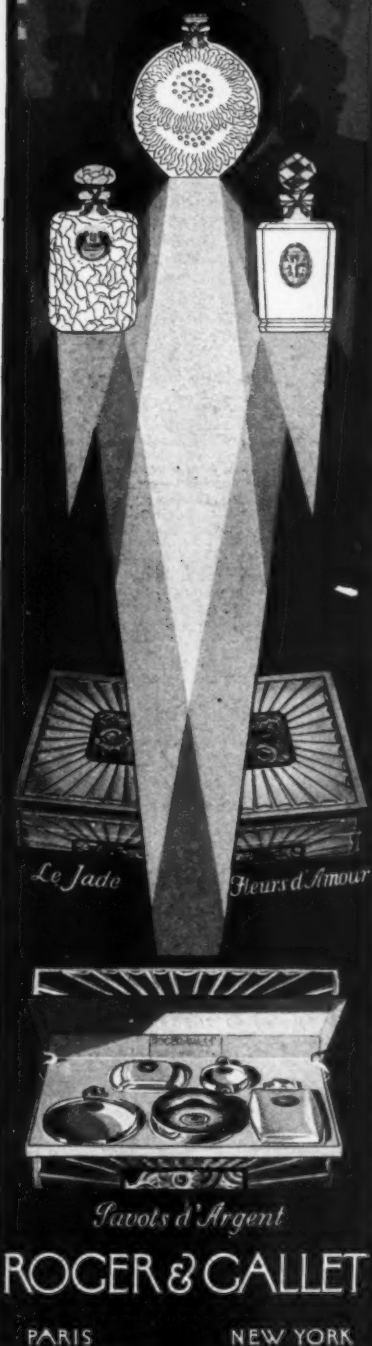
Name

Present Position

Address



# ECHOES of FRAGRANCE



In spite of all these kind words, I still feel you ought to get to work."

"But darling girl, I don't like it. And if I ever inherit the stuff Dad's got, I'll simply hire people to run it all. I couldn't be bothered."

"But you'd not even know how they were being managed, Alden. People might be cheated, or abused, or even ruined, and you wouldn't know it. Yet you'd be responsible, because you were the owner."

"Oh, I'd chance that. The worst thing about it is that I might be cheated myself, but I don't believe that's likely. And anyway, Lucia, darling, what is the use of bothering about something which hasn't happened? Let's think up something to do to amuse ourselves—that's the important thing."

It was to him, she knew, always the important thing. She tried to tell herself that he would get over it, he would tire of excitement and playing about, much as he tired of everything else. Then he would be willing to do his part in his father's intricate and expertly maintained system—always provided that the wealth to which he was accustomed had not calloused and blunted his feelings of accountability for so much fortune. His feelings of accountability! Lucia wondered painfully if he had the least vestiges of them.

**R**ESOLUTELY she turned herself to her own affairs. Her father had sent back her Bravierre manuscripts with many suggestions and corrections, and she had toiled over them again. At last she had taken them down to Preston Rodman's office, and offered them, timidly enough, asking him to be quite frank in his opinion.

"I'm never anything else," he told her. "Hedging never pays anybody."

Lucia liked the atmosphere of his office, the plainness, the feeling of competency, the busy interest. It gave her a feeling of reassurance and safety to see people of her own kind working, and clearly enjoying it. "I wish I had something to do here," she said, as she was leaving.

"We could use another translator, now and then," said Rodman, amused by her wistfulness. "I take it you're not looking for a steady job."

Lucia laughed and went her way. A few days later Rodman called her on the phone to tell her that he liked the English version of the essays very much, and would bring it out as a book in the spring, if arrangements could be made with the French publisher.

"You have done them with a great deal of style," he went on. "Now any time you want that job you were talking about, let me know. And if you'll take another book to translate, I've got one here I'd be glad to have you consider."

**S**O this was a fine piece of news to tell James and Annie Thayer when they came up to the city to stay with Lucia and Alden over Thanksgiving. Alden received it with less acclaim.

"Why do you want to bother with that sort of thing?" he grumbled. "I suppose that fellow Rodman wants to use your name some way."

"Somebody is always taking the joy out of life," said Lucia. "As a matter of fact, Mr. Rodman cares a great deal about my name,—but my maiden name,—and it's that I'm using on the Bravierre book, and shall keep on using in all the translations I make."

"But what are you doing that for?" asked Quincy D. Lucia could not help a certain satisfaction in her answer. "Well, you see, as the daughter of James Thayer, I get quite a lot of prestige, right off the bat, Father's so well known, and made so much of among the *intelligentsia*." She gave James Thayer a mischievous glance. "Oh, yes, dear, you

are. And amongst the *cognoscenti* also; if you get what I mean. So, as Lucia Thayer, I pin my toy balloon to his airplane, and expect to fly high, though far below and behind him."

It was dull to see the expressions of Alden and his father. "The first time, apparently," Annie Thayer said tartly to James afterward, "that they heard of anything money couldn't buy."

Yet Quincy D. and Alden were sincerely hospitable to the Professor and his wife, without hint of patronage. Lucia's parents took her surroundings in highly characteristic ways: James Thayer ignored the luxury of the apartment and looked out of the windows, never tiring of the marvelous view of the city; and Annie Thayer went over each piece of furniture, each textile, each ornament with an absorbed enjoyment not quite untinged by suspicion of so much value. For diversions they had the opera, and as many theaters and concerts as they could crowd in, drives in the Osgood cars, and a dinner for which Lucia selected the guests, and at which Alden almost passed away with ennui.

Tilly Barton was there, to talk music, Eleanor Devlin and Preston Rodman for life and letters; a charming old Frenchman named Morain, sent by the Bravierres with a letter of introduction; and the Tupper-Gordons, who, as Lucia knew they would, took their cue from the occasion and talked as intelligently as they knew how. Quincy D. and Cousin Caroline Whitaker rounded out the table, which was, without question, dominated by James Thayer. His unconscious distinction, his wit, his eminent learning, and his beautiful worn gentle face crowned with gray hair made him chief of the company, without effort, without question. Quincy D. was nobody beside him. "I wish Noel Trevor could see the father of the pauper," thought Lucia wickedly.

## Chapter Twenty-one

**A**FTER Lucia's parents had gone, a strange lassitude fell upon her. She could not force herself to any activity. Even the new book to translate turned flat, stale and unprofitable, and she took her pencil in her hand only to drop it again in disgust.

She was, she discovered, oddly emotional, and to hear music, or to see a moving scene in a play, brought her near to tears. She went with Alden to the entertainment he enjoyed, boxing matches, wrestling bouts, hockey games, and watched them with absolute detachment—they were to her like little animated figures seen through the wrong end of an opera-glass. As for the parties which Tommy was constantly organizing at Alden's bidding, though Lucia went to them, she was only a ghost in the rackets gayety. And she did not have the energy to work out any more agreeable existence of her own. The days slipped by like shadows. "What is the matter with me?" was her constant question.

At last her flesh rebelled, and as she was dressing for a party, she suddenly told Kane to put her frock away, that she was not going, she didn't feel equal to it, she was going to bed and stay there.

"My head aches," she said. "I'm tired all over."

Alden came rushing in, all solicitude, when this message was brought him. "Darling girl, what's the matter? I've had Hap phone for Doctor Pearson; he'll be right here to see you. You say your head aches? Do you feel sick anywhere else? Tell me—"

"It's just my head," said Lucia wearily, "and I don't need a doctor."

"But you do! If you don't need him, I need him for you. You've not been feeling right for two or three weeks, and I've got



to know if it's anything serious. I can't let you be sick, Lucia. I'm going to have Hap send for a nurse, too."

In spite of her weariness, Lucia smiled. "Alden, you're perfectly ridiculous. Calm down and see what the doctor says."

"Well, I'll tell Hap to phone Tommy that the party's off so far as I'm concerned."

"I'd rather you'd go and have a good time."

THE doctor's entrance prevented further controversy. He was an elderly bluff giant who greeted Alden with a jovial clout over the head.

"Get out of here, young feller-me-lad, till I talk to your wife," he commanded. Then to Lucia: "Brought him and Irene and Zoë into the world, you know, and dosed 'em all for measles and mumps and general badness—never made any impression on the last; they had too much of it." And he went off into sonorous mirth which lightened Lucia's mood at once. Doctor Pearson was a real person. He sat down beside her, asked a few questions, casually felt of her pulse and looked at her tongue, and gave the impression that the whole affair was of small importance.

Then he smiled cheerfully and said, with a quick nod: "You're all right. Perfectly all right. You're going to have a baby, that's all. And since you're a normal healthy young woman, you're going to lead a healthy normal life until it's time for it to be born. Now, don't make big eyes at me. There's nothing to be scared about; it happens every day." He laughed again, hearteningly. "Quincy D. 'll be the happiest man in the world when he knows his son is going to have a son to carry on the Osgood name. He never did think much of Irene's young ones. Well—want me to break the news to Alden?"

"No," said Lucia, rallying. "I want to keep to the traditions of books and whisper it cooly into his ear myself."

Doctor Pearson's haw-haw shook the bottles on the dressing-table. "That's right. Or how about sewing on a little white garment like they do in the movies? Ever go to the movies? They're my great dissipation, the damned things are so damned foolish. You take it easy today, and I'll be in tomorrow morning and talk to you a couple minutes about diet, exercise and such. Going to limit you to a dozen cocktails a day and three packs of cigarettes?"

"I don't smoke. But it's going to be hard to do with a dozen cocktails only."

"Well, if you're a good girl maybe I'll let you have fifteen. How's that?" He put his great paw over her head, and dropped his facetiousness. "You're all right, child. And this is a normal, natural business—don't forget that. And if you want me, I'm right around the corner. Don't get panicky."

"I'm not panicky. I was never so happy in my life."

"That's the spirit."

WHEN he had gone, she lay still, thinking. She was, as she had said, very happy, and her soul-sickness had vanished. She felt well and strong and avid of life once more. Now she had a reason for living; now she had something to do, significant, glorious. She told Kane to ask Alden to come back, and in a moment he was there, anxious, worried. When she told him, his look of anxiety was succeeded by blank annoyance.

"Darling girl—I suppose I ought to be glad, if you are, but—I hate to have the whole winter spoiled for you."

"Spoiled, Alden—spoiled!"

"You know what I mean—you won't be able to go about much, or dance, or entertain, or have much of a good time. Your first season. It's a damn' shame."

She recalled the talk they had had on

that summer evening in Versailles, and the one allusion he had made to it afterward. The last helped her.

"Oh, but Alden, you're going to have a son to train up to be another Tilden," she pointed out. "Think of that."

But Alden wagged his head. "I could do without him," he said grudgingly. "I always think these men bragging about their kids and dragging them around with them look like perfect fools. Bore you to death with insane stories of what the brats say. I know—I've seen it."

"You'd feel differently about your own. Everyone does."

"And then there's the danger to you—and the pain you'll suffer. I don't want anything to hurt you, Lucia."

"You're hurting me when you talk like that! Stop being a gloom, this minute. I won't listen to you. You go down and tell your father and see if he isn't pleased to pieces."

"Oh, Dad'll be pleased." Always the mention of his father diverted him, changed his train of thought. "Yes, he'll be awfully pleased. I believe I'll go right down and tell him tonight. It'll serve very well to lead up to a touch—I'm pretty well broke this month. I've been thinking about starting a racing-stable, too."

Lucia sat up straight in bed. "You can tell your father, if you like, but don't you follow it up with asking him for money. I won't have it! I won't have the first knowledge of my child traded on! How could you think of anything so cheap, so mean—?" She stopped aghast.

Alden was not offended. "It's my child too, isn't it? And if his father's broke, he ought to be glad to help me out—if he's going to be the right sort of a child, I mean." He grinned his inimitable boy's grin at Lucia. "You little spitfire, you little scamp! Don't you bring up my boy to be sharp with his poor old father!"

LUCIA laughed; they both laughed. "We're a pair of idiots," she said. "Go on, and tell your father, and be nice about it."

Quincy D., as Doctor Pearson had prophesied, was more than delighted with the news. He would have surrounded Lucia with a retinue of nurses and specialists. "Pearson's eminent in his way, but he's getting old; he's not the last word," he said. But Lucia would permit nothing of the sort. Too many people, she insisted, would make her nervous—they'd be in the way. Moreover, she liked and trusted Doctor Pearson. With some difficulty she carried her point, and Quincy D. gave in, but she was sure that the system of espionage she suspected him of maintaining with the servants was strengthened, for the extra maid was dismissed and the one who took her place was, Lucia divined, a trained nurse masquerading to be on hand if needed. She didn't mind that particularly, though she resented the idea of it. If Quincy D. wanted to play the all-seeing eye, she knew he would do it, that she could not prevent him, and he would never be able to understand why she felt his concealed oversight an infringement of her personal rights. In the matter of the nurse she knew he wanted to be kind, to do what was best for her, and there was something engagingly naïve in his belief that he alone knew what this was.

Moreover, she was aware that his affection for her was real, that he trusted her as much as he trusted anyone, and far more than he trusted most people. He came to her with a generous check, and an announcement. "I'm increasing your trust fund," he said. "You'll have thirty-five thousand a year after this."

"I don't want it, I really don't. I've plenty. I've too much."

"You might need it. I don't want you to be skimmed on anything."

## As told to Princess Pat by 10,000 Men



## "WOMEN use too much ROUGE"

THE MEN, poor dears, are not quite correct. They judge by appearances solely. What they really protest is the "painted look"—and "too much rouge" is not really a question of quantity. It is a matter of kind; for even the tiniest bit of usual rouge does look unreal.

Women have startling proof of difference in rouges once they try Princess Pat. Have you sometimes watched fleecy clouds at sunset shade from deepest rose to faintest pink, every tone pure and luminous? So it is with Princess Pat rouge. Every tone is pure and luminous, seeming to lie beneath the skin and not upon it. You obtain more, or less, color by using freely or sparingly. There is never the unlovely "painted look" to which men object.

Purity, delicacy, the most costly color tints, and a secret formula combine to make Princess Pat the most natural rouge in the world. Blonde and brunette, use any and all of the six Princess Pat shades with perfect effect.

### Velvet Your Skin with Princess Pat Almond Base Face Powder

Velvet is just the word; for the soft, soothing Almond Base imparts to Princess Pat an entirely new "feel," makes its application a veritable caress. Most powders contain starch as a base—hence their drying effect. The Almond in Princess Pat definitely helps the skin, assists it to remain pliant and fine of texture. And there has never been a powder to go on so smoothly, or cling so long—never because only in Princess Pat do you find the soft, naturally adherent Almond Base—instead of starch.

Princess Pat Almond Base face powder now comes in two weights. Medium weight in the familiar oblong box—lighter weight in the new round box. It has been possible because of the Almond Base to make the lighter powder just as clinging as the medium.

### Wonderful New Color for Lips

Just what you've wanted—lip rouge that colors the visible part of the lips and that also adheres to and colors the inside, moist surface. Thus, parted lips show beautiful color all the way back—no unlovely "rim" of color as with usual lipsticks.

### Try the Seven Famous Aids-to-Beauty in Princess Pat Week End Set

This is really an "acquaintance" set—enough of each preparation for a thorough trial—enough for two weeks. And the beauty book sent with set contains information on skin care of real value—besides artful secrets of make-up which vastly enhance results from rouge, powder and lip rouge.

Get  
This  
Week  
End  
Set—



SPECIAL

The very popular Princess Pat Week-End Set is offered for a limited time for this coupon and 25c (cash). Only one to a customer. Set contains exactly a month's supply of Almond Base Powder and SIX other delightful Princess Pat preparations. Packed in a beautifully decorated box. Please act promptly.

PRINCESS PAT LTD.,  
2709 S. Wells St., Dept. 27-C Chicago  
Enclosed find 25c for which send me the Princess Pat Week End Set.

Name [print].....  
Street.....  
City and State.....

## Among those presents

RIGHT up in the front rank of things to give for Christmas put Eveready Flashlights. Not only because that's one of the easiest and most successful ways out of the Christmas-gift dilemma, but because it's the *sensible* thing to do.

Everybody, from six to sixty, wants a genuine Eveready. Not just "a flashlight," but a genuine Eveready. Yes, it's important to insist on this point. Genuine Evereadys have ALL the newest and best features. There are models and types for every possible purpose.

This year, brighten the lives of all to whom you give. Start them right with the flashlight habit, that national movement to save skinned shins, banged heads and ripped clothes. Give them the world's best portable light-maker—a genuine Eveready Flashlight.



**Easy to Play to Pay**

**Only a Buescher**

Saxophone gives you these extra features—Snap-on Pads, greatest improvement, easy to replace, no cementing—Patented Automatic Octave Key—perfect Scale Accuracy—convenient key arrangement.

**Be Popular Socially**

**Earn Extra Money**

Playing a sweet-toned Buescher, 10 evenings—one hour each—will astonish and please you. It's fun with a Buescher. Tell us what instrument you are interested in. We'll do the rest. (460)

**Buescher Band Instrument Co.**  
2522 Buescher Block, Elkhart, Ind.

**6 DAYS' TRIAL**

You can get any Buescher instrument on six days' trial, and pay for it on easy terms to suit your convenience. Write for details and free literature.



**The Best Gift for Christmas**

For a permanently useful gift, that will be treasured long after the average holiday trinket is forgotten, select

**WEBSTER'S NEW INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY**

**The Merriam-Webster**

*The "Supreme Authority"*

in courts, colleges, schools, and among government officials both Federal and State. 452,000 entries, including 408,000 vocabulary terms, 32,000 geographical subjects, 12,000 biographical entries. Over 6,000 illustrations and 100 valuable tables.

Send for new richly illustrated pamphlet containing sample pages of the New International—FREE if you mention Red Book.

**G. & C. Merriam Company, Springfield, Mass.**

The old-fashioned country word against the sum he had mentioned made a droll contrast. "I don't want it. I won't use it," she repeated stubbornly.

This he disregarded. "Pass it on to Rhoda or Zoë, then; they never have enough," he said dryly. "Or maybe Alden can help you out. What d'you think of Alden's latest scheme—this racing-stable?"

"What do you think of it?"

"Maybe it'll keep him out of mischief. And it can't cost more than a yacht of his own."

"Alden doesn't get into mischief."

"No," said Quincy D.; "he's not got the guts even for that."

LUCIA fired with anger. "If he hasn't, it's your fault. You've never made him work; you've never taught him that he's got to give something back for what he gets out of life; you've let him grow up irresponsible; you've catered to his whims; you don't let him take a man's part in the world. It's a wonder to me he's as sweet-natured and as good as he is."

"Maybe you're right," said Quincy D. after a moment of silence. "I was a very busy man when he was little, and his mother had the say about his bringing-up. Then when she decided that America wasn't good enough for her to live in, and he fell into my hands, I couldn't do much with him. His brains never seemed to get any real bite in 'em. But I thought, this racing-stable, now—he could buy a place down on Long Island, and live down there a good part of the year, and be out of town and away from his gang he trains around with, and maybe he'd make something out of it, give him time. You wouldn't mind living in the country, would you? Under the circumstances, I mean."

"No," said Lucia, "I'd love it. But I want to furnish the house myself, in my own way."

"Of course you can. Maybe you'd rather have fixed up this apartment yourself. Why in time didn't you tear it all up and do it over? I wouldn't have minded. I only had it done before you got here because I thought you ought to have a nice place of your own to walk right into. But I can see your point."

"I like this apartment awfully as it is, truly. And I wouldn't dream of being so wasteful and extravagant as to do it all over. Only, I thought—a house in the country—and I'm not going to be able to go out so very much—to furnish and fix it up would give me something perfectly enchanting to do."

"You shall have everything you want, and do exactly as you want," promised Quincy D. "Only take care of yourself."

HARD on the heels of the ten-thousand addition to her yearly income came a check for a hundred and fifteen dollars from Rodman's publishing house for her work on the Bravierre essays. Lucia had chosen to accept a very small per cent of the royalty. Naturally, the essays would not have a large sale, and in the note that came with the check Rodman apologized for its smallness. "For translating this other book," he wrote, "I am prepared to pay you the lump sum of five hundred dollars, if this is satisfactory."

Lucia replied that the amount was perfectly satisfactory. She took the first little check to a savings-bank and opened an account with it. "Just for the fun of it, I'll see if I can earn as much as Kane in the course of a year," she thought.

She was glad that Alden had something to do which consoled him partially for the loss of his winter's plans. He had wished Lucia to give a series of dinner dances and two formal balls, as well as any number of smaller parties. Now the big affairs were

impossible, and the smaller ones had to be simplified, for she was barred from late hours and excitement. Alden moped and was peevish under these restrictions, and though Lucia was more than willing that he should go out without her, and urged him to do it, he said he didn't enjoy it. Still, he didn't enjoy himself at home with her. He had a radio put in, and he would fiddle with that, or run the phonograph or the mechanical piano, and jig about, and once in a long while read a few chapters of a detective story—but after that his resources were ended. Lucia asked a few people in to dinner and bridge usually, if they were not going out, for she came to hate these restless idle evenings with him as much as he did. She did not refuse the noisy wild crowd that Alden preferred, because she could slip away from them into the library and read while they played and drank; but Alden was piteously bored by her friends, so she had them only when he was going to be away. Their happiest and most successful times were when they went together to the theater, and on for supper in some of the more ventilated night-clubs. They always saw girls and men they knew, so that Alden could dance, and Lucia was not left with no one to talk to her.

## Chapter Twenty-two

THE buying of the place on Long Island did not help to much more community of interest, because their ideas and wishes were so widely divergent. Alden wanted a huge estate with a house as big as Madison Square Garden, imposing grounds, a thousand acres of land, and everything else on a grandiose scale. Lucia did not care how much land he bought, but she wanted a simple house—an old farmhouse enlarged a little and made comfortable was her ideal, but Alden hooted at that. "You'd like to live in a dump with four rooms and no bath, I believe," he teased her, half scolding, half joking. "Tin wash basin and a pump painted blue!"

"Oh, paint the pump yellow with blue trimmings," urged Lucia. "You want to live in Buckingham Palace, with footmen in scarlet coats to salute every time you go in and out."

Quincy D. took sides definitely with Lucia. "Better not get anything too fancy till you know whether you're going to keep it longer than a year or so," he advised. "That's about as long as most enthusiasms last." To his words he added action. He put Clyde on the job, and shortly thereafter Lucia and Alden were notified that the old Burradine place, with its unpretentious low rambling white house, its excellent stables and small track, and its two hundred acres of farm land had been transferred to their name. Alden grumbled a good bit at this going over his head, but as Tommy pointed out to him, he was now free to buy horses, and this appeased him.

The announcement of their purchase was the signal for a swarm of architects and decorators and landscape and garden experts to descend upon them. These Alden evaded, and turned over to Lucia, and in her struggle against them she realized more of the inconveniences of the wealthy. There was no mode of approach they did not make. Every friend she had, every acquaintance who knew anyone in these three professions, was besieged for letters of introduction to young Mrs. Osgood, and usually gave them. Armed with these, and their most advanced line of selling-talk, in which artistic appreciation loomed large, and prices were never mentioned, the hordes fell upon Lucia without mercy. The house was presented to them in turn transformed to an Italian villa, a Spanish casa, an English half-timbered, a French chateau, a Colonial mansion and all



the varieties of all these! The interior took on more colors and designs than Joseph's coat; the garden varied in all directions from strictly formal to, as one gushing little landscape architect lady remarked, "a tangled wilderness of dreams." Blue gardens, yellow gardens, white gardens, rock gardens, annual gardens, perennial gardens, rose gardens, water gardens, herb gardens, old-fashioned gardens and cubistic gardens were urged on Lucia, with a persistence at which she first marveled, then dreaded, then combatted with a rudeness she had not suspected herself to possess. "I beat them off with blows and curses," she told Alden. "Fly to it, darling girl," he encouraged her. "Your worst is none too good for them."

IN the end she hired a plumber to put in two more baths, and a couple of painters and paper-hangers by the day—to freshen the old rooms. She let the garden alone, to see what would come up in it in the spring. She neglected her translations, and as Alden complained, practically abandoned her husband for the pleasure of buying furniture. She made most of the curtains with her own hands, assisted by Kane.

For all this she had the pleasure of hearing herself spoken of as "one of the typically penny-pinching rich," and all of Alden's friends laughed at her. Kathleen Trumbull had returned, and laughed loudest of all. But Lucia laughed back. "If any of you do anything you get half as much fun out of as I do out of this, let me hear of it," she said serenely.

Another annoyance to Lucia was the horde of newspaper and magazine people who, with photographers, dogged her steps. "Wife of Young Millionaire Decorates Own Country Home," illustrated, was the story of the hour, though Lucia gave no interviews and refused to admit reporters and camera men to the grounds. Refusing admittance was, she discovered, an idle gesture. They bribed the caretaker; they came disguised as agents, tourists, applicants for jobs, what-not—they broke locks and climbed in at windows; they followed the workmen home and wheedled information out of them. Not until Quincy D. had a squad of watchmen and private detectives to guard the place was Lucia secure from the invasion of the press. She began to understand why millionaires are generally considered cold and aloof.

Quincy D. explained to her that he did not want to bring pressure to bear on the papers and journals to leave her alone. "It's not important enough. No use wasting power killing a mosquito. This is annoying, but it'll soon pass. Something sensational will happen and you'll be forgotten. Besides, it's good publicity for you to be seen in a nice domestic rôle."

SHE listened, and felt faintly sick. It was all so abnormal, it made her simplicity seem a pose, a lie. She realized that she was changing, that she no longer believed what people said to her, that she regarded every suggestion with the suspicion that she was being used or exploited. The endless charities that solicited her, the innumerable oh-so-worthy individual cases which were thrust under her nose—the poor young girls who needed just a little help in their musical careers, or the young playwright who could easily outwrite Eugene O'Neill, given a year of leisure from financial worry, the artist who must sell only one picture to some person of prominence to have success assured, the lame, the halt, the blind, the sick, the sorry—all stretched itching fingers toward young Mrs. Osgood's purse.

Quincy D. advised her to hire a secretary, but she didn't want any more people around her; and when she said so, with passionate emphasis, Quincy D. was silent. He gave her her own way in everything just now.

# B because you like it and because . . .

## Beeman's PEPSIN GUM

### aids digestion



The fresh flavor and smooth quality in Beeman's Pepsin Gum alone would make it a favorite—and for over 30 years it has been the choice of discriminating people because it also aids digestion. Don't forget your stick of Beeman's Pepsin Gum after meals!

## Why I can't imitate 4 Hawaiians

Joe Cook



JOE COOK—he who has played in vaudeville and Broadway musical comedy with equally immediate success is perhaps best known for his hilarious story, "Why I can't imitate four Hawaiians."

"THE FOUR HAWAIIANS are so terribly sensitive that they need an audience as silent as silent can be.

"Coughers in the audience can kill the funniest lines. So, until everybody in the theatre has a box of Smith Brothers' Cough Drops ready for emergency use, I can't imitate four Hawaiians."

Unpleasant and dangerous coughs and colds—most of winter sicknesses—start right in the throat. Smith Brothers' Cough Drops protect you! They soothe irritation, clear away hoarseness, relieve cigarette-dryness and—as everyone knows—they stop coughs!

5c Two kinds: S. B. (black) or the new Menthol. Keep a box handy always.





## High Lights of Travel Round the World



## Find the Woman!

THE time-honored adage, "Find the woman," which might be expanded into—"When there's trouble, look for the woman behind it!"—has been confirmed by many events of history. An example is found in the half-legendary story of the fall of imperial Visby, one of the most powerful cities of the Middle Ages and stronghold of the Vikings, which was delivered to its enemies by a maiden.

Long before the perilous voyage of the sturdy Northmen to North America, Visby, on the island of Gotland, off the Swedish Coast, had reached the height of its power. To its port the ships of all nations brought their choicest treasures,—gold, silver, precious stones, spices and silks, from the fabled lands of the Orient. An old rhyme tells us that the burghers of Visby were so rich that "their pigs ate from silver troughs."

The city's wealth and commercial prestige roused the jealousy of its neighbors. But it was not until the latter half of the fourteenth century that an enemy succeeded in penetrating its walls. The story goes that Valdemar, King of Denmark, disguised himself as a Gotlander and gained entrance to Visby. He soon won the love of the Burgomaster's daughter and persuaded her to steal for him the key to the gate of the city, from beneath her father's pillow.

So the Danish army surprised the burghers of Visby and defeated them after a fierce struggle. To save their city from total destruction, the inhabitants were forced to deliver to the conquerors, as ransom, three enormous hogsheads filled with gold coin and jewels.

King Valdemar gave no further thought to the Burgomaster's daughter, after the victory. He took

his ransom and sailed away, leaving her to the vengeance of her fellow-townsmen. How they dealt with her is still told the visitor to Visby when he is shown the Jungfrutornet or "Maiden's Tower"—one of the thirty-eight mediaeval turrets which have withstood the centuries. Local tradition has it that the foolish maiden was walled up within this tower and left to her fate.

Whatever the real reason for Visby's fall in 1361, this event marked the swift decline of the city's influence. Today, the great wall, two miles long, the gaunt towers, the ruins of the magnificent thirteenth-century cathedrals, and countless other ivy-covered remains of past grandeur, re-tell for the modern traveler the proud story of Visby's former greatness. This "City of Ruins and Roses" embodies the finest traditions of the Scandinavian people and keeps alive the ancient glories of the Vikings.

On the mainland of the Scandinavian peninsula, as well, there are many other reminders of a civilization which goes back five thousand years—a long saga of courage and achievement. Natural wonders, such as fjords, lakes and primeval forests, provide a variety of inspiring beauty. Delightful modern cities are rich in scenes of historic significance. Colorful national festivals give the countryside the atmosphere of perpetual holiday.

Anyone who is bored with the monotony of his life is confessing his indifference to the living panorama of adventure and beauty which lies within easy reach. Travel has abolished the narrow limitations which environment once set and has made each individual the master of a rich and varied destiny.

Nothing must happen that might injure her health or the health of the coming child. At Christmas he bought her a diamond necklace, delicate, intricate, sparkling, and a bracelet to go with it. He had already said that if the child was a boy he proposed to settle twenty thousand a year on him, to be increased, when he was fifteen, to thirty. "I want him to have everything," he said, more than once.

At Christmas, Annie Thayer sent Lucia two hand-hooked rugs she had made for her, and a coverlet in blue and white she had woven for the layette. Zoë sent some gloves and a tricky handbag from London, and Rhoda four marvelous negligees from Paris. Irene's gift was a bowl of Staffordshire, filled with the same pot-pourri which diffused sweet odor in her own country-house. And the winter wore away into spring.

### Chapter Twenty - three

LUCIA had now six hundred and fifteen dollars in the savings bank, and a little more, the interest! And Preston Rodman had given her a second translation to do, a book which he expected to publish in the autumn. That would mean another five hundred dollars.

So far, however, she was in no danger of equaling Kane's wages, for Kane received a hundred and twenty-five dollars a month, her room and board and laundry, not to mention extras of Lucia's discarded dresses and hats and other perquisites. Kane saved her money and invested it according to directions from Hapgood, who got his tips direct from Quincy D. When she was old, she meant to buy a little cottage in Cornwall and live on the income from her savings. Bit by bit Lucia learned these ambitions of Kane's. The cottage would have a garden, and there was to be a rose vine over the front door.

"Maybe I'll take in a lodger, but maybe I'll live like a lady," exulted Kane.

"Would you like to be rich, to have lots and lots of money?" asked Lucia. "You could have a big house, then, and an automobile."

"Not me," said Kane, with unaffected horror. "I don't want more than I can use and take proper care of and not waste."

It seemed to Lucia an enviable state. She had so much more than she could use, or take care of, and she saw such waste about her. And more time to observe and think of it all, for as she went out less, she was more alone. Alden was reconciled to going about by himself, and she did not always care to invite guests for the evening, though Tilly Barton came, and Monsieur Morain, and Eleanor and Preston Rodman, and Cousin Caroline—when she could tear herself from the card table—and a few other people with whom Lucia had made friends. They were mostly older than she, and the one she liked best, after Eleanor, was Mrs. Grendall, Mrs. John Henry Grendall, of the many charities and art movements, a slender gracious gray-haired woman born to wealth and position, and unoppressed by them. She had mapped out her way and followed it calmly and simply—she aided nothing without investigating, gave her time and her thought as well as her money, and arbitrarily chose her own interests to further. Lucia admired her keenly.

Quincy D. applauded this friendship. "The Grendalls are the people, the real thing, blue blood without any water in it—no, nor alcohol. Anything she asks you to join, Lucia, you join, for you'll make no mistake. She never took the least notice of Rhoda or the two girls."

Alden, on the other hand, did not approve. "They're nothing but a bunch of tedious old snobs," was his definition. "Out of date, dead and buried, but don't know it. Think

Oranges - snow peaks -  
• flowers • palms • healing sunshine!  
• fascinating all-winter Joys..



Everywhere—palm-lined valley boulevards, groves of golden oranges, vast snow-peaks!

FROM the balmy spring-like "winter" sunshine of Southern California comes better health, renewed energy . . . happier living conditions. Children, too, thrive wonderfully here—out of doors all winter beneath the energizing sub-tropic sun!

"Winter," in this land of contrasts, appears only on nearby snow-crested mountain peaks, for a mile below in the warm, sunny valleys flowers bloom, golden oranges ripen, birds sing and people enjoy life in a new way.

Southern California's natural beauty and natural wonders await your visit. There are countless novel things to see and do; astounding contrasts; trips to the vast desert wonderland of Death Valley and Palm Springs; to the High Sierra, where giant peaks are swept by blizzards while you bask in Owens Valley's sunshine.

Gay hotels, or quieter places; fine theaters, cafes—everything a metropolis can offer in alluring entertainment. For, Los Angeles will delight you with its cosmopolitan attractions and spirit. Los Angeles county is among the richest in natural resources, with agricultural products annually approximating \$95,000,000 and oil fields rated at a billion dollars.

This is the winter you should be in Southern California. It is the trip of a lifetime! You will

return home bettered physically and mentally. Now—before you do anything else—sign and mail the coupon for "Southern California Through the Camera," an authentic book of pictures showing exactly what you will see in Southern California winter and summer.

## Southern California



A TRIP ABROAD IN YOUR OWN AMERICA

All-Year Club of Southern California, Dept. 18-K,  
Chamber of Commerce Bldg., Los Angeles, Calif.

Please send me your free booklet "Southern California Through the Camera." Also booklets telling especially of the attractions and opportunities in the counties which I have checked.

☐ Los Angeles ☐ Orange ☐ Riverside  
☐ Los Angeles Sports ☐ Santa Barbara ☐ Ventura  
☐ San Bernardino ☐ San Diego

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

UNITED FRUIT COMPANY STEAMSHIP SERVICE  
**GREAT WHITE FLEET**



**W**HEN you cruise o'er the Golden Caribbean on a Great White Fleet Ship, where "every passenger is a guest", you will enjoy the excellent food, all outside rooms, wide decks on which to dance and play and especially the careful, personal service, the "knowing how" which goes to make your "adventuring into the Spanish Main" a luxury.

Twice every week Great White Fleet Ships leave **NEW YORK** and **NEW ORLEANS** on cruises lasting from 9 to 24 days. These ships carry only first class passengers; and all hotel and railway accommodations, motor trips, etc., are included in the price you pay for your ticket.

You can visit—and enjoy—Cuba, Jamaica, the Panama Canal Zone, Costa Rica, Colombia, Guatemala, British Honduras and Spanish Honduras. Make your reservations early for travel to the Caribbean is going to be unusually heavy this year.



Address Passenger Traffic Dept.  
**UNITED FRUIT COMPANY**  
 Room 1625  
 17 Battery Place New York City  
*Write for illustrated free booklets*

they're very exclusive—it's a shout! You never see them anywhere; all their parties are like funerals—darling girl, you do have the oddest tastes."

"Oh, play with your own crowd, and I'll play with mine," she said, impatiently. "Mrs. Grendall's got more sense than Fifi and Babs and Jane Overly and Kathleen all put together. I like her, and I'm only too pleased that she likes me."

She thought afterward that he had looked at her strangely as she spoke of Kathleen. Then she dismissed the idea. She liked Kathleen no better than before, but she was not jealous. And sometimes, in moments of discouragement, she was not sure but that Alden, with his cheerful irresponsibility, his determination to keep things going in a high, lively way about him, so that he could never have time for a serious thought or a well-considered act, was far more sensible than herself, who felt the weight of the riches in her hands, and tried to dispense them wisely, tried to live with the feeling of stewardship, of giving back to the world a generous tithe of all that she received. It was so much easier to jazz and laugh and say foolish things, skim the surface and play with a situation rather than face it and work it out to anything of value.

Even when she thought in this way, she knew she could not do it. She couldn't do it for herself; and far more important, she could not do it for the child that would be born in the summer. Quincy D. had said that he wanted the child to have everything. Lucia wanted him to be like her own father, in mind, in character; she could hope for nothing better.

Alden said almost nothing about the child. He was still resentful at losing his playfellow, and though he was solicitous of Lucia's comfort, it was a matter of impulse, not a sustained and profound emotion. As Lucia's nerves grew more and more taut under the strain of her physical readjustment, she found herself better satisfied to have him out of her sight than in it. A subtle irritation grew within her at his attitude. He was—she could not help but see it—acting very much like a child, and a spoiled, unreasonable child. When he was not at her side, she could remember his charm, his amusing lightness, and love him as always before; but when he was with her, she longed for him to talk and act with adult manhood. Once or twice they verged on a quarrel, and it was always Lucia who checked herself and evaded it. She consoled herself with the thought that the child would change everything.

**T**HE house in the country was nearly complete. Lucia walked through its rooms with the content that only one's own creation can give. She had many secrets with this house—the big pink-lined seashells at either end of the living-room mantel, those were to hold to the ears of her child, that he should hear the sea pounding within them; china figures, the spotted dog, the milkmaid with her cow, the cat with a blue ribbon, the rabbit, the deer, all these she meant to make into stories for him.

The old garden had come out bravely, though Lucia knew that any true landscape architect would hoot at it. But she liked the honeysuckle and thousand-leaf roses, the lilies of the valley, the bleeding-heart and sturdy pushing peonies, and the twisted wistaria. Another year she thought she might add a fountain and a bird-bath, but for this summer a few seats, a table, and a long cushioned chair or two would serve. The house in Southampton had been rented for the season.

Neither Zoë nor her mother would be coming back until the autumn. Lucia was glad of that; she did not want them; she only wanted her own people—except Alden. But Alden continually drew away from her; she could not make him share her happiness,

and she knew that he hated to look at her. There was something so wounding in this that she could not speak of it for a long time, and at last only to Doctor Pearson. She had come to rely on him, and she could tell him much that she could never have revealed to anyone nearer and dearer. "Don't you fret about that," he comforted her. "That's a state of things that often happens. You must remember that a perfectly good spring and summer have been ruined for Alden; he can't go jumping around here and there and everywhere as he's always done, off to the other side one minute, and up to Canada the next—you know. Alden's had his own way for twenty-five years, and he can't be expected to change all at once. You let Alden go his own gait, and you go yours."

**S**O Lucia made no objection when he left her more and more alone. Whatever she missed in him of care and thoughtfulness, she tried to forget and minimize. Quincy D. made up for his son's derelictions in an extreme anxiety, and a kindness that was sometimes smothering. And there was the devoted, loving Kane, whose ministrations never rested. Annie Thayer was to come for the last few weeks, and stay with her daughter.

Rhoda Osgood sent a layette, convent made, fit for an emperor's heir, and Irene and Zoë added to it sumptuously. Nurses were ready and various priceless specialists did not dare to go away for their usual vacations, in case Pearson should summon them to aid. There was a pomp and ceremony about it all that sometimes made Lucia want very much to smile.

"It is funny, you know," she said to Quincy D., as they sat together one evening for the hour after dinner which he now habitually spent with her, "so much fuss and going on, and yet we all came into the world the same way."

Quincy D.'s pinched gray face was more pinched and gray than ever.

"I want to give you all I can, child," he said. "I want to make up to you—"

She was arrested by the words, and she turned to look at him directly. Once more she felt the thrill of prescience that she had known when she went to speak to him of Zoë. She realized that Quincy D. was keeping something from her, something that concerned her vitally.

"What is it you want to make up to me?" she asked.

"For having such a dull time this summer, not being able to go around and enjoy yourself, of course," he answered.

"That isn't true. That isn't what you meant. What is it—what is it? Oh, it's something about Alden—I know it. Please, please tell me!"

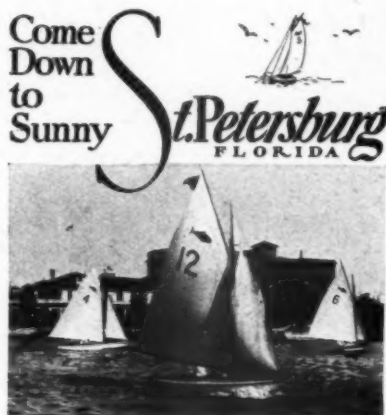
"Now, don't get excited," begged Quincy D. "I am a little worried about Alden—this race-track crowd doesn't do him any good, to my way of thinking. When he wanted to be a tennis champion, he kept himself in good shape physically—he had to; but this bunch—oh, well—I'd never forgive myself if I'd upset you, Lucia. It was just a chance word, and there's nothing serious; I'm sure of that."

**L**UCIA considered this explanation. She was drowsy and languid; her thoughts, after this one flash of divination, moved slowly. Alden seemed remote, and not, at the moment, important. Yet a certain uneasiness communicated itself to her beneath Quincy D.'s attempt at reassurance.

"I don't know many of the racing people," she said, "but I don't think the others, Tommy and the Wheelwrights and Kathleen—"

Quincy D.'s hand twitched, but his face was immobile. Lucia's mind leaped once more, ahead of her knowledge. "Is it





## Resort Center of the Gulf Coast

FOR rest or recreation this winter come down to delightful St. Petersburg, the famous "Sunshine City" of Florida's Gulf Coast. Here winter days are warm and sunny . . . temperature around seventy . . . balmy breezes blowing through the palm trees . . . healthful sunshine 360 days a year.

St. Petersburg is a wonderful outdoor playground, providing a greater variety of sport and recreation than is offered by any other city of the Southland . . . Golf, boating, fishing, swimming, tennis, roque, lawn bowling, shuffleboard, horseback riding—whatever you like.

A continuous round of entertainment. Finest accommodations. Moderate living costs. Excellent schools; Junior College. More than 100,000 winter visitors last year; still more this winter. Follow the crowd to "The Sunshine City." For booklet address, L. V. Conant, Chamber of Commerce, St. Petersburg, Florida.



## Save Your Time

You may not have the time to take a trip all the way around the world but the varieties of nature's scenery and climate need not be beyond your reach for that reason.

The travel organizations whose advertisements you see in this issue will not only tell you where you can go in whatever time you have but will also save you much valuable time by making all arrangements for you.

A few days is all you need to take you to the tropics—Florida, Bermuda, Cuba, the West Indies, or Hawaii. Or, if the north appeals to you, Canada offers as many mountains, lakes, and winter sports as you'll find anywhere.

In the far west forests, deserts, canyons, plains and mountains offer contrast to your city life.

A letter written now directly to the tourist agencies will bring a prompt reply. Tell them how much time is at your disposal and they'll spend their time planning your trip.

Kathleen?" she asked. "Oh, no—it couldn't be! Alden wouldn't—"

"My Lord, no," said Quincy D. "How'd you ever get such an idea? Why, child, I wouldn't let him, to begin with."

Lucia stared at him. "You wouldn't let him? Why, how could you stop him from doing as he liked, even if he liked anything so impossible as to be unfaithful to me?"

"There are ways to control almost everyone," said Quincy D. "I've not been such a very good father, I suppose, but at least I can keep my children from making a scandal of themselves." His voice was perfectly cold, without expression.

Without expression, without volition, Lucia answered him. "As in the case of Zoë, I suppose."

"Oh—you knew about that? I wasn't sure. Well, I'm prepared to go just as far with Alden if he doesn't behave himself. So don't you worry yourself, Lucia, for one minute."

"I'm tired," said Lucia. "I must lie down." She wanted to escape from this inexorable, ruthless power. She was overwhelmed and dazed at what his simple affirmation had implied. It was true, then; he had ordered Gadget put out of the way! The old sinister suggestion roused and terrified her.

Kane said: "You're not looking just right, ma'am—let me call the doctor to come in for a minute."

"No," said Lucia; "I am only tired. But I'd like you, Kane, to sit beside me until I go to sleep. Will you?"

"Oh, ma'am, gladly."

IT was nearly two o'clock when Lucia woke, startled from the sleep into which Kane's presence had soothed her. She thought she heard her name called. She sat up, listening. Kane sat still in the chair beside her, but her head was thrown back; she was in deepest slumber and did not rouse.

Slowly, noiselessly, Lucia rose, put on her negligée and then opened the door into Alden's room. He was not there; she could see that the bed had not been slept in. She went through his room, down the dim-lit corridor, on to the guest bedrooms at the other end of the apartment. At the last one she heard voices, faint, laughing whispers, the clink of ice against glass. She opened the door wide. Kathleen Trumbull and Alden were there.

Lucia stood and looked at them, silent, unbelieving.

Alden recovered himself first. "It's not what you think, Lucia," he cried. "We were on our way home, and every place was shut, so I asked Kathleen to come up here for a drink, and we came into this room so that the servants wouldn't see us—"

"Oh, shut up," said Kathleen. "I don't propose to be explained away. The elevator man got a good look at us, didn't he?" She was at the malicious tipsy stage.

"Yes, but you said he'd never know whether Lucia wasn't waiting for us—"

"Rot! What are you afraid of? She'll never divorce you, no matter what you do. Even a big alimony isn't as good as the whole Osgood fortune to throw around! She married you for your money, and she'll not let go of it."

Lucia had not spoken a word. But now she began to laugh. She shouted with laughter; she had to lean against the door frame for support. And then, her laughter turned into an agonized scream. She staggered forward and fell, unconscious, at Alden's feet.

The climax of this novel is of exceptional power and significance. Be sure to read it in the next, the January, issue.

## A Cunard Introduction to the Tropics... The Franconia West Indies Cruise...

A giant Cunarder takes the Caribbean as a sort of cocktail . . . Before she sails on her magnificent World Cruise, the Franconia intends to see the Old Year die in moon-kissed carnival in Havana . . . She will visit Port-au-Prince . . . Kingston . . . Colon . . . Nassau . . . Every day on board will be a sun-drenched interlude between one fascinating port and the next . . . Her sports space is the best afloat . . . her state-rooms a miracle of comfort . . . and her Cruise service the pride of the Cunard fleet.

### Three 16 day cruises . . . \$200 up

Visiting Port-au-Prince, Kingston, Colon, Havana, Nassau.

S. S. FRANCONIA—

From New York . . .

Dec. 1 and Dec. 20, 1928.

S. S. SCYTHIA—

From New York . . . Jan. 7, 1929.

### Two 31 day cruises . . . \$300 up

Visiting Nassau, Havana, Port-au-Prince, Kingston, Cristobal, Curacao, La Guayra, Trinidad, Martinique, Barbados, San Juan, Bermuda.

S. S. CALIFORNIA—

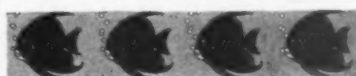
From New York . . .

Jan. 19 and Feb. 23, 1929.

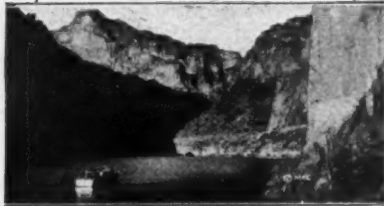
Every Saturday to Havana by the Transatlantic Liner S. S. Caronia . . . Every luxury of a great Cunarder . . . From N. Y. . . Jan. 5 to March 16, 1929.

For further information apply to  
your local agent

## CUNARD-ANCHOR WEST INDIES CRUISES



## ARIZONA



# EVERY OUTDOOR SPORT..

Beautiful Canyon Lake (above), near Roosevelt Dam, whose mighty waters irrigate half a million acres of fertile Salt River Valley, garden of the old Southwest.

Now, while the East is fighting ice and snow, Phoenix thermometers say "60" with blue sky and sunshine! Now we set out with rod and gun for nearby mountain streams and the haunts of quail, bob-cat and deer (in season).

Phoenix, metropolis of the Great Southwest, offers every modern convenience and a background of open-air sport unsurpassed in America.

Santa Fe and Southern Pacific offer winter rates NOW! Free stop-overs.

# Phoenix

+++ the new winter playground

Phoenix-Arizona Club, Inc.,  
19 E. Jefferson St., Phoenix, Ariz.  
Please send me free Phoenix picture book \$40

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

## MEDITERRANEAN Cruise \$600 up ss "Transylvania" sailing Jan. 30

Clark's 25th cruise, 66 days, including Madeira, Canary Islands, Casablanca, Rabat, Capital of Morocco, Spain, Algiers, Malta, Athens, Constantinople, 15 days Palestine and Egypt, Italy, Riviera, Cherbourg, (Paris). Includes hotels, guides, motors, etc.

Norway-Mediterranean, June 29, 1929; \$600 up  
**FRANK C. CLARK, Times Bldg., N. Y.**

WRITE THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE for School Information. Be sure to state whether for boy or girl, age, location desired. Address Director, Department of Education, 420 Lexington Ave., New York City.

## FABRE LINE

The popular Route to the Mediterranean

### CRUISES—1929

S. S. PROVIDENCE . . . . . from New York, Jan. 31  
S. S. PATRIA . . . . . from New York, Feb. 23  
S. S. PROVIDENCE . . . . . from New York, Apr. 19  
(40 days)

Itinerary—Azores—Madeira—Tangier—Lisbon  
Algiers—Palermo—Naples—Villefranche (Nice)  
Messina (Taormina)—Piraeus (Athens)—Constantinople—Beirut—Palestine—Egypt—Syracus  
Ajaccio—Marseilles.

FARE—\$545.00 including shore excursions and Hotels in Palestine and Egypt.

Optional Excursions—Gorges of Chiffa, Eleusis, Corinth, Baalbeck, Damascus, Nazareth, Jericho and Dead Sea, Tel-Aviv-Jaffa, Sakhara, Memphis, Luxor, also Nile trip.

For information and descriptive literature apply to  
**James W. Elwell & Co., Inc.**  
General Agents

17 State Street, New York or Local Agents

## THE FLIRT

(Continued from page 37)

to say. "How have you been, Larry? It's—it's been so long since I—had any word of you."

Larry shrugged. The same old Larry. Damned independent—that was Larry. How had he been? Why, fine, of course. And no talk about missing her, either.

Peyton said it certainly had been a long time. He said, oh, only six years or so. Or was it eight? Well, well. He had no idea it was that long. Peyton said he was looking well. Larry said he hadn't been sick a day in his life. Peyton said just to think of walking up Maryland and meeting Larry, of all persons! He said Crabtown was so small you were bound to stumble over everybody in it sooner or later. Peyton said but what was Larry doing in Crabtown? Larry said, oh, he'd had the infernal luck to be assigned to the faculty detail at the Academy. Peyton said he needn't have come until fall, need he? Larry said, oh, well, he just thought he'd run down from New York and look the dump over.

They stood on the corner grinning at each other. She began to realize it was very silly.

Larry said a strange thing.

"When do I meet the husband and the kids, Peyton?"

Did he look a bit pale around the mouth when he said it? Peyton could not be sure. There was too much sunset—and Larry—in her eyes.

"Oh," she answered, "I haven't any."

"Kids?"

"Neither."

"Well, well," said Larry, and he looked just a mite relieved.

"And you?"

It was her turn to whiten.

"Nope," Larry said. "Me neither."

They laughed together. Larry's laugh was short. He got stern again. (At the Academy they call it "rhino.")

"Let's walk, shall we?" she asked, putting a timid hand on Larry's arm. Just to make sure this wasn't a dream.

"Suits me," he said.

They discovered five minutes later that they had walked all around the State House and were back at the starting point. He was annoyed. They set off purposefully this time to go to her house, because she really must attend the Admiral's reception, and had to get ready. But they halted under the trees on the campus of St. John's College.

"I've missed you, Larry," she told him, staring toward the bridge that carries the road to Baltimore across the Severn.

Larry said, "Damn!" and threw a cigarette-butt down. It had burned his fingers.

Peyton spoke again.

"I thought you had found a girl by this time."

"I didn't even look for one," said Larry.

She glanced at his sleeve. He was a two-striper, a lieutenant. She tried to start him talking about where he'd been and what he'd done.

"Just one lousy watch after another," he said. "You know the Navy in peace time."

Peyton remarked that she really ought to be back at the house getting dressed.

"Are you dated for the ball?" he asked, out of a silence.

"No."

"We might go over there for a while."

"I'd like to, Larry."

He looked at his watch on a brown wrist. She remembered how his arm felt when it was around her shoulders—eight years ago.

"Remember—over there—Larry?" she asked, nodding toward a certain tree in the Yard. That was where Larry had kissed her the first time.

Larry frowned.

"We'd better be starting, don't you think?"

"So you've forgotten, Larry?"

"Forgotten what?"

"About—well—about the Penn. State game hop and—and everything."

He took a step away from her.

"Nope, I haven't forgotten," Larry said, gruffly. "When a man kisses you, Peyton, he remembers it." He laughed with some bitterness. "There must be a lot of poor devils in the Fleet who remember."

"Don't start being mean to me, Larry. Not tonight, anyway."

"Let's go," said Larry, "pronto. Eh?"

Larry didn't want to be seen on the street with a girl who was crying. He squeezed her arm as they turned into Prince George Street.

"It's taken us about an hour and a half to walk six blocks," he remarked dryly.

PEYTON wished there had been six blocks more. At the front walk of her house Larry said: "I'll be back for you in twenty minutes. That time enough?"

She nodded, happily, and ran up the steps. She jolted the tears out as she ran, and they spilled over her cheeks. But the gloom of the hall saved her.

The house appeared deserted. It was past time for the reception. Peyton climbed the stairs to the second floor. She glanced into the living-room, wondering who had turned on the light there. Then she stopped in her tracks.

Peter Holt was still on the sofa.

She caught the odor of liquor.

"Peter!" she said.

His reddened eyes blinked at her, uncomprehendingly at first. His uniform was awry. His hair was mussed. She saw with eyes which had had considerable practice in such matters that Peter was very drunk.

"So you came back, did you?" he greeted her thickly. "I thought you would. I said you would, didn't I? I said—I said I'd stay here till you came back. Well, there you are. And here I am. An' I'm cock-eyed drunk. Cock-eyed drunk. Felt like gettin' drunk. An' here I am. Drunk."

She stepped into the room, still dazed, and stared about. She saw the buffet doors in the dining-room standing open. Peter had found the Lawler private stock. An empty bottle which had contained Scotch whisky lay on the sofa beside Peter. There were two other liquor bottles on the table.

A fine sight to greet Larry when he came! Larry, who had come back to her after eight years. These were her first thoughts. Her immediate reaction was to say:

"Now, Peter, you'll have to run along. I—I—have to dress for the reception."

Peter got to his feet in a sulky, nodding stupor. He swayed and fell. Got up again. Lurched toward the door.

"Awright," he said. "I'll go now. Just shaid I'd shtay li'l while, didn't I? I'm cock-eyed drunk. 'M cock—"

The gravity of the situation began to dawn on her.

"Why, you can hardly walk, Peter! You—you can't go on the street like that. Can you?"

"Sure I can. Sure I can," said Peter, holding on to the door-jamb.

She knew better. The words "Summary Dismissal" flashed before her. Naval officers were passing down below continually. It would be short shrift for Peter to be caught drunk on the streets of Crabtown. No graduation exercises for Peter in the morning. He would be dismissed from the Academy—a dishonorable discharge!

Her brain worked frantically. She pushed Peter back from the door and got him to



the sofa again. If she could only get hold of a few midshipmen! They might manage it somehow. A taxi at the back door. A long ride and a sobering-up. But that was dangerous, very dangerous.

She ran to a window and looked up and down the street. Couples were sauntering past on their way to the Commandant's house. She saw midshipmen's white caps. But she did not try to hail any of Peter's schoolmates. It would not be fair to drag them into this. Besides, their ideas of honor and discipline and loyalty to Peter might not jibe.

Peyton went back to Peter.

"Peter boy," she said, her voice hoarse with anxiety, "you've got to get sober. Do you hear? You've got to get sober. You'll be dismissed from the service if you're caught like this. Do you hear?"

The boy waved a shaking hand.

"Don't care. Don't care for anything. Drunk. Wanta shtay drunk. Shtay drunk from now on."

She wheedled and implored and argued.

Larry had said he'd call in twenty minutes. How easy it would be to walk Peter down the stairs and into the street and trust to luck! But she knew Peter would not get a block away before he was under arrest.

She made the only decision she could. She must stand by Peter and try to get him sober, and tell Larry when he called that she had a sick headache or something, and would see him in the morning.

"Come on, Peter," she said, "let's go into the other room." He must be kept out of sight.

The dining-room wouldn't do. She couldn't work with him in the hall closet. Too small. Nor the bathroom. Nor the kitchen. No locks on these doors in case Peter took a notion to leave. Her room or her mother's. She chose her room. Peter was her responsibility.

He was amiable enough at first. He sat on the bed and mumbled to himself and waited for her to make black coffee and open a can of raw tomatoes. But he pushed the coffee away and spat out the first mouthful of tomatoes.

The doorbell rang.

"Oh, be quiet, Peter," she whispered. "Be quiet for just a few minutes. If you love me, Peter, if you love me."

"Sure I love you," said Peter. "Where you going? Out? Out again—you been out once."

"Shhhh—oh, be quiet!"

SHE locked the door on him and went down to face Larry. He had stepped into the lower hall.

"Oh, Larry," she heard herself saying, above the beating of her own heart, "I'm sick. I'm too sick to go out. Something I ate. I'm awfully sorry. You will excuse me, won't you? I'll see you in the morning. We can go to the exercises together."

Larry's voice from a great distance:

"Of course, Peyton. Of course. But are you alone here? Is no one with you? Shouldn't you have a doctor? Can't I call one for you?"

Hastily: "No, no, thanks, Larry. I'll be all right. I—I—was lying down. I'll feel better. I'm so sorry to have to run out on you this way, but—well, I'd better go and lie down, now. Good night, Larry. Please call me in the morning."

"Don't you think I'd better go and find your mother, Peyton?"

"Oh, no—no—no, thanks. I'll be all right."

She started to climb the stairs. He stood looking after her anxiously, not satisfied that she was all right. Then—

There was a terrific banging in the Lawler apartment. A mumbling voice. More banging. Peter was kicking at the locked door.

## MEDITERRANEAN CRUISES DE LUXE

Fascination—mystery—romance! On these 46-day cruises to the blue Mediterranean.

To Madeira, Gibraltar, Algiers, Monte Carlo, Italy, Greece, Holy Land, Egypt and Sicily. Liberal stop-over from ship to ship, and optional return from a north European port. \$695 (up), all expenses included.

S. S. Adriatic, Jan. 10 and Feb. 28

S. S. Laurentic, Jan. 19 and Mar. 9

## WEST INDIES AND MEXICO

Four cruises of varying lengths and itineraries—Mexico City, the Panama Canal, Bermuda, (at Easter), Havana, Nassau, etc., on the great liner *Lapland*. Whether you can spare 22 days or only 11, here's a way to spend a delightful winter holiday. Sailing dates: Jan. 31, (22 days); Feb. 25, (16 days); March 16, (17 days); April 6, (11 days).



## WHITE STAR LINE RED STAR LINE

INTERNATIONAL MERCHANT MARINE COMPANY  
For full information, address Dept. R, No. 1 Broadway, N. Y., or any authorized steamship agent.



"What's that?" Larry asked.

Peyton stammered something unintelligible. Larry ran up the stairs, saying: "Somebody is trying to get in up there."

"No, he's trying to get out," said Peyton. Larry halted.

"Get out?"

She had taken a brace by this time.

"Yes. It's Peter Holt. I locked him in my bedroom. He's drunk."

"Oh—I see," said Larry.

The banging started again. Larry and Peyton went upstairs to the bedroom door. "Have you the key?" he asked, not looking at her scarlet face. She handed him the key. He opened the door—grabbed Peter by the shoulder and backed him roughly toward the bed. Shook him.

"Snap out of it!" Larry's voice was harsh. "You're coming with me."

Peter wobbled on his legs and tried to see the officer clearly. Peter's dark face was a reddish purple. The blurred impression of Larry's uniform brought something of the situation to Peter's fogged mind.

"I'm cock-eyed drunk, sir," he said with great dignity.

"Yes. I see you are. I'm sorry for you, Holt. But you'll have to get out of here at once."

LARRY and Peter were in the living-room, and Larry was searching for Peter's cap when Peyton spoke:

"What are you going to do with him, Larry?"

Shortly: "What does an officer do with a drunken midshipman?"

"You mean he'll be dismissed?"

"Naturally."

Peyton stood in the doorway leading to the hall. Larry jammed Peter's cap on his head and swung him around. Peter grinned feebly and waved a hand at Peyton.

"And naturally, Larry," said Peyton,

"when you report him, you will tell the truth? You will say where you found him? In my bedroom?"

"Not at all," said Larry. "I found him on the street. Of course."

The girl braced her arms in the doorway. She looked eye to eye with Larry.

"No. You found him in my bedroom. If you take him from this room, you will tell the whole truth. If you don't, I shall."

"I don't quite get the point," said Larry coldly.

"I'm cock-eyed drunk—jush cock-eyed," interrupted Peter.

"The point is this," said Peyton levelly. "I'm responsible for Peter. He fancies himself in love with me. I suppose—well, I'm responsible for that, too. He came here this afternoon to ask me to marry him. I tried to make it easy for both of us by basing my refusal on the difference in our ages. He wasn't satisfied with my answer. He said he would stay until I said yes or no. I couldn't persuade him to leave, so I left. Then he got drunk. It is all my fault. If Peter loses his commission because of this, I shall lose something too. That's the only square way out."

Larry must have seen that she was not bluffing. He looked from her to the boy and back again to her. Peter mumbled something and tried to grasp her hand. She pushed his hand away. She looked at Larry with sick, cold despair in her heart. Not because she doubted he would let Peter off; but because she knew Larry would go away in the morning and never see her again. Wasn't that the meaning of Larry's grim stare?

Larry grumbled. He said a few swear-words. He pushed Peter into a chair with no easy shove. He took off his uniform coat. He took off Peter's coat.

"All right," he snapped. "Let's get this young bum sobered up."



THE next two hours were not very pleasant. Larry's methods of sobering drunks were forthright and inelegant. By eleven o'clock they had Peter white-faced and coherent. By eleven-thirty, after steady walking back and forth, Peter said he was sober enough to go. Larry said they'd walk another thirty minutes. Reporting time was twelve-thirty. That would give Peter half an hour to get to the Academy.

Peter was abject and immensely regretful. He avoided looking at Peyton. He and Larry, ponderously ignoring the situation, talked about the Navy. He and Larry blew cigarette-smoke into Peter's clothes to help get the whisky smell out.

"We can start now, I think," said Larry. "All right, sir," said Peter, drawing himself up.

He turned to Peyton. His black eyes were wet.

"I've been a damned fool this evening, Peyton," he said. "Apologies won't help any, I know. I don't expect you to forgive me. But I do want to say that I realize all you've done for me. I'll never forget that."

He gripped her hand tightly.

"Let's go," said Larry.

"Will I see you tomorrow, Peter?" Peyton asked. No use asking Larry that. Larry was through with her.

"Yes," said Peter. "I've an extra cap I won't throw away. Will you take it?"

"I'll be very grateful for it, Peter."

She touched Larry's arm as they were in the upstairs hall.

"Thank you, Larry."

Larry cleared his throat. She waited without hope for his good-by. Last time there

hadn't been any good-by. Larry was that sort.

"Oh, forget it, Peyton," Larry said.

"I won't, Larry. Never. Never."

"Good night, Peyton," said Peter, going down the stairs. Larry didn't say anything.

When Peyton's mother got home from the ball she was prepared to scold her daughter severely for not showing up at the Admiral's reception. But Peyton was in her room with the door locked, and did not respond to Mrs. Lawler's knock. Mrs. Lawler decided she was asleep. But Peyton was not asleep. You can't cry yourself to sleep when you are thirty, and you've lost your man.

Peyton slept a little toward morning. She was awakened by a rapping on the door.

"Peyton! Peyton! Larry Brooks is here. He said you promised to go to the exercises with him."

Peyton's heart did a quick zoom upward to her throat. She jumped out of bed.

"Tell him I'll be ready in a jiffy, Mother!"

Ordinarily it took Peyton an hour and fifteen minutes to get bathed and dressed. She cut out the hour this morning.

They walked past the Chapel and the Commandant's house toward the armory, under the sweet-scented, heavy-foliaged trees. Past the sea-wall the white-caps were dancing. A seaplane roared overhead. Soon the graduating class would have their commissions and this June Week would close.

"Young Holt's not a bad sort," said Larry.

"No."

"He did quite a bit of talking during our walk to the Academy last night."

"About me?"

"Yes."

Silence. The tread of marching feet somewhere to the left. Staccato orders. Click of rifles.

Larry said, gruffly: "I liked what he told me about you."

"I'm glad. What did he tell you?"

"He said you had a lot more sense than I ever gave you credit for."

"Oh."

"He said he liked you a lot. I told him I liked you quite a lot myself."

"It's nice to be liked by you, Larry."

"Holt said he was out of it. He said you didn't love him."

"I don't."

Larry stopped walking to avoid a queue of midshipmen's parents on the path to the Armory. Larry lighted a cigarette—blew the smoke in a cloud that swirled over Peyton's shining curly hair.

"So I told Holt I'd try my luck."

She looked up at him, her eyes pansy-soft. He went on talking. He said:

"I told Holt I'd been eight years trying to get over loving you. I told him it looked like a permanent condition. He was decent enough to agree."

Peyton asked, boldly:

"Are you proposing to me, Larry?"

Larry tossed his cigarette away.

"I suppose you'd call it that," he said, "but we'd better be pushing along if we want seats in there."

She pulled at his coat-sleeve.

"Let's chuck the exercises. I'd like the sea-wall better."

"Suit yourself," said Larry, and pulled her close to him as they set off.

Larry was like that.

## THE GIRL WHO WAS TOO BEAUTIFUL

(Continued from page 55)

family exchequer to get me to Hollywood." For the first time Trentoni thought it strange that not one of her family had ever been with her, even for a visit. He wondered if Thyme hadn't wanted them, hoped fiercely, because it would be a blot against her, that this was not so. Had she really been "made for triumph" as he had thought—or had she wrested triumph with cold greed?

It was late when the two who had ridden after doctors returned with a grubby person who declared he was the only medical man in thirty miles. He asked foolish questions, eyes peering curiously at these motion-picture people camped like aliens from an unknown, luxurious land there on the desert.

"Who done it?" the doctor demanded after he had rendered Thyme his clumsy bandaging.

"She was hurt making a scene," Trentoni replied sternly. The doctor shrugged unbelieving shoulders.

"It's your business," he said.

"Yes," Trentoni returned decisively. "As you say—our own business."

"Heard in the town you had some ridin' boys out here four-five days."

"Yes, for an Arabian scene. But it has been just ourselves for a week."

HE was gone at last. Trentoni's eyes went to his plane.

"I am going to fly back. Now—at once," he announced to Mark. "I am going to fly back with Thyme."

The boy's lips parted in astonishment. "Why, Chief," he stammered, "you couldn't. I mean—"

"We will wrap her carefully and make her comfortable for the trip. But you and the rest stay on here a little. Until we see—"

But here the young man promptly rebelled. "Good God, Chief, don't make us stick around here now! I couldn't stand it. None of us could."

"You must for a while—until I can deny that anyone would attack the screen's sweetheart. The newspapers will, of course, get hold of something. It would never do for the real facts to get out."

Silently, Thyme indicated she was glad to go. They covered her white, velvety body snugly, and with her lax in his arms Trentoni carried her to the plane. As he took his place in the cockpit after making her comfortable, he looked down at the little, watching group. For a second he was stunned. Why, there was Thyme! She was watching her own shattered self being borne to succor. "Dio!" he whispered. A fear for his own sanity swept over him; then he realized this straight, slim girl beneath the sun was Lasca, standing as if she were a hostage to a happier future. There was a look about her—Trentoni paused to seek the word to explain it. Released! That was it. She looked released.

The airplane, like a bird with the sudden gift of life, rose hysterically, dipped, and was on its way. Up, up and west it flew, and the anxiety that had held everyone quiet snapped. The little band of picture-people began talking. Helton and Lasca walked away together. The character woman, relieved of her vigil, demanded: "Will the papers get hold of this?"

Mark was supervising the breaking of camp. Suddenly he saw one of the men brought from Hollywood to look after the horses, go stealthily into the tent that had been Thyme's. He got to his feet and followed, his feet making no noise on the Chinese rug stretched over the sands. From where he stood, he could see the man, dirty and disheveled and with a week's beard-growth, put his hand clumsily into Thyme's still open trunk.

"What are you doing?" Mark shouted.

The man turned. Beneath the beard and grime his face went ashen, but he said nothing.

"I asked what you are doing," Mark repeated sharply. "The property-men are going to pack this stuff," he added. "You knew that. You've no right here."

The man's eyes glowered. "If it comes to that,"—he spaced his words slowly,—"I've more right here than you—than any of you. You see,"—and the words dropped one by one,—"*I am—Thyme's—husband!*" His dirty figure straightened as if to receive the impact of Mark's astonishment.

"You!" The young assistant's looks ran over the ugly figure before him. "You! Why, you're a bum, a stableman! You—you lie. Thyme McAn isn't married! She divorced Freil two years ago. You lie."

"No," the man answered steadily, and his hands tightened on the satin coverlet which he forgot he held. "No, I'm telling you the truth." He talked on in a dreary voice, that often trembled.

ALL the rest of the day, every minute back to Hollywood on the train, Mark thought of the strange story which the man had told in the scented, silken place that had been Thyme McAn's. Mark went immediately to Trentoni's house, high on its hill, and with him he took the dour, dirty person who swore he was Thyme's husband.

Trentoni waited in the room on the second floor that has so often been photographed and described in the magazines, that room whose walls are of dull silver and its chairs of ebony flushed with crimson cushions; where the wide couch, on its dais, is covered with moleskins whose soft purple highlights answer the silver walls in hushed reflection. From the street the voices of the newsboys shouted, "Extra! All About the Accident to Thyme McAn!"

The news had leaked quickly from the hospital where he had taken her. "Star Hurt While Making Picture!" the voices tore again. The secret of the assault was still safe. Trentoni relaxed slightly with relief.

But what if Thyme herself kept up her stubborn silence even to him? Could he trust the rest when they got back? If not—the entire industry stripped down to ugliness again. The whole country—the world—fastening curious eyes on these children of the camera who used life as a toy and were suddenly broken by it.

The director pulled himself together as Mark's tap sounded at the door.

"I came as soon as I could, Chief."

"What have you done with the maid?"

"She's in the psychopathic ward by now," the assistant answered. "But there's something else you should know. There's some one, some one important, waiting downstairs. He has a lot that's queer to tell. Can I bring him up?"

"Who is it?"

Mark hesitated briefly. Then he shot the answer as if in a hurry to get it off his lips. "Thyme McAn's husband!"

"What?" cried Trentoni. "She did not have a husband—not since she divorced Freil! What do you mean?"

"I'll let him tell you," Mark returned, and slipped out of the silvery room.

TRENTONI'S eyes were wide with astonishment and antipathy to ugliness as he surveyed the newcomer. The beauty that was Thyme's seemed to stand in strange contrast to this unkempt creature. "How dare you say that you are her husband?" the director brought out at last.

"Because it's true," the man whipped out. "I've got the lines to prove it! And there aint no court in the country where the records'll tell you we were ever divorced."

"Do you mean she married you, you, after being the wife of the president of the Amalgamated Corporation?"

The man's head sank lower on his breast. "No, before."

"Before? And never divorced? But—why, that would make her a biga—"

"Listen," the man said fiercely, "I'll tell you, just as I told him." He indicated Mark with a jerk of his thumb. "But it don't go no further, see? If I don't whine, you haven't no business to. If this hadn't 'a' happened to her, and sort of got me, I wouldn't have said a word."

"Go on," Trentoni said quietly. "We're all friends here. Not one of us wants to do anything to hurt Thyme."

"She's been hurt," the man reminded him.

"Yes, and what we want to learn is: who hurt her," Trentoni said, and he flung a question swiftly. "Did you?"

The man raised his head. "No," he answered sturdily. But his eyes shifted uneasily and dropped. It was a moment before Trentoni asked:

"Who are you?"

The look of a dog that has been beaten came into the eyes of the drab figure. "Don't you know me?" His voice was pitiful. "Look at me closely. Look!" he begged, and he straightened into a jauntiness that ran into caricature. As no recognition appeared in Trentoni's eyes, the man's hopefulness slid back into sadness.

"Sorry," he mumbled. "Scuse. You see, I get like that when no one knows me. I was Lusty Loo, time Canett's two-reelers began making such a hit."

"Lusty Loo," Trentoni repeated the ridiculous name with a hint of reverence. "Why, but of course! I remember your work—well. But go on. What happened to you?"

"Two things happened. I got older—and Thyme McAn happened."

"Thyme? Why, she has not been in Hollywood ten years!" Trentoni cried.

"Not as Thyme McAn, no. She was Lucy Streeter then. I was getting along fine. Made a hundred and fifty a week, which was big money those days. And she was the sweetest little extra that ever came to this hell-town." He paused, then went on de-

"LE DANDY"

d'Orsay

le parfum mondain  
le plus subtil

17 rue de la paix-paris

terminedly: "Over a year we lived together back in the hills. Married, you understand, married. She said she was satisfied. Didn't care about acting any more herself. I was bringing home the bacon. Well, then Canett came along and busted into the two-reel comedy business with a bigger splash than my company could. Things began to break bad for me. And then—" Again he stopped, and more determinedly than ever took up his thread. "She began hanging around the studios, and Salzman saw her. She said it was her chance. Well, maybe you know about that business. She was star in six months."

"Where did you come in?"

The man answered, "I didn't. I stepped out. She didn't want the publicity of a divorce, y'see; she didn't want anyone to know she had been mixed up with me. I was pretty broke by then," he added apologetically.

New, unwonted versions of Thyme McAn were forming for Trentoni. Words like *hard* and *grasping* and *selfish* battered to replace in his mind *beautiful* and *dear* that had always been there when he thought of her. He became aware of the man's voice, plodding on.

"She wasn't to blame," he was saying, repeating it over and over as if it were a lesson he had taught his heart to believe. "She had youth, and out here they showed her that's all that counts." Suddenly the man brought out his utmost exculpation. "She was a girl who was just too beautiful."

"A girl who was too beautiful," Trentoni repeated after a moment. It did explain everything, and Thyme's defense for all her cruelty was the defense of all beautiful women who may tramp on the lives of others, that their loveliness shall flourish.

From outside, the voices of the newsboys cut once more into the quiet. "All About

the Hollywood Mystery!" They had gone that far already! Trentoni knew that all over the country other cries like these were rasping. Who knew how long before there would be other cries telling horrid, disturbing truths about Thyme?

He recovered himself. "Will you wait outside?" he said to the man. He motioned Mark to stay. When the figure shambled out, he faced his young assistant. "What do you think?" Trentoni whispered. Mark made a gesture of indecision.

"Of them all, he had the most cause," Trentoni muttered. "Yet I can't believe he did it."

"Love's a funny thing," Mark contributed.

"Yes, but love—it isn't cruel, not when it is love for another. When it is self-love, yes. It is not a thing that hurts."

"Othello," Mark reminded the director.

Trentoni paced the long room, the sound of his footsteps eaten into quiet by the deep rug. "It is all horrible," he said at last. "Horrible to fasten suspicion on any of that little band out there—yet if Thyme will not tell, that suspicion will always remain."

Trentoni walked to the window.

"The girl who was too beautiful," he quoted. "Out here they dandle the prize for beauty before the very young. How can they know, these young ones, that to gain the prize they lose too much?"

"They're not all like Thyme."

"No," the director agreed. Presently he added: "But they are not all so beautiful, either. These lovely girls come out here, and they know, if they are wise, that with every day that goes, something of their youth goes too. How can they be patient? When youth is gone, their chance for the prize—it is gone too. Can you blame them if they go rough-shod over everything? They have not the time for anything else."

Mark stirred uneasily. "We all sort of

# DON'T LET GREY HAIR ROB YOU

of happiness and success. Youthful appearance is a vital asset in this modern age. Don't "paint" your hair with ordinary dyes or restorers. Restore your youthful charm with Rap-I-Dol which penetrates into the hair with the exact natural color full of soft lustrous brilliance. Absolutely impossible to detect. Applied at home, easily and surely under our personal expert advice. Fully sponsored for its safety by the Federal Cosmetic and Medical Council. We have a new special FREE offer particularly interesting to women who have used ordinary dyes. Send the coupon for full information, quickly!

RAP-I-DOL DISTRIBUTING CORP.  
Dept. 8126 Bush Bldg., New York City

Please send me immediately without obligation, complete information on the Rap-I-Dol treatment for my hair and the special FREE offer you are making.

Name.....

Address.....

## NO JOKE TO BE DEAF



—Every Deaf Person Knows That I make myself hear, after being deaf for 25 years, with these Artificial Ear Drums.

I wear them day and night. They stop deaf noises and ringing ears. They are perfectly comfortable. No one sees them. Write me and I will tell you a true story, how I got deaf and how I make you hear. Address: Medicated Ear Drum

GEO. P. WAY, Artificial Ear Drum Co. (Inc.), 16 Hoffman Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

## Pathfinder



EVERY WEEK 13 WEEKS \$1 A YEAR, 15 CENTS  
Your neighbors know the Pathfinder and you will like it—the every-week news digest from the Nation's Center. Bright, interesting, dependable, different—nothing else like it. Washington gossip, politics, science, travel, fun, lots of pictures, instruction, entertainment. Trial 13 weeks—13 big issues—only 15 Cents—or \$1 for full year. Send now. Address: Pathfinder, Dept. 84, Washington, D.C.

## Mothers—Try Mild Children's Musterole

### Just Rub Away Pain

Of course, you know good old Musterole; how quickly, how easily it relieves chest colds, sore throat, rheumatic and neuralgic pain, sore joints and muscles, stiff neck and lumbago.

We also want you to know CHILDREN'S MUSTEROLE—Musterole in milder form. Unexcelled for relief of croupy coughs and colds; it penetrates, soothes and relieves without the blister of the old-fashioned mustard plaster. Keep a jar handy. It comes ready to apply instantly, without fuss or bother.



BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER



safe relief

had an idea you were fond of Thyme," he suggested.

Trentoni thought: "How can I explain?" His words were slow when they came. "I thought of her as of something rare and precious. She was only the things that were like her lovely face. I did not know all the heartaches that had gone to make that preciousness. I did not know I was dazzled by the perfection of the prize she had wrested. I thought the prize was Thyme herself."

"And now?"

"And now all that matters is to keep that prize worth-while for Thyme. She will get well. They told me so at the hospital; she will probably not have even a scar. And she will go on as before." Even Trentoni could not see into the future. He went on: "And the world will keep on being dazzled. As I was! It is all that will matter to her, and so it must be all that matters to any of us. She will not want revenge, Mark. She will want only to be protected."

"You mean you don't want that man out there—or any of the rest questioned? Not if it means uncovering disagreeable things about her?"

"That is what I mean. I shall do my best to prevent it. She herself will never talk; of that I am convinced. There is nothing to do for Thyme McAn but to save her from the bitter truths of her own life."

But within an hour Trentoni knew who had wreaked his vengeance on the girl who was too beautiful. . . .

Mark had left with Trentoni's secretary the cans of film containing the "takes" made on the desert location.

The director felt now that he must see those pictures of Thyme, must know whether her final, flaunting play at life, carried conviction.

In the dark, quiet room the scenes passed before him on the white screen, uncanny shadows that could last in spite of everything.

From time to time Mark appeared, standing in close-ups with his slate on which was inscribed the number of the scene to follow.

These were routine flashes, to be discarded as soon as their numerals had been noted. There were several "shots" of Lasca Lane. When she was not acting, there was a smoldering resentment clearly upon her.

There was Thyme again, regal and beautiful—"too beautiful," as that man had said. There was the man himself, watching. . . . The film caught up the story again where the number had interrupted.

Trentoni's eyes went to the riding-boys brought in from the town and dressed as Arabs. One, a boy with a sort of fierce determination about him, was talking to Thyme. Beneath the white of the "property" turban, the boy's face was stern. "What a bad type!" flashed through Trentoni's mind. Suddenly in the quiet of the room it was as if a voice threatened: "You can't do that to me! I'll kill you!"

Trentoni sprang to his feet. "Who said that?" he cried.

It was quiet and dark as before. From the projection loft came a tongue of light and the pictures on the screen went on. The secretary had not heard.

And then Trentoni knew. He knew that he had "heard" the boy on the screen, that his mind had followed the meaning of the mouthed words before they were blotted out as they had torn from the lips of the pictured "Arab." It was he who had threatened—promised—to kill Thyme McAn.

"Run it all through again, slowly," Trentoni directed the secretary through the tube.

He sat taut, leaning far forward, when the scene approached. There was Mark. There was the "Arab." There was Thyme with that cold, hard, defiant look in her eyes, the look old Norah must have known

so well, and Edna Cooper and Lasca Lane, and most of all, that dirty man whose story Trentoni had heard just a little while before.

It was the cruel, overriding look they had all forgiven her because she was "too beautiful," but which this alien vagabond of the desert had not.

"Run it all again," Trentoni ordered, and the secretary obediently "threaded" the machine once more. This time the director watched the preceding "takes" made on other days. Always in the background there was Thyme McAn, first talking, laughing, coquetting with the boy whose eyes blazed beneath his turban in worshiping slavery. Then, gradually, picture by picture, Thyme became bored, indifferent, and at last frankly insolent. Finally there flashed the anger of the youth from nowhere, whipped by her insolence into torment: "You can't do that to me! I'll kill you!"

An old Latin phrase rumbled in Trentoni's mind. "To be conscious of nothing wrong," he translated it aloud. "This boy," he reflected, "obeyed his instincts as Thyme obeyed hers. It was the old Mosaic law with him, an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth. Thank God he was prevented from completing his threat!"

OF them all, this unknown rambler, picked

up in an arid desert town, disappearing back into the nowhere, had been the only one to fight Thyme McAn. He had been the only one she had been unable to cast aside when she was through with him. Trentoni flushed as he thought of all that must have happened between them from the time her coquetry changed to boredom, her charm to ennui. Was it because she knew that she had met her match that she had chosen to be silent now?

But when he left the projection-room at last, one of his Japs told him a message had come for him from the hospital. Thyme wished to see him at once. He ordered his car and went.

Her eyes of that strange cornflower blue looked out at him from her coil of bandages like a nun's. Amazing that she could still have that unblemished look in spite of everything! When the nurse had left them alone, she began to talk, slowly, distinctly, with a new gentleness.

"I want you to do something for me, Tony. There is some one you must find for me. I want him."

It flashed to him that since she had been close to death, fresh values had been shown her. Did she want her husband that she could make reparation to him? Trentoni became conscious of her still voice, saying: "It's a man who did some riding for you, out there."

He looked at her. Then he said quietly: "The man who hurt you? Ah!"

She became taut with surprise. "You know?" she whispered. Then she became excitedly eager. "He's here, then? He came? Oh, where is he?"

He was immensely sorry to tell her the man had not come; he had never seen any woman so terribly disappointed. She lay weakly for a moment; then: "But you will bring him to me, won't you, Tony? You will find him?" There was the old, coaxing note in her voice, the note that made people her slaves, the note she could forget so easily when she had what she wanted.

"Why do you want him?" he began. "After what he did to you—"

She looked at him steadily.

"I don't suppose you'll ever understand. No one will. Listen: I've known a lot of men, and I've made them serve me. I don't say I'm exactly proud of it, Tony, but there are only two ways for a woman: either men help her or hinder her. It's up to her to make them help. That's truer out here in Hollywood than anywhere else in the world;



there are too many girls with equal looks, and not enough men to go around." She was quiet for a moment, and Trentoni thought: "So it was not all unfeeling and selfish on her part. It was ambition." Presently she went on: "After I got along, there wasn't a soul I met that didn't want to do something for me. Help! Or if a man was attracted to me, it was because I was a great star!" Her voice became bitter. "I suppose you think that was all right! I suppose you think a woman's satisfied to be loved for the place she's won—and not just for herself! Well, she's not. I'm not. That man out there on the desert loved me for myself. He didn't care because I was the great Thyme McAn. Why, he didn't even know it. I admit he was just amusement for me. That isn't a very comforting thing for me to remember now that I know I love him. And if you want to know how I know I do? Why I'm ready to go away from all the chatter and applause and silly, gaudy things of Hollywood for him? Because he wouldn't let me

get away with it! He can't give me anything but himself. All he wants is myself. He's mine, and I'm his. I knew it when I saw him ready to kill me rather than lose me. No one else has ever loved me like that." Her voice became triumphant. "And I've never loved anyone else enough to want him to kill me!"

EVEN then Trentoni could not believe she meant it—he was so sure success was her only passion. Even when Mark returned from the little desert town with the man who had worn the Arab turban and Trentoni looked at his bronzed, lean face, he could still disbelieve. When he saw her go away at last with him, Trentoni still thought she would be back. . . . Everyone knows now, of course, that Thyme McAn has vanished from the screen, vanished like other beauties about whom the fans still write. But not one has left behind her such a story. . . .

The girl called Lasca Lane has taken Thyme's place, of course.

## HELP YOURSELF TO HAPPINESS

(Continued from page 49)

"Just why do you want her back? She obviously wanted to get away."

"I—" Peter stopped to think. "I don't believe that I quite know why. It's the normal male reaction to a primitive instinct, I suppose. I don't even know what I shall do when I see her. I suppose one thing I want to know is whether she ran away because of indifference, aversion or a predilection for some other man."

"Oh, then the chief motive for your conduct is pride."

"Why—" Peter hesitated again. "Perhaps not so much pride as sensitiveness."

"They're very similar."

"I've never offered a woman my name before, and it seems only fair to try to find out what is the matter with it, what is the matter with me. Something must be wrong either with me or with her—or with women. My brother, Steve, said that the taint is in all women, and he lost his life proving it."

"Isn't it possible that he died because he thought the taint existed?"

"No, he died because he was shot." Peter ended the psychological discussion with a brutal period.

"It's curious," he mused, "that both he and I should have been betrayed by women on the same day, he who knew much about them, and I who knew practically nothing, he who liked all of them as greedy little physical animals, and I who adored one of them as an enshrined goddess."

"You and he seem to have run to extremes," Anne commented practically. "A halfway attitude would probably have been happier all around. I can see now perhaps why your wife decided to desert her pedestal, and maybe even why your brother met a violent death. Your notions are entirely too idealistic for a man who has amassed so much wealth." She indicated with a glance the splendor of the apartment and its furnishings. "You should have been a poet or a painter yourself."

"Perhaps," Peter conceded, "Steve and I got fearfully mixed up. He should have been the Texas oil-man, prospector and rancher, and I might have liked illustrating or something of that sort. He really despised the kind of work he did. So he raised me to do all the things he thought he would like to do himself." Peter glanced down at his slender fingers deprecatingly. "For that reason my hands, that look as if they could grip nothing heavier than a pen or a paint-brush, can really bulldoze a steer or swing a sledge all day. I have become too rough and uncouth outside to do the things that the inside of me is wishing for."

Obviously Peter Bernaberry had told her more about himself than he had intended. Anne Harkness had that effect on people generally. She made them come out of their shells and trust her with their heart's intent. It was a sincerity in her own attitude that inspired this confidence.

Peter was confused. There were the insides of his heart all laid out for her to see, and he did not quite know how to gather them together again and hide them from her gaze.

The nurse came in. "Mr. Bernaberry is wanted at the telephone."

That was a great help to him just then.

"With your permission," he said to Anne, "I will use your extension." He indicated the French-type instrument on the table at Anne's bedside.

"Surely."

HE picked it up. "Hello. Put the call for Mr. Peter Bernaberry on here, please." He waited. "Hello—this is Bernaberry. Oh, yes, good evening, Inspector Lavin. . . . I see. You think you've got the girl? Does she admit that she is Anne Harkness? . . . No, I suppose she wouldn't. But the description fits? All right. How about the fingerprints on the handle of the revolver? Have you compared those yet? . . . Well, when will the coroner send them over? . . . Oh. Well, I'll be there right away. Good-by." He hung up the receiver. "I hope to God they haven't caught that Harkness woman!"

"Why?" asked Anne, startled.

"Because I want to find her myself first." He had gripped the back of his chair so hard that the framework cracked under his white knuckles. "You'll forgive me for running away," he apologized with mock formality. "My brother's affairs take precedence even over our honeymoon."

He started to go.

The nurse halted him. "Mrs. Bernaberry will be sleeping when you get back. Doctor's orders. So you had best say good-night before you go."

"Oh. Good-night."

"Good-night."

That did not seem exactly right for a newly married couple. All three of them noticed it.

The nurse grinned. Anne, after a moment, held up her lips. In her eyes was the plea: "What else is there for me to do? Don't strike me."

Peter leaned over from his gaunt height and touched her mouth with his lips.

She was very sweet.

### CHRISTMAS GIFTS

Sent for **\$1.00** FULL YEAR TO PAY

**Guaranteed Savings**

Direct Diamond Importations and volume sales enable us to offer you genuine diamonds, and exquisite jewelry at saving prices.

**HOW TO ORDER**

Send \$1 with order and your selection comes on 10 Days Free Trial. No C.O.D. to pay on arrival. After free trial, pay balance in 12 equal monthly payments.

**10 Days Free Trial Satisfaction Guaranteed.**

If not satisfied after 10 days trial, return shipment at our expense and entire deposit will be refunded. Written Guarantee bond with every purchase.

**All Dealings Strictly Confidential.**

**CF14** Dinner ring: beautiful 42% fully hand engraved lace work design. 18K Solid White Gold, 2 genuine blue white diamonds, 2 French blue triangular sapphires. \$3.60 a mo.

**CF21** 18K Solid White Gold hand-somely engraved engagement ring. "A.A." genuine blue white diamond. \$3.96 a month.

**CF15** Dazzling cluster of 3 perfectly matched, genuine blue white diamonds, 18K Solid White Gold mounting. \$9.96 a month.

### A FULL YEAR TO PAY

**CF3** 27% Genuine blue white diamond, lady's hand engraved 18K Solid White Gold mounting. \$2.21 a month.

**CF8** 29% Handsomely engraved 18K Solid White Gold wedding ring. 5 genuine blue white diamonds. \$2.35 a month.

**CF2** 50% Exquisitely engraved butterfly design, engagement ring, 18K solid white gold with flash- ing, genuine blue white diamond. \$4.08 mo.

**Charge It By Mail**

**\$25**

**CF19** - The "Princess Pat" 14K SOLID WHITE GOLD, engraved case. Accurate, dependable, 15 jewel movement. Genuine "WRIST-ACRAT" flexible bracelet. \$2.00 a mo.

**10 Days Free Trial**

**A Beautiful Gift Box with every order**

**CF10** 26% Nationally advertised Elgin or Waltham, gentleman's strap watch. Handsomely engraved. Green or White Gold filled case. Warranted 30 years. Radium dial, accurate and dependable. Specially priced \$2.12 a mo.

**CF12** - Ultra fashionable, diamond wrist watch, hand engraved 14K SOLID WHITE GOLD case, 15 ruby and sapphire jeweled movement. 2 genuine blue white diamonds, 4 French blue sapphires. Genuine "WRIST-ACRAT" bracelet, patented safety clasp. \$3.45 \$2.79 a month.

ESTABLISHED 1895

## ROYAL DIAMOND & WATCH CO.

ADDRESS DEPT. 49-M, 170 BROADWAY, N.Y.

## Chapter Six



## Dandy Way to Darken Gray Hair

Gray, faded or streaked hair may be beautifully and evenly restored to color by applying a mixture of sage tea and sulphur. Either prepare the recipe at home or get from any drug store a bottle of "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound," for only 75c. This is merely the old-time recipe improved by the addition of other ingredients. Thousands of folks recommend this ready-to-use preparation, because it darkens the hair so perfectly. You moisten a sponge or soft brush with it, drawing this through the hair, taking one small strand at a time. By morning the gray hair disappears; after another application or two, its natural color is restored and it becomes thick, glossy and lustrous.

## MONEY FOR YOU AT HOME

YOU can earn good money in spare time at home making display cards. No selling or canvassing. We instruct you, furnish complete outfit and supply you with work. Write to-day for free booklet.

The MENHENITT COMPANY Limited  
735 Dominion Bldg., Toronto, Ont.



## Brings a 21 JEWEL-Extra Thin STUDEBAKER

Just \$1.00. The balance in easy monthly payments. You get this famous Studebaker 21-Jewel Watch direct from factory at a saving of thirty to fifty per cent.

Your choice of 20 new Art Beauty cases and dials. Latest designs in white gold, yellow gold and green gold effects. Radiant movements, including test, cold, isochronism and five positions. Insured for a lifetime. Ladies' Bracelet Watches, Men's Strap Watches, Diamonds and Jewels, too. All sold on easy monthly payments. Your credit is good! Write today for free book of Advance Watch Styles or Jewelry Catalog.

**Watch Chain FREE!** For a limited time we are offering a beautiful Watch Chain free. This special offer will be sent to anyone who writes at once. Don't delay! Get this free chain offer today—while it lasts.

**STUDEBAKER WATCH COMPANY**

Directed by the Studebaker Family—known for three-quarters of a century of fair dealing

Dept. N-10 South Bend, Indiana  
Canadian Address: Windsor, Ont.

ANNE knew that Peter was going on a wild-goose chase, and while she regretted the inconvenience to which the unknown suspect had been subjected, she thanked her lucky stars that she was not in the hands of the police herself. The unknown would be released as soon as the fingerprints on the revolver proved her innocence. She would suffer nothing worse than a bad scare.

But those self-same fingerprints spelled terrible and immediate danger to Anne. She had been the last one to touch the gun with which Stephen Bernaberry had been shot. It was ironic in itself that, in order to save the real murderer from committing suicide, Anne had almost certainly clinched the evidence of guilt onto herself. Any explanation as to how her fingerprints had been placed there after the crime had been perpetrated would sound too ridiculous to be admitted as evidence.

She would have lain awake long worrying about it, in spite of an heroic resolution not to do so, if the nurse had not given her another sedative that made her sleep regardless of mental turmoil. . . .

But in the morning she began to imagine she saw her damning fingerprints in red on everything.

Her first feeling was that she must not touch anything except rough surfaces, that she must get a cloth and wipe off the furniture, the bric-à-brac, everything within radius of her hands. How could she use dishes and silverware for meals?

She read the story of the inquest in the morning papers. There was actually nothing in the findings of the coroner that she did not already know. It had not seemed to occur to anyone to doubt Carlotta Pascoe's story, and she had not even been bound over to the grand jury. Anne had a feeling that by the time there was any trial in this case, Carlotta would have faded into very thin atmosphere.

Yet Anne's safety, her very life perhaps, depended upon being able to find Carlotta and force a confession from her before her own identity was discovered. There was no one to whom she could trust the mission of confronting Carlotta. Mrs. Harkness, Anne's mother, could not do it, even if Anne had dared let her know where she was. Mrs. Harkness was not the type of woman to deal with a person like Carlotta. This was a job that required a man. Anne had no men friends. Her companionship with her father had spoiled her for neighborhood intimacies with the young men with whom she would ordinarily have been thrown into contact.

That reporter at the hospital—what was his name? Chester Collins. Why not? It was a desperate chance, and it meant confiding at least part of her secret to a stranger, but was there anything else she could do? He had seemed a rather nice young man, and he had volunteered to help her if he could. Maybe—

SHE waited until neither the nurse nor Julie was in the room and hastily consulted the telephone book for the office of the *Chronicle*. Then, during another interval, she called up the number, and by an extraordinary good chance, found the young man there.

"Do you remember the girl who couldn't tell her name, at the railroad wreck yesterday?"

"Do I? I've got you on the front page this morning, Mrs. Bernaberry. Didn't you see the story yet?"

"No," Anne confessed. "I haven't had time. I've just finished reading the article about Mr. Stephen Bernaberry, and that's what I called you up about."

"Yes?" Plainly young Mr. Collins was mystified but willing to be enlightened.

"I can't tell you what I wish to say over the telephone, and even when you know, it won't do you any good; but I need help badly, and the other day you were good enough to say that sometime you might be of service to me. I suppose your offer was merely politeness, and this is rather soon to ask a favor, but—"

"Wait a minute. Can I do some little thing for you?"

"I'm afraid it's a pretty big thing."

"Better yet! I'll be right over."

"Oh, thanks," Anne sighed and dropped back on her pillows. His voice was so friendly and so wholesomely normal, that just to hear him lifted a load from her shoulders.

Anne was actually smiling to herself when Peter, driven, doubtless, by convention, came in to say good morning. The nurse was there, so the formal ceremony of the evening before was repeated. He did it a trifle more naturally this time, and there was less of an aftermath of confusion. Perhaps her lips were not quite such a shock as they had been. Or he had steeled himself against their allure. Anne had glanced at herself in a hand-mirror only a little while before, and she was conscious of never having looked so well. A lace cap concealed the head bandage, and a crêpe de chine nightgown is undoubtedly the most charming of modern feminine costumes.

It was strange to feel a desire to please this savage man, and yet Anne had a primitive instinct to break down at least in one place that implacable barrier that he had erected against the entire sisterhood of her sex. In some ways Peter was so boyishly ineffectual; she wanted to protect him from something, she was not exactly sure what—most probably it was himself.

PETER sat down a little wearily by her bedside.

"That girl last night turned out to be somebody else's trouble-maker," he informed her without being questioned.

"I know," Anne said without thinking.

"You know?"—sharply. "How?"

"I could tell from the fact that you don't look like a man who has committed justifiable homicide—even though you are tired."

"I couldn't sleep."

"I suppose not. Hating is a fatiguing business."

"Yes. But what else can I do?"

"I don't know. What would your brother do?"

"He'd laugh and say that any man who let a woman get close enough to him to kill him deserved to be punished for his carelessness. Steve laughed at nearly everything—not at things that were intended to be funny, but at life in general—at what other people thought was serious."

"He lived, then, mostly for the hour that was on the reel—not for the past and future as you do."

"As I do? Do you think that I live for the past and future?"

"Don't you? A good hater must. So does a man who is afraid."

"I'm not afraid."

"Perhaps not afraid of tigers or ghosts or guns or anything that might cut or tear your flesh. But you're afraid of not doing what is expected of you. Your brother Steve, from what you tell me, would not have been afraid of anything—not even death."

"He didn't believe in death."

"Probably he doesn't believe in it even now. I imagine that the only people who really die—die forever, that is—are the ones who expect to."

Julie brought in Anne's breakfast.

"Give Mr. Bernaberry this cup of coffee, Julie, and bring me another."

"I've had my breakfast," Peter protested as Julie offered him the cup.

"But you did not eat it," Anne pointed



out. "And you'd better drink that coffee and swallow a little toast before you start on another nerve-racking day. No good wife would let her husband leave the house without something in his stomach."

"Do you consider yourself a good wife?"

"I haven't decided yet. But drink the coffee, anyway."

Peter did, and ate the toast.

Julie reappeared with another cup.

"There is a gentleman to see Madame," she reported.

"A gentleman?" The question from Peter.

"What sort of a gentleman?"

"A journalist—what you call a reporter."

IT was Collins, of course. What an unfortunate accident that he had arrived while Peter was still in the house! Anne could not tell him what she wished him to do for her in front of the very man who would brand her story as a lying attempt to evade a just punishment. No, she must see him some way alone.

The natural thing to do, of course, was best. "Tell the reporter, Julie, that I cannot see him just at this moment, but that if he will wait—"

"Tell him," interrupted Peter, "not to wait at all; that Mrs. Bernaberry cannot be annoyed today."

Julie looked back at Anne to see if she intended to take any exception to the countermanding of her orders. But Anne did nothing. She hoped Collins would go away and come back later.

"Monsieur the journalist say that Madame have sent for him." Julie returned with that item.

Peter looked at Anne inquiringly. "You sent for him?"

Anne laughed, not so very convincingly. "Hardly sent for him. He is the reporter who went to so much trouble to find out who I was, and I merely wished to thank him."

Peter scowled. "I'll attend to that. Julie, tell the man to wait. I will see him myself."

Anne could only pray that Collins would have a sudden flash of intuition and not explain to Peter that she had telephoned him urgently that very morning and asked him to come to her assistance. . . .

And she could only guess at what happened.

A little later when Julie came in, Anne asked her if the reporter had gone.

"But yes, madame. Almost immediately. He is departed with Monsieur your husband."

Probably Collins would come back later, or telephone.

Toward five o'clock Anne's impatience overcame her self-restraint. She lifted the telephone receiver to call up the *Chronicle* office and held the instrument to her ear for a moment or so before she realized how lifeless it seemed. Very, very obviously she had been cut off from all communication with the outside world. She was a virtual prisoner, a hostage for that strangely discontented, pouting young woman who had run away leaving Anne herself to fill her clothes, her very position in life. Peter obviously intended to keep Anne from leaving until that other woman, his wife, came back to take her punishment.

And unless Anne was greatly mistaken, Mrs. M. T. Bernaberry intended never to return.

Anne carefully wiped off the telephone receiver and lay back to try to think what she could do next.

## Chapter Seven

THAT evening when Peter came in he said nothing to indicate that he was aware of having just won a trick. And Anne, for her part, did not mention the fact that she

knew that her telephone had been disconnected. But she had the feeling that they were eying each other warily, as they circled an imaginary ring, each waiting for the other to make the first move toward an open offensive.

Julie came in while he was still there, to announce that Anne's dinner was on the way.

"Wont you have yours here too?" Anne begged of Peter. "It's a bit lonely eating all by oneself, as you must have noticed."

"No, I hadn't thought of it. I've been accustomed to it for many years."

"Unfortunately, or fortunately, rather, I have not. I prefer conversation with my meals."

"My conversation might not be interesting. If you like, I'll have a radio installed."

"No, thanks. Don't you know that with a woman you do not need to have an interesting fund of conversation if you'll only say a word now and then to indicate that you are still awake?"

Peter laughed. "Tell Watkins to serve my dinner up here too," he ordered. Julie was still waiting. . . .

They were having a rather pleasant meal, at least a meal which was interestingly enlivened by a slight sense of tension, when the butler announced a guest.

"Inspector Lavin," he said.

"I'll be right down," Peter said.

"Why not have him up here?" Anne asked.

"You've not eaten your dessert yet."

"His errand may not be a pleasant one,"

Peter explained. "Lavin is the man who has undertaken to find the Harkness girl. He is bringing me a set of her fingerprints and a report on all that has happened today."

For a moment Anne's heart stood still. Fingerprints! Not twenty-five yards away was the evidence, even though it was false, which could convict her of murder. Fascinated by the nearness to danger, Anne desired nothing so much as to put herself to the test, to look it squarely in the eye and get it over with.

"I should like to meet the Inspector. Perhaps I might even help."

Peter gave her a long, speculative look. Then he said to the butler:

"Show Inspector Lavin up here."

LAVIN was in civilian clothes and did not look so very much like a policeman. He carried some papers and one thing and another in a portfolio.

"Mrs. Bernaberry," Peter said by way of introduction, "is lonesome and says that she would like to see the wheels go round."

Lavin moved a chair to her bedside, and began unfastening his portfolio. "I expected to find that you were a blonde, Mrs. Bernaberry," he said.

Anne looked swiftly at Peter. He too seemed surprised.

It seemed as well to settle that question then as at any time.

"Why?" asked Anne.

"I am almost positive—no, I will say quite positive, that Mr. Stephen Bernaberry, your late brother-in-law, and one of my very best friends, alluded to you as a blonde in a conversation which we had just a very few minutes before he was killed."

"He must have confused my wife with the maid-of-honor," Peter offered. "She was a blonde."

"Or more likely he referred to her that way more or less generically. Nowadays we confuse blondes with—er—"

"Gold-diggers?" Anne supplied.

"Yes. I believe that you both know that Steve was slightly cynical about the sincerity of what he called the bare sex. We were talking about that very subject on the morning I speak of. He had placed an advertisement in one of the morning papers with the idea of attracting what he called an old-fashioned girl to pose for him. Steve had all



## Proposals!

A glance at her blonde loveliness tells better than words why this beautiful New York City girl has received such flattering proposals from kings of movie and stage land. She's Collette Francis, of 255 East 25th St., Brooklyn; now one of the charmers in the Broadway hit, "Rio Rita."

Miss Francis says: "Since I've been on the stage, so many people have asked me what I do to get the beautiful golden gleam and sparkle in my hair that I am beginning to think I'm really taking wonderful care of it. I really never thought much about it. What I do is so simple. Like so many of my girl friends here in New York, I just put a little Danderine on my brush each time I use it. That keeps my hair silky and gleaming, makes it easy to dress and holds it like I arrange it, for hours. My scalp was very dry and I had a lot of dandruff when I first started on it, but all of that trouble stopped quickly. And Danderine keeps my hair so clean I don't need to shampoo half as often, now."

Danderine removes that oily film from your hair and gives it new life and lustre. It isn't oily and doesn't show. It gives tone and vigor to the scalp. The generous bottles are just 35c at any drug or toilet counter. A delicately fragrant necessity for the well-groomed girl.

THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE'S Department of Education will help you solve the problem of your child's future training—see pages 8-16.

## Asthma



FOR fifty years Vapo-Cresolene has been relieving and preventing attacks of bronchial asthma, permitting restful sleep. Let its healing vapors end the terrors of your attacks and bring comfort to you.

Sold by your  
druggist

Vapo-Cresolene  
EST. 1879

Send for descriptive booklet, VAPO-CRESOLENE CO., Dept. 2712, 62 Cortlandt Street, New York City



## CAMPBELL'S INFRA-RED RAY LAMP



### Have You Some Troublesome Ailment?

You will be greatly surprised when you learn how Infra-Red Rays relieve congestion or troubles causing aches and pains in the body. The Campbell Infra-Red Ray Lamp concentrates a mild beam of Infra-Red Rays upon any part of the body.

These rays penetrate deeply into the tissues. As they penetrate they create an active circulation of the blood. Most ailments are due to congestion—relieve the congestion and you relieve the ailment. Nature herself does the healing by active, normal blood circulation.

### Why Suffer Needless Pain?

If you or someone in your home have a troublesome ailment, a lamp like this is a blessing. May be used safely by anyone. Entirely unlike ultra-violet or X-Ray. Positively cannot sunburn or blister.

Relieve bronchial trouble, Neuralgia, Neuritis, Sinus trouble, Catarrh, head noises, Asthma, Ear trouble, Rheumatism, Lumbago and many other ailments with soothing Infra-Red Rays.

### Let Us Send You Our Book on Infra-Red Rays

We have an interesting book on the use of Infra-Red Rays which we shall be glad to send free to any reader upon request. Our book quotes leading authorities as well as users of our lamp. Full directions for use, how to order, our home trial offer, etc., are also explained. Infra-Red Rays have brought such wonderful results for others you are sure to be interested. Write today for our book telling more about it.

THE WILLIAM CAMPBELL COMPANY  
1038 Union Avenue • Alliance, Ohio

## Mercolized Wax Keeps Skin Young

Remove all blemishes and discolorations by regularly using pure Mercolized Wax. Get an ounce, and use as directed. Fine, almost invisible particles of aged skin peel off, until all defects, such as pimples, liver spots, tan, freckles and large pores have disappeared. Skin is beautifully clear, soft and velvety, and face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out the hidden beauty. **It quickly removes wrinkles and other age lines, use this face lotion:** 1 ounce powdered azoxite and 1 half pint witch hazel. At Drug Stores.

## Cuticura Toilet Preparations

Delightfully fragrant, highly developed toilet accessories—a most reliable method of cleansing and beautifying the skin and hair.

25c. each everywhere—Samples free of "Cuticura," Dept. L, Malden, Mass.



### SHORT STORY WRITING

Particulars of Dr. Esenwein's famous forty-seven course in writing and marketing of the Short-Story and sample copy of THE WRITER'S MONTHLY free. Write today.

THE HOME CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL  
Dept. 95 Springfield, Mass.



### Setting-Up Exercises for Your FACE— LIFT SAGGING MUSCLES REMOVE DOUBLE CHIN

Kathryn Murray's 5 Minute-a-Day Facial Exercises, by strengthening baby, drooping muscles, quickly banish crow's feet, double chin, sagging cheeks, sallow complexion, etc., and restore in a safe, natural way the bloom and animation of youth. No massage—no lotions—no straps—no skill required. Results guaranteed. 10 years of successful use. Book free! Mailed in plain envelope. Write today!

KATHRYN MURRAY  
Suite 1229, 5 So. Wabash Ave., Chicago

the vices himself, but he had ideals, too, and one of them was of a girl who had a dignity and poise beyond that possessed by the current serio-comic edition of the feminine gender. You'll pardon my language. I imagine that I am quoting him almost verbatim. I learned a great deal about women and language from him."

As he spoke, he drew out several sets of photographs, all of slightly irregular concentric circular blots, easily recognizable as enlargements of identifying impressions of fingers and thumbs.

"Of course, you know the theory of fingerprint identification," he went on, handing Anne one of the photographs. "None of those loops, arches, whorls and so forth ever changes character in an individual from the time he is born until he dies. They cannot be changed artificially, either. A number of distinguished ex-students of Sing Sing have tried it, with very indifferent success. Even a scar makes no difference, except to make subsequent identification, that much easier."

Anne took the proffered photograph.

"Those are the fingerprints found on the revolver. These are a set that we got from toilet articles, a drinking-glass and a mirror in the room of the Harkness girl at home. Hold them close together. There's a thumb, and here's the thumbprint from the gun. The latter is a little blurred, but anyone can tell at a glance that the lines are practically identical, and by measuring them with instruments it can easily be proved that they are absolutely the same."

Inspector Lavin leaned back in his chair. "The strange thing about this case is that from all I can learn about Anne Harkness, she is a very quiet, rather domestic type of woman, not given to drinking or staying out late. Most of these homicides develop out of a jazz party somewhere. There isn't any difficulty at all in fixing the guilt on the Harkness girl, but so far, nobody can see any reason why she did it. Probably the jury won't insist on knowing that."

"You may not catch her," Anne suggested. Her voice sounded small and far away even to herself. "She may never be found."

"Not a chance," Inspector Lavin returned with positive finality. "There's no place in the world where she can hide for very long. Sooner or later, she'll have to come up for air. Then we'll grab her like that." He closed his fist with a traplike snap.

"That's all very well," interrupted Peter impatiently, "but is there any actual news of this murderess? I want to be happy until she is where I can look her in the eye and—"

"Will you be happy then?" Anne demanded. "Any happier than you are now?"

"I want to be any happier, no. But I'll be able to quit. While she is alive I shall never quite relax in sleep. When I can know that I've balanced the account for Steve, then I won't care what happens. That night I shall sleep well in my cell."

SHE shuddered. "I don't see how a man can feel like that toward a woman, no matter what she has done. Suppose she is just a girl—like myself, for instance, and—"

"It isn't the same," Peter explained patiently. "You're a dear sweet girl. She is a bloodthirsty, calculating sort of an animal. You could never comprehend the sort of thoughts that go on inside of her brain, the ideas that make her a menace that has to be exterminated." He turned to Lavin. "A set of those fingerprints is for me, I suppose."

"Yes."

"Have you anything else? Any progress to report?"

"Not exactly, but there is some one I want you to see that I brought along with me."

"Oh, all right. Who is it?"

"The mother of this Harkness girl."

"My—her mother?" Anne exclaimed, stifling her first involuntary reaction. "Where is she?"

"Downstairs in the reception-room." Apparently Lavin had not noticed the break. "Shall I bring her up here?"

Peter turned inquiringly toward Anne. "Do you want to see this woman?"

"No," Anne decided, trying to make it seem as if she were doing it reluctantly. "I'm just a little tired, and I don't believe I'll do anything more that is exciting. Please come back and tell me about it after she has gone."

The two men left.

Anne lay back on her pillow with a sigh. What a narrow squeak that was! Her mother downstairs!

Providence was protecting her. She was safe again, at least for the time being.

Then all at once Anne sat up with a stifled cry.

She had held those photographs in her hands. The impressions of her thumb and fingers were right there alongside the camera enlargements of the prints which they had taken with them!

### Chapter Eight

ANNE had a bad half-hour of panic.

Then it occurred to her that actually her new fingerprints were in about the last place anyone would ever think of looking for them. Still, it seemed more imperative than ever that she should keep track of Carlotta Pascoe somehow. . . .

In an hour or so Peter Bernaberry came in. Strange that it seemed so natural to have him walk into her bedroom. A marriage ceremony was a trivial thing, after all. Two people apparently arrived quickly at a perfectly normal family intimacy without it.

"Mrs. Harkness was not particularly amusing," he told Anne. "She seemed delighted to have an audience to whom she could relate the shortcomings of her late husband, but she had very little to contribute to what we already knew about her daughter. The latter seems to have been a sly minx who deceived even her mother. According to Mrs. Harkness, the girl has not been away from home very much that she knows of. I suppose she slipped out nights when the family was in bed."

"Why," asked Anne speculatively, "does everyone picture the missing Miss Harkness as a conventional dissipated profligate under a mask of demure gentleness?"

"It seems reasonable to suppose that she must be something like that or she would not have committed this crime."

"Isn't it possible that your brother may have wronged her? That is, of course, if you persist in the theory that she is the one who fired the fatal shots."

His face hardened. "You speak as if you thought she was innocent."

"I'm positive of it."

"How can she be—with her fingerprints on the revolver?"

Anne abandoned the argument. The utter preposterousness of any explanation brought home to her more forcibly the futility of ever trying to prove her innocence before a court of law. Only one thing could save her—Carlotta's confession.

The conversation drifted back to Stephen Bernaberry. Anne's suggestion that perhaps he had done something to justify the attack upon himself aroused Peter's defensive eloquence.

"All women liked Steve," he said.

"All the more reason why one should kill him. Perhaps she was the one who loved him most."

"And shot him as a mark of her affection?"

"I don't think you know as much about women as your brother did."

"I know enough to keep away from them."

"Are you proving that now?"

"But you're different."

"How? For all you know, I may be a murderess myself."

"My dear!" Half amused, half tender, that was. "One doesn't ever think such thing's of one's—"

"One's what?"

"I don't know," he confessed lamely. "I was thinking of you as my wife. Pardon the slip."

"Certainly. It's perfectly all right, as long as I don't get to thinking of you as my husband."

"Which I don't suppose—" He stopped.

"I'd better be going, I expect."

He leaned over and kissed Anne gently and tenderly upon the lips.

Then he withdrew suddenly, crimsoning with embarrassment.

"I beg your pardon," he apologized. "I had forgotten that your nurse was not here."

Anne smiled. "I'll call her," she suggested, "and then—"

"No. I'll go now and think that one over."

Whatever he meant by that! Anne did not call Nurse Bingham at all. Instead she went to sleep without any sedative whatever, still smiling over the problem of their mutual embarrassment at that embrace which had been exchanged quite by accident. Strangely enough, it had taken precedence in her mind over the acute and bloody portents that threatened her freedom and even her very existence.

THE morning papers were on her tray. There was nothing particular in the line of developments in the Bernaberry case. One or two suspects had been held for examination but released later. Apparently any young woman who could not give an immediate and satisfactory account of herself was considered as a possible Anne Harkness in disguise. This was partly due to the fact that there were no recent photographs of Anne in existence, and the childhood likenesses in her mother's album were rather worse than useless. Anne thanked heaven, which had protected her in this instance by inferior photography, and in later years by a poverty which had forbidden entirely any extravagant vanity such as a visit to the studio.

A small item with a single-column head, but which rated a position on the front page in the *Chronicle*, intrigued Anne's curiosity. It read:

#### "CLASSIFIED PERSONAL SAVES LIFE

"Yesterday Mr. C. Collins of 24 Boyd St. was at the end of his rope—almost literally speaking. A classified personal in the advertising columns of a morning newspaper saved him.

"Despondent, out of employment, ill and penniless, he arose to a breakfastless day. By noon he would not even have a place to live or die in. His landlady had said that he must move, since he could not pay. He decided to let the coroner find him a new home.

"But his morning newspaper was under his door. That was paid for. He opened it and read all the news of what he presumed would be his last day on earth. Then he read the display advertisements so he could tell all the little devils in hell what the well-dressed man will wear. Lastly he turned to the classified section.

"There among the personals he found:

"Chester C.: If alive watch this column daily for message that will soon announce a great financial advantage to you. M. B."

"Needless to say, Mr. Collins, whose first name is Chester, immediately abandoned all thoughts of death and subscribed to all the

newspapers. On the strength of the advertisement his landlady gave him credit for one month's additional rent and advanced him enough money to take care of his immediate needs.

"Whether it really means anything or not Mr. Collins is not yet prepared to state. It may be only hoax. But no matter whether it is or not, he and a great many others are going to watch the personal columns with the eyes of hawks."

**COLLINS—Collins—Chester Collins.** That was why that item had hit so hard against Anne's consciousness. The reporter, of course!

He had not seemed like the sort of person who would even contemplate suicide. She recalled his rotund well-fed body and his pleasant, persuasive smile. Besides that, he was not out of employment. She had talked to him via telephone at the office of the *Chronicle* only the day before. There was something strange about all this.

Anne found herself consulting the "Personal" column to find out what message, if any, might be there for the unfortunate Mr. Collins.

She read the entire section through very carefully. There was no notice of any kind for Chester C. But there was an item that caught her eye. She read it through several times.

"Miss Oubliez: 'I passed by—' Be there sure at 10:30 A. M. daylight-saving time. Whistler."

Anne did not need to have any knowledge of secret ciphers to understand that the message was for herself. "Miss Oubliez"—that was what Chester Collins, the reporter, had called her when he was trying to find out who she was that night out at the railroad wreck.

The rest she had to think about for a minute. "I passed by." That was part of the first line of that song he always whistled. "Your window" was the rest of it. It seemed reasonable to try that as the beginning of the message. Then it read: "Your window. Be there sure at ten-thirty daylight-saving time."

That was clear enough. It did not explain for what purpose, but it seemed perfectly obvious that Chester Collins, to whom she had made an appeal for help, wanted her to be at her window at ten-thirty that morning. She looked at her boudoir clock. Nine-thirty. An hour to wait.

She thought over the extreme cleverness of young Mr. Collins. There was an ally for an adventurer! That entire story on the front page of the newspaper had been merely a hint to her to look for the direct message in the personal column, a message that was absolutely unintelligible to anyone but herself. If she read the newspaper at all, she was bound to stumble over the signpost which he had stuck up in the middle of the road. He had taken a long chance on using his own name in the story, but he had known that Anne, and Anne alone, of the Bernaberry family, would be apt to recall it. That made it doubly sure a pointer for her.

**PETER** came in at ten and showed signs of spending half the morning in agreeable conversation. Ordinarily Anne would have encouraged him, but now she wanted him out of the house.

"Will you, Peter," she said finally, "lift me over to a chair by the window? I feel much better today, and I should so much like to be where I can look out."

Peter picked Anne up for the first time. Neither of them had thought how intimate this would be; neither of them really thought of it now save to realize that it was nice to have some one as close as that. Peter held her a moment, just still in his arms, before he started toward the window, and during that moment, Anne started to put



## "Real Money in the Bank"

"THINK of it, Nell—\$460! And to think that just a few months ago we couldn't save a cent.

"Remember the night we talked it over and you persuaded me to send in that I. C. S. coupon? It was the best investment we ever made.

"The boss says if I keep on showing the same interest in my work there will be a still better position open for me soon. It certainly does pay to study in spare time."

Thousands of men now know the joy of happy, prosperous homes because they let the International Correspondence Schools prepare them in spare time for bigger work.

One hour after supper each night, spent with the I. C. S. in the quiet of your home, will prepare you for the position you want in the work you like best.

This is all we ask: Without cost or obligation, put it up to us to prove how we can help you.

### Mail the Coupon for Free Booklet

#### INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

"The Universal University"

Box 3418-E, Scranton, Penna.

Without cost or obligation, please send me a copy of your booklet, "Who Wins and Why," and full particulars about the subject before which I have marked X:

#### BUSINESS TRAINING COURSES

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Business Management                     | <input type="checkbox"/> Advertising                                      |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Industrial Management                   | <input type="checkbox"/> English  |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Personnel Management                    | <input type="checkbox"/> Business Correspondence                          |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Traffic Management                      | <input type="checkbox"/> Show Card and Sign                               |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Accounting and C. P. A.                 | <input type="checkbox"/> Lettering  |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Coaching                                | <input type="checkbox"/> Stenography and Typing                           |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Cost Accounting                         | <input type="checkbox"/> Civil Service                                    |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Bookkeeping                             | <input type="checkbox"/> Railway Mail Clerk                               |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Salesmanship                            | <input type="checkbox"/> Common School Subjects                           |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Secretarial Work                        | <input type="checkbox"/> High School Subjects                             |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Spanish <input type="checkbox"/> French | <input type="checkbox"/> Illustrating <input type="checkbox"/> Cartooning |

#### TECHNICAL AND INDUSTRIAL COURSES

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electrical Engineering                            | <input type="checkbox"/> Architect                                   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electric Lighting                                 | <input type="checkbox"/> Architects' Blueprints                      |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Engineering                            | <input type="checkbox"/> Contractor and Builder                      |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Draftsman                              | <input type="checkbox"/> Architectural Draftsman                     |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Machine Shop Practice                             | <input type="checkbox"/> Concrete Builder                            |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Railroad Positions                                | <input type="checkbox"/> Structural Engineer                         |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Gas Engine Operating                              | <input type="checkbox"/> Chemistry <input type="checkbox"/> Pharmacy |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Civil Engineering <input type="checkbox"/> Mining | <input type="checkbox"/> Automobile Work                             |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Surveying and Mapping                             | <input type="checkbox"/> Airplane Engines                            |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Plumbing and Heating                              | <input type="checkbox"/> Agriculture and Poultry                     |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Steam Engineering <input type="checkbox"/> Radio  | <input type="checkbox"/> Mathematics                                 |

Name.....

Street Address.....

City.....State.....

If you reside in Canada, send this coupon to the International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited, Montreal

## "DON'T SHOUT"

"I hear you. I can hear now as well as anybody. 'How?' With the MORLEY PHONE. I've a pair in my ears now, but they are invisible. I would not know I had them in, myself, only that I hear all right. The

**Morley Phone**  
for the  
**DEAF**

is to the ears what glasses are to the eyes. Invisible, comfortable, weightless and harmless. Anyone can adjust it." Over one hundred thousand sold.

WRITE FOR BOOKLET AND TESTIMONIALS  
THE MORLEY CO., Dept. 778, 10 S. 18th St., Phila.



her arm up around his neck. She just started the movement and then recalled it, but he must have felt it, even sensed the intention, because he cleared his throat with absolutely unnecessary vehemence and started off for the chair, zigzagging quite a little.

There was a window-box on the outside window-ledge; there were geraniums in it with a border of forget-me-nots. A pitcher of water stood on the inside sill with a bulb sprayer in it such as florists use.

Anne reached over and picked a tiny sprig of forget-me-not which she held to her face a moment and then handed to her porter. "Women are silly people, Peter. You don't have to wear this."

He did, though. It embarrassed him a little, as Anne had rather hoped it would. He excused himself in a moment or two and left her. In that brief sweet contact with Anne's body they had jumped so far ahead in intimacy, an experience new to both of them, that there seemed little more to be said in words until the world steadied down a bit. Life's complexities required a trifle of thinking over.

**B**OTH Nurse Bingham and Julie bothered Anne by puttering around, and as it came to be nearly ten-thirty, Anne grew temperamental and finally ordered them both out of the room in a fit of irritation.

And then Anne sat wondering idly what sort of a show was about to be put on for her benefit. She had not the slightest doubt that Mr. Collins would do something. But whether he would come climbing up the side of the building like a human fly, or come buzzing in on a diminutive airplane, she had not the faintest idea. A window twelve stories from the ground seemed a bizarre place for a rendezvous, but she did not doubt that he would be there.

The boudoir clock said ten-thirty.

There was nothing. Yes, there was, too. A faint scratching and bumping which Anne could not exactly locate.

Then suddenly there swung across her vision a flat oblong object about the size of a shingle. It hung in front of the window just over the flowers outside, swinging from side to side like a pendulum.

A small red-bound school slate. It was suspended on a black linen thread. A small hook on the thread went through a ring at the center of the slate.

Anne unhooked it.

"LITTLE CHESTER COLLINS, HIZ SLAYTE," was written in scrawly letters across the top of one side. This was obviously a guarantee that whatever message she wished to send out via this precarious route would fall into friendly hands.

There was a slate pencil tied to the slate by a string. Anne poised it over the black surface while she thought a moment as to how much of the truth she dared trust to Mr. Collins. Obviously not all of it.

So Anne wrote only this much:

"Keep track of Carlotta Pascoe without arousing suspicion. Life or death matter."

The scratch of the slate pencil made a slight noise. But not enough to cover another sound which Anne heard—the opening of her door, masculine footsteps on the bare floor.

Anne was panic-stricken. It was too late to hide the slate anywhere. For one thing, it was too bulky and would make too much noise if she dropped it. Besides, Peter had probably seen it already, although, of course, he could not have read what she had written—not from across the room.

Anne calmly picked up the bulb syringe with which Julie had been watering the flowers, and sprayed the surface of the slate. Every word disappeared instantly.

**T**HEN and there Peter would rather definitely have proved his sportsmanship even if he had never demonstrated it before.

"I should not have come in without knocking," he said. "I merely came back to ask if you preferred chocolates or bon-bons as a tonic."

Anne smiled. She could see that his eyes were taking a swift photograph of the unexpected properties—the school slate and the pencil.

"Bon-bons, please," Anne told him, her mind, detached, running off at other and speculative angles, wondering if she ought to attempt any explanation of the slate. She decided against that.

"You're not tired of sitting up?" he inquired.

"Oh, no, it's a great relief. I'm afraid that I am ordinarily too active to make a very good invalid. Don't worry about me. Nurse Bingham and Julie can get me back to bed all right. Or, if they have any trouble, there is always Watkins. But I'm not very heavy."

"No, not heavy but disturbing." It was as near as he had come to a compliment, and perhaps he had not meant it to be that.

He left her again without explanation.

Anne had no idea how much he had guessed or seen.

In unformed printing, quite as primitive as Collins' own message had been, Anne wrote out once more:

"Keep track of Carlotta Pascoe without arousing suspicion. Life or death matter."

Then she hooked it onto the line outside, giving the latter a slight tug to indicate that it was ready.

Immediately the slate swung over to the side so as to be out of range of the windows above that were in line with her own and began to travel smoothly and steadily upward.

**P**ETER had left his own apartment and rung for the elevator.

When the car arrived, he asked to be taken up—not down.

There was a sort of roof garden on top of the building and a young man stood with his back turned toward Peter, leaning over the parapet which enclosed the roof garden. He was making motions which might easily have been those of a fisherman reeling in a line. This was not incompatible with what Peter, who had seen the hook on the cord outside of Anne's window, might reasonably have surmised.

Fortunately for Peter, and not so lucky for young Mr. Collins, the gravel of the roof had been covered with property grass mats, such as are used in theatrical productions and photograph galleries to produce the illusion of sod. So, in his preoccupation, the fisherman heard nothing at all, felt nothing until something rather hard and lumpy hit him on the head. It was only Peter's fist, but Mr. Collins closed his eyes for a few minutes' rest. He thought he might as well—he was flat on his back, anyway.

Peter continued the business of reeling in the black cord.

At length the slate appeared. Peter took it and read the message.

For a moment he seemed undecided, now that he knew what the slate was for. Finally he erased one or two words and substituted others in their place, imitating the sprawly capitals as closely as possible and then lowered the apparatus over the side once more.

Just to confuse the issue, Peter turned Mr. Collins' pockets inside out and took away with him about two dollars and a half in money, all that the young man had,—newspaper men will be surprised to learn that it was that much,—leaving his battered old watch and a jagged-bladed knife, as beneath the notice of even an amateur hold-up man. . . .

A little later the aforementioned Mr. Collins, of the New York Chronicle, felt consciousness again stealing painfully over him.

It was not so great a boon as one might suspect.

He took an inventory of his belongings, turned his pockets inside in once more, tucked his discarded watch and knife back into their accustomed resting places, murmured a fervent farewell to his departed two-fifty, and faded in the black linen thread which he found still attached to himself. Evidently it had escaped the notice of whoever it was that had frisked him for his spare change.

The slate finally appeared over the parapet, and he read the message:

"Keep track of Peter Bernaberry without arousing suspicion. Life or death matter."

It seemed rather a large request, but he had made the offer of his services himself and he resolved not to fall down on the assignment.

**A** CONFERENCE was then going on inside of Peter's office.

A young woman had just been shown in. "You're from the Bleeker Agency?" Peter inquired, looking her over with slight incredulity.

She was a capable-looking girl, all right, but Peter Bernaberry was not inclined to see ability or even good qualities of any sort in a woman.

"Yes," the lady replied, and sensing his hostility: "I'm really one of our best operatives—or so I've been told. Mr. Bleeker gives me the most delicate cases. Was it something in connection with the tragedy of your brother's—"

"No, or at least I don't know what it is in connection with, Miss—"

"Miss Graham," said the girl. "Alice Graham."

"Oh, yes. Rather a nice name."

"Thanks. I picked it out of a story I was reading last evening."

"Picked it out?"

"Yes. I usually start each new case with a new name, so I am constantly on the lookout for ones that sound plausible without being conspicuously manufactured, like Jane Smith or Mary Jones."

Peter stared at her a moment and then laughed. "O.K. A woman ought to make an efficient detective as well as a clever crook. I had forgotten that dissimulation comes natural. You're hired. The job is to keep track of Carlotta Pascoe."

"Your brother's model?"

"Yes."

"Anything particular you want to know about her?"

"No, or at least I don't know what it is. Mostly I'd like to find out if she communicates with anyone, and if she goes anywhere, keep an eye on her. That's about all."

Alice Graham got up. "I'll report daily by mail or telephone," she assured him briefly. "Good day."

## Chapter Nine

**I**T was strange that a family life based on so flimsy and unorthodox a foundation could proceed as smoothly as did that of the pseudo-Peter-Bernaberrys during the next ten days or so. No one, certainly not the servants in the house, could possibly have guessed that Anne and Peter had not had every benefit of clergy—if there is any.

Anne was getting steadily better and could be around more and more. The fact that she had transferred the burden of worrying about Carlotta to young Mr. Collins' shoulders made her feel more at ease. And nothing came of the fingerprint menace—nothing that she knew of, anyway.

"You wont mind if I carry you down to dinner, will you?" Peter asked.

Far from minding it, Anne found that she



looked forward to it. It was so hard to tell whether he was being gentle or merely forbearing, that there was a zest in putting the problem to the test. When he picked her up, it seemed like the impersonal act of a steam-shovel, and yet she constantly got the feeling that there was a current of something that leaped into instant life when he touched her, and that it continued to circle madly and impartially through the systems of both as long as the contact lasted.

Anne knew from the fact that she was still constantly attended either by Nurse Bingham or Julie that she was really a sort of prisoner—at least, as far as individual effort was concerned.

Sometimes Inspector Lavin would drop in on them,—Peter and Anne,—usually when off duty.

"Steve was my best friend," he explained simply, "and it's pleasant to know his kin. You, Peter, are much like him—like, without any definite resemblance at all; while you, Mrs. Bernaberry, are almost exactly the kind of woman he was always talking about but never could find."

SOMETIMES Anne would find Lavin studying her closely.

"I'm trying to think where I saw you before. It sticks me, and I don't like it. No good cop should forget a face, but I've surely got a fog in my mind about yours."

The men naturally would discuss the progress which the police were making toward finding the missing suspect.

"Offering five thousand the way you did," said Lavin, "has put every amateur in the country on the trail, and they've gummed up the work of the regular police something scandalous. I'll bet there've been over five hundred suspects arrested, some of 'em as far away as Seattle."

"But that's about how far off this girl is," argued Peter.

"She's right here in New York," Lavin retorted. "She was born here, you know, and she's never been anywhere else. She'd be a hick in any other town, and they'd spot her in a minute. About two-thirds of police work is just plain patience—being there when the rat sticks his whiskers out of the hole. You mark my words, that Harkness girl is right here under our noses somewhere, and some day she's going to make a mistake. It only takes one mistake to land a crook in the chair. And even women go to the chair nowadays."

Anne schooled herself to listen to talk like that without turning a hair. She even took part in the discussion herself. She had at last overcome her fear of touching things. It had to be done, and if she was to be found out that way, it would be by the sheerest bad luck. But Anne was convinced that it was good luck which dogged her footsteps. Surely fate had sent her to the only place in the world where she could be almost sure that no one would look for her.

It was because Anne realized perfectly that her own interest demanded that she stay quietly out of public contact that she did not insist on dismissing the nurse and begin fending for herself even after she and everyone else knew that she was perfectly capable of doing so.

This was a great relief to Peter, who had been wondering what he could do to keep Anne from leaving the premises after she was able to walk. As long as she was ill, he could explain to all and sundry that his wife was not yet receiving visitors. Fortunately the real Mrs. Bernaberry—Marqua—was a California girl, and her nearest friends and relatives had not bothered any so far.

With one notable exception.

The ensuing episodes of Mr. Adams's romantic mystery are even more engaging. Be sure to look for them in the next, the January, issue.

## QUICK RELIEF FOR COLDS SINCE 1889



### No more static

Those heavy velvet drapes, which deaden echo and noise in the broadcasting studios, are of little value when announcers and performers cough and sneeze before the "mike."

That is why the handy white box of GROVE'S BROMO QUININE can be found in so many of the broadcasting stations. Let a sneeze or a headache or throat tickle appear after any exposure—and GROVE'S BROMO QUININE tablets are instantly recommended and promptly taken.

Many millions of people have learned from past experience that the two best things to do for a cold are: first—take GROVE'S BROMO QUININE; second—Don't wait. Take it immediately at the onset of the cold. Thus, they either side-step the cold entirely or throw it off quickly. . . . But don't expect such results unless you get the genuine, by emphasizing GROVE'S when asking for GROVE'S BROMO QUININE. Price 30c.

## GROVE'S BROMO QUININE LAXATIVE TABLETS

WRITE TO THE SCHOOLS LISTED IN THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE'S EDUCATIONAL DIRECTORY PAGES 8-16 for catalogues and information. If you need help with your school problem, write us stating age, previous schooling, religion of boy or girl, location of school and price. Address Director, Department of Education, The Red Book Magazine, 420 Lexington Ave., New York City.

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, etc., Required by the Act of Congress, August 24, 1912, of THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE, published monthly at Chicago, Illinois, for October 1, 1928.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Charles M. Richter, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of The Red Book Magazine and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, The Consolidated Magazine Corporation, 1912, North American Bldg., Chicago, Ill.; Editor, Edwin Balmer, 1912, North American Bldg., Chicago, Ill.; Managing Editor, None. Business Manager, Charles M. Richter, 1912, North American Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or if a corporation give the name of the corporation and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock.) Louis Eckstein, North American Bldg., Chicago, Ill.; Estate of Louis M. Stumer, North American Bldg., Chicago, Ill.; Benjamin J. Rosenthal, North American Bldg., Chicago, Ill.; Stephen Hexter, North American Bldg., Chicago, Ill.; Estate of A. R. Stumer, North American Bldg., Chicago, Ill.; Charles M. Richter, North American Bldg., Chicago, Ill.; Ralph K. Strassman, 420 Lexington Ave., New York City.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgages, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of the stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs, containing statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest, direct or indirect, in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is . . . . . (This information is required from all daily publications only.) CHARLES M. RICHTER, Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 21st day of September, 1928. [Seal.] LOUIS H. KERBER, JR.

(My commission expires January 16, 1929.)

### High School Course in 2 Years

You can complete this simplified High School Course at home in side of two years. Meet all requirements for entrance to colleges and the leading professions. This and thirty-six other special courses are described in our Free Bulletin. Send for it TODAY!

AMERICAN SCHOOL

Dept. H-981 Grand Ave. & 58th St. © A S 1923 CHICAGO

### One Year To Pay

No. 40—\$62  
\$5 Down—\$1.25 Week  
This exquisite diamond ring is considered extremely handsome. The best quality genuine blue white diamond is full of fiery brilliance and sparkling colors. It makes a wonderful engagement ring or friendship ring. Your friends will think you paid \$100.00 for it. Everyone will admire it. The gift case is free. Write for Catalog.

SEND NO MONEY when you get the ring, pay an old postman. If you keep it, we take pay only \$1.25 a week for one whole year. All credit dealt—no unnecessary delay. No red tape. 10 days trial. PRICE CUT TO \$62—WORTH \$100

You can now buy this gorgeous ring at the wholesale price. Compare it with similar rings at \$100. We guarantee it to stand any test or comparison. Greatest bargain offered by any Diamond Importer. We allow 8% annual increase in exchange for a larger diamond ring. Write for FREE Illustrated Catalog. It brings our large Jewelry Store right into your home. Gives weights, grades and complete description so you can buy diamonds like an expert. Gives you information other jewelers dare not tell. Diamonds from \$150 Ct. up. AGENTS WANTED—EARN \$200 WEEK. Write for details. **STERLING DIAMOND CO. WATCH CO. INC.** Diamond Importers—\$1,000,000 Stock—Est. 1879 1840 BROADWAY DEPT. 2853 N.Y.

## Touches that Add Style to Dresses By MAE MARTIN

You get so you just despise a dress when everywhere you go it seems to shout, "I am a last year's relic." A few touches have brought many dresses like that back into style. It's amazing to see how easily they can be transformed by a few buttons, a little braid and the quick magic of home tinting or dyeing.

You don't need any experience to do home tinting or dyeing successfully if you are sure to use only true, fadeless, Diamond Dyes. Each package represents the perfection of over 50 years of dye-making. Tinting with them is easy as bluing, and dyeing just takes a little more time. New colors appear like magic, right over the old colors.

Diamond Dyes give the daintiest of the latest tints and the richest of the new shades, with never a trace of that undesirable redyed look which comes from inferior dyes. Insist on Diamond Dyes and save disappointment.

My new 64 page book, "Color Craft," gives hundreds of dollar-saving suggestions for renewing clothes, draperies and rugs. It's fully illustrated in colors. Write for your FREE copy, NOW. Address Mae Martin, Dept. C-118, Diamond Dyes, Burlington, Vermont.



## Diamond Dyes

JUST DIP TO TINT BOIL TO DYE

**BIG PROFITS CHARGING BATTERIES**  
\$5 Down Starts You. Make big money charging batteries—get into a business of your own. Free book explains everything. C. F. Holmes, Chief Engineer, INDEPENDENT ELECTRIC WORKS, Dept. 88M—816 Ravenswood Ave., Chicago, Ill.  
**WRITE FOR FREE BOOK**



**\$1900 to \$2700 A YEAR**  
Many Government Jobs Open to Women  
Mail Coupon Today Sure

**Travel On 'Uncle Sam's' Pay Roll**

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE  
Dept. K-245, Rochester, N. Y.  
Sirs: Rush to me without charge, (1) 32 page book describing Government jobs. (2) List of U. S. Government jobs now open to men and women 18 up. (Tell me how to get a position.)

Name.....  
Address.....

## TELL YOUR OWN FORTUNE

(Continued from page 57)

release. Your ambition flies so high that you will never be satisfied with your achievements, however good they may be. A person with your imagination will not need the material luxury on which many people lean for happiness.

### KEY NUMBER 14

**Y**OU will not marry—you will be married, or have been married, by an excellent helpmeet. You will give up your life to doing what you don't want to do, and after a while you will want to do it. Your satisfaction will come from your efficiency and the admiration of your friends. You will learn to play a little more as you feel more secure financially, and this in turn will react favorably upon your work. People will frankly say to you: "I didn't know you had it in you." Life will grow pleasanter for you every year. Don't worry about that grievance that is troubling you. It will be settled as soon as you will do your part.

### KEY NUMBER 15

You'll have a peck of trouble, but you'll come through and be ready for more. There is no use preaching to you, because you'll go on and do as you darn please just as you always have. If you are married or engaged, it was a real love-affair, for your type does not need to marry for companionship. Everybody is kind to you, and will continue to be. You will be in better circumstances as time goes on, for although you are not particularly good at making money, neither do you throw it away. You will soon meet some one who will attempt to exert an influence over you which you will evade through your natural shrewdness.

### KEY NUMBER 23

You will finally choose one aim out of the many which now confuse you. Then your scattered energies will achieve more satisfactory results. It is very possible that you will be a big success. You will find your greatest happiness in marriage, and so will your mate. But your children are likely to be trying, for you will err on the side of overindulgence. You will not fight your fate, but make the best of it. People will always worry about you, but they don't need to.

### KEY NUMBER 24

**E**VERYBODY notices your sweet disposition, and as the years pass, your underlying fortitude will also be recognized. You will be contented wherever you are because you quietly withdraw from places where you are not contented. It is very difficult to make you unhappy for more than a brief period, for there is a great deal of the play-boy in you. Even when you are unhappy, you will never avoid the pleasures that come your way. You will inherit a fair amount of money, perhaps a good deal, but it is not so sure that you will hold onto it after you get it. Other people will share the good time your money buys, but you never will expect them to share your losses. You will learn from experience to keep back enough for your old age.

### KEY NUMBER 25

You do not care for swank. You never will. You are likely to keep on living just where you live now, unless an earthquake outdoors or indoors jolts you out of your rut. But you do not need to be sympathized with, for your rut is a very comfortable one; if it were not, not so many wheels would have made it. If you have, or find, a mate like yourself, you will be the happiest person in the world. You will have lots of chil-

dren and will wonder how you are going to bring them up, but somehow you will manage, and the children will be a credit to you in the end.

### KEY NUMBER 34

You will, or did, try hard to keep from marrying, but they will get you in the end, for you are too great a prize to let slip; and after you have yielded you will be happier than ever before. You will progress in your chosen field gradually and steadily to a high point. If you are a man, you are more likely to be the vice-president of a very large concern than to be the president of a small one. If you are a woman, your knack of managing people will increase because you don't want to bother to row with them. You are the finest type of "aunt" or "uncle," and many young people not related to you will become your adopted nieces and nephews.

### KEY NUMBER 35

You are born for adventures, and no one will be able to keep them away from you. If they come late, they will come thicker. You will get yourself into scrapes through your own fault, but you will get yourself out of them. You always fall on your feet. You will get ahead through seizing lucky breaks rather than through hard work. Your love-affairs will be as deep as they are brief (excepting, of course, your marriage). You will be moved by intense and fleeting emotions. Whether or not you make your mark in the world will depend on the kind of adventures you choose to have. If you have nothing but love-affairs, you will know only trouble in the divorce courts. If you look for adventure in speculative, financial deals, you will have at least a chance of breaking even.

### KEY NUMBER 45

Your habits will crystallize more and more each year, and you will find it increasingly difficult to live with other people, although you will enjoy having them visit you if you are sure that they can be trusted to go home again. Your thrift will make it unnecessary for you to struggle and strain to earn more money. It is almost inevitable that a forty-fiver will take a strong intelligent interest in his or her home, and it will contain both practical comfort and beauty. Your spare cash will go into making your house more and more what you want it to be.

### KEY NUMBER 123

Your friends will continue all your life to give you good advice, which you fortunately will not follow. You will neither attain a high station in life nor will you sink to a lower social standing, as you sometimes fear. If you have not yet married, you will more or less drift into matrimony, but your marriage will not go on the rocks. You will find yourself in situations that you think will drive you mad, but they won't. When you stop thinking about the things which you never can get you will realize that yours is a fortunate lot.

### KEY NUMBER 124

You can go into and come out of a bad marriage without being crushed. You never spend your days being a monument for past griefs. You will get more out of life every year because you will constantly grow better able to handle people and situations and if you decide that it is worth while you will make a career for yourself. You will learn how to adjust your life so that you can have a great deal of recreation without neglecting your work. You will travel in strange places and meet a varied assortment of people. In

the end you will gladly come home to your own hearthstone. You will be able to give your children advantages which you could not have.

## KEY NUMBER 125

You will have all the dogs you want—or will it be babies? If they don't come your way, you will go after them, for your heart is big enough to hold all the stray dogs and orphan children in the world, but you will probably prefer your own. Nor will you allow these responsibilities to interfere with your enjoyment of life. A trip to Paris will be nothing to you. You will have a casual attitude toward travel. Although you will have, or did have, a time of stress around thirty and again at forty, you will come through all right.

## KEY NUMBER 134

IN the coming years you will learn, if you are a woman, not to expect as much of men as you do of women, or if you are a man, not to expect as much of women as you do of men. You will be happier for you will lean less on others and therefore not be so depressed by your obligations of gratitude. Stop worrying about your work. Not only is it good now, but it will improve year by year. It couldn't help it with all the industry and patience and persistence that you put into it. Even if your marriage is a late one, it will give you profound satisfaction when it comes.

## KEY NUMBER 135

You are the hermit type and unless you have an unusual spouse will be happier living alone. If things go wrong with you, try it. You have a peculiar nature which other people will not take the trouble to understand—it may be that you do not compensate them for taking that trouble. You are lacking in cooperation; you are not patient with those who are less talented than you are. You will probably live in the country and very likely will travel. You will constantly be disappointed in other people until you have learned to go your own way and cultivate your brilliant talent.

## KEY NUMBER 145

BOTH men and women of the 145 group are enthusiastic gardeners. You will make friends among those who have the same interest and this will inspire you to have a better and a bigger and a finer garden every year. In case you are an exception to this rule you are likely to go in for collecting stamps, china or period furniture, or something else in which your interest has not yet developed. You are likely to have good health in your later years. Your interests are wide enough to insure you an active and happy old age.

## KEY NUMBER 234

You men have to be driven to success by your wives, and you are fortunate if yours does it without your knowing it. The 234 women make excellent wives. Only a very, very bad choice in either case can make your marriage unsuccessful. You will insist on liking your husband or wife. You will not need to use up precious energy in learning from experience because you are able to learn from other people's experiences. You will make plenty of money, even though at first you will wonder how you're ever going to get all the things you want.

## KEY NUMBER 235

You are capable of a great love with all the sacrifices and compensations which it entails, but you do like a good motorcar. If you are a woman, your husband will get it

for you; if you are a man, you will get it before you can afford it. It will come on the installment plan like your player-piano, the radio and the Oriental rug in the parlor. You will be happy, excepting on the first day of the month when the bills come in. You will not bother about keeping up with the neighbors, but the neighbors will have lots of trouble keeping up with you.

## KEY NUMBER 245

You will have a happy life, especially in domestic relations. You will not be particularly troubled about money because you have the ability to make it, though you won't sacrifice too much for it. The 245 people are good citizens who pay their bills and prefer large families. When you go to Europe you will take all the children and you will not miss any of the museums or cathedrals that you ought to see. Very likely you will be prominent in church or civic affairs or on a school board. People will be grateful wherever you are willing to assist. You will live in the suburbs in a small city, and your car will always run smoothly. You will own your own home without a mortgage.

## KEY NUMBER 345

PEOPLE will bring all their troubles to you because you are efficient as well as sympathetic. For the same reasons you can look forward to heavier responsibilities, which you will welcome. Since you are interested in your work, which will be along the lines of teaching, civic betterment or some form of welfare work, you will make money but more or less incidentally. If you are married, or do marry, watch your step, especially if you are a woman. Women of your type dress better as they grow older, get more attention and consequently often marry rather late in life when they have already attained success. Their danger is that they may steam-roller their husbands. The 345 men will do the same thing, but a man is allowed to be dominating.

## KEY NUMBER 1234

You will stand by even a disagreeable mate, because of your intense loyalty. Men of the 1234 type chose Eves rather than Liliths, getting their satisfaction out of living up to their ideals. It is very likely that you will wear a hair shirt unnecessarily, and be complacent over your discomfort. You will make money and will be able to afford enough cars to satisfy the whole family. Women of the 1234 type almost invariably marry, turning onto domestic matters the abilities which would have made them equally successful in business life.

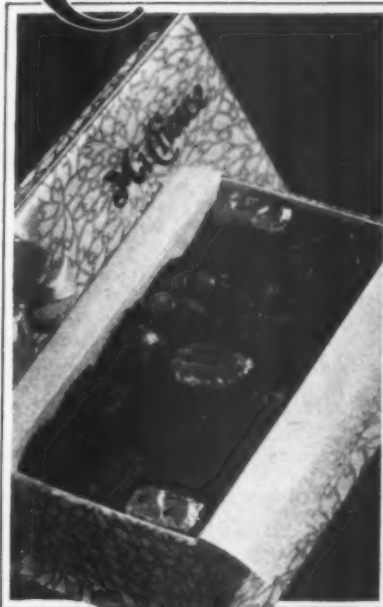
## KEY NUMBER 1235

Debts, debts, debts! Where will the money go? It will go on the things you want now instead of being saved for the things you may not want in your old age. No savings bank will increase its surplus through your deposits, but when you have pneumonia, some one will be at hand to pay your bills. Bill collectors may sit upon your front door step, but they won't be able to take away the European trip you are going to have, or the winter in Florida. You will marry, or have married, and your spouse will share your joys because you can't enjoy yourself unless some one else is included in your happiness.

## KEY NUMBER 1245

You will not make much of a mark in the world, but it will not be for lack of ability but because your philosophy is to be comfortable and easy and have lots of leisure and, in a way, admiration. This ideal you will achieve. With the right husband

# Mi Choice



ROYAL beauty and rare good taste combine in the gift of gifts—the famous Mi Choice Package.

The smooth, chocolate coatings—the surprise fillings, vindicate your judgment in choosing the gift of gifts. Your dealer has the famous Mi Choice Package in one, two, three and five pound sizes. If not, send the coupon and \$1.50 for the one pound Mi Choice or 25c for a Miniature Sample Package filled with the pieces which have made Mi Choice the choice of people who discriminate.

BUNTE BROTHERS  
Makers of fine chocolates since 1876  
3309 Franklin Boulevard CHICAGO, ILL.

**Bunte**  
WORLD FAMOUS  
CANDIES

BUNTE BROTHERS, 3309 Franklin Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

- ☐ I enclose \$1.50 for a one pound or \$3.00 for a two pound Mi Choice package.  
☐ I enclose 25c for the miniature Mi Choice sample package.

Name .....

Address ..... City .....

Dealer's Name .....







## Face All Broken Out?

Are you, too, one of those who have tried one thing after another for the skin, yet without results? Then try this simple treatment—used by thousands with amazing success. Rub on a little Resinol Ointment at night; wash off with Resinol Soap in the morning. You will be surprised at the QUICKNESS with which it acts. The Soap also to keep the complexion constantly clear and soft. *At all druggists.*

For free sample of each, write Resinol, Dept. 30, Baltimore, Md.

# Resinol

### College Entrance Board Examinations

There are a number of fine schools listed in pages 8-16 which specialize in successful preparation for these examinations. Write to them for details. If you have difficulty in finding the right school in a desired location we will be glad to help you from our personal knowledge of the representative schools in all parts of the country. Give essential facts and address:

The Director, Department of Education  
THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE  
420 Lexington Avenue New York City

### Best for You to Use Therefore Best for You to Give

For pleasure and for helpfulness, too, Webster's Collegiate is ideal. This Christmas give the handsome Bible-Paper edition of

## Webster's Collegiate Dictionary

the gift that will be welcomed by all discriminating people. It is

The BEST Abridged Dictionary—because it is based upon the "Supreme Authority"

### WEBSTER'S NEW INTERNATIONAL

Contains a full vocabulary of 106,000 words with definitions, etymologies, pronunciations, and indications of proper use—a dictionary of Biography—a Gazetteer—a section showing, with illustrations, the rules of punctuation, use of capitals, abbreviations, etc.—Foreign words and phrases—a wealth of other useful information.



**NEW WORDS**—including the latest accepted vocabulary terms and important additions to the biographical and Gazetteer departments—such entries as camoufleur, kinetophone, Latvia, Vimy, Hooverize.

1,700 Illustrations; 1,256 pages. Full leather, \$7.50, Fabrikoid, \$6.00. Art Canvas, \$5.00.

Purchase of bookseller; send order and remittance direct to us; or Write for Free information. When buying insist upon a

"Merriam Webster"  
G. & C. MERRIAM Co.  
Springfield, Mass.

or wife who can make special concessions you will get along all right and you will thank him or her for making you happy. You'll never get used to it, which will make the husband or wife exert himself or herself all the more to please you.

### KEY NUMBER 1345

You will reach your goal. The qualities which you have coordinated to push you forward, though not without suffering for you—and others. The indications are that if you did not marry early you will marry late in life or not at all. Your intellect rules your heart too much to let you make a hasty marriage and if your courtship is long you will see the flaws of your potential mate with a magnifying glass instead of a diminishing glass. You will aim high and do good work. You will be a money maker and spend and invest your money wisely, but good work will mean more to you than financial return.

### KEY NUMBER 2345

You are in luck and will continue to be, and that luck comes from your own fine qualities. You can have whatever you want because you are efficient and ambitious and too sensible to sigh after impossibilities.

Your day dreams are all practical, and you will use them to incite you to further effort. If you are a woman you may choose to be socially prominent, but you are quite as likely to prefer success in artistic work or business. If you are a man you are more likely to go into commercial life than into the professions. You will make money slowly and steadily because there is nothing of the gambler in you. Both men and women of the 2345 class do well in marriage, the second time if not the first.

### KEY NUMBER 12345

Your emotions will get in your way until you decide that you would rather reach your goal than enjoy your disappointments, righteous indignation or worry. Once you have given up your personal attitude toward everything, your intelligence will be free to function brilliantly and your wife will stop saying, "You're just a great big boy," or your husband, "I can't understand women." You are canny at money-making, and budgeting is no mystery to you. The probabilities are that you will marry young unless your situation is unusual. You will expect to be loved, no matter how badly you behave, and you will probably get more devotion than you deserve.

## A WOMAN WHO IS MINE!

(Continued from page 71)

does it matter where we are going, as long as your little feet are alongside of mine?"

"Yes. What does it matter? What does all the world matter as long as soul speaks naked to soul?"

"Or steel speaks naked to steel!" cut in a harsh voice.

And the lovers turned, startled—saw Kara Ali advancing from the shadows, glittering blade in hand.

AT once Kara Yussef, too, drew his weapon. "Allah!" sobbed Turkan Katoom, frightened.

Frightened only for a second. For was she not an Afghan, bred to strife? Were there not here two strong men battling for her sake?

"Power to you!" she cried exultingly as Kara Yussef lunged, point to the fore. "Power to you, O king!"

They fought after the Afghan manner: skipping in a circle—leaping high from the ground—springing forward and backward and sideways—beating time, iron upon iron, so that it sounded like hailstones on a roof.

"Take this!"—as Kara Ali stooped, twisted, slashed at his cousin's legs with a wicked backhand stroke.

"Not tonight!"—and the younger man jumped nimbly into the air, so that the other's weapon whistled harmlessly under him.

Lunge. Thrust. Lunge. The hilts clanked savagely. Feet slid, slithered, advanced, receded, again advanced, cousin lustily trying to bring death to cousin. Lunge. Thrust. Lunge. Sword against sword.

Then suddenly a third sword hissing through the air, lashing viciously right and left, knocking both weapons aside—and there stood Yar Moorad, Khan of the Lodi clan, who had come to find out what was keeping the two.

"Here you are," he exclaimed, "tough old hawk and tough young hawk—and my fine army waiting, while you cross blades for most negligible cause!"

"Negligible?" demanded Kara Ali angrily. "Negligible?" echoed Kara Yussef as angrily.

"Negligible?" chimed in Turkan Katoom, even more angrily.

"Negligible indeed!" said the Khan. "For

it is plain to see that you are fighting because of a woman—"

"A woman who is mine!" cried Kara Ali. "No. Mine!" insisted Kara Yussef.

"Ah—liar!"

"Dog!"

"Pig!"

"Father of little piglings!"

"Son of a noseless she-devil!"

And once more they were about to be at each other with a black clatter of iron when Yar Moorad roared, "Peace! Peace!" and, silence restored, added:

"It is evident that you cannot agree—"

"But I—" interrupted the girl.

"I know. Here are two men. One you love. To the other you are betrothed. One claims you for one reason, the other for the other reason. So it is proper to let the sword decide."

"Well, then—" began Kara Ali.

"Be quiet, ancient wolf! The sword is proper, I repeat. But more proper is our bit of a row with the Bangashi. Therefore—let the sword wait until this row is finished. I have appointed you and your cousin to command the vanguard. Side by side you will ride and fight. Ah," he laughed, "a most excellent arrangement—by the honor of my nose! For to make sure that both of you will return, safe and whole, to carry on your private quarrel, you will watch over each other, will protect each other, as if you were twin-brothers rocked in the same cradle. Come on! Let us be off to the bloody field of strife! And as for you,"—blowing a kiss at Turkan Katoom,—"be not impatient! Presently both your lovers will be back. Presently we shall all be back—with the treasure of the Bangashi, the cattle of the Bangashi, and the red glory of victory!"

### TREASURE. Cattle. Victory.

Thus the hope of the men, going into the north with steel at haunch and fire at heart. Thus their dreams, at night, in bivouac.

Thus not the dreams of the women back in the valley. Women grave and stony-eyed. Women exclaiming:

"Allah's curse on their rowdy warring!"

For where was Mustafaa, the burly man, so fond of laughter? Where was black-bearded Esa Terek, the smith? Where young Rustum, the flute-player?

All gone. Nothing left of them but the memory of an old song or two, the little sad ghosts of love and passion and tenderness; and cold the hearths, cold the beds.

And the women waited, while day followed day and night followed night, and no word came from the wanderers far in the north, circling the Hill of the Thunder Gods to fall on the flank of the Bangashi.

Ah, where was Mehmet, the son of Mehmet? Where Attila Hamdi Bek? And Abdallah-of-the-Ax—where was he?

Killing, were they? Or belike—dear Lord God!—being killed?

No word. Not a thin, ragged wisp of rumor. For the fighting had closed the caravan route, and the Tartar traders, who brought gossip as well as wares, had chosen other routes, east of the Lodi Valley.

So there were eyes eagerly watching the highroad to see if a horseman sent by the Khan might be rounding the bend, bringing news; and the lights in the houses were kept burning late into the night in case the news should come in the darkness, like a thief. And still the women waited, nor complained much, since patience was ever the gift of the Afghans; and few lost heart.

Not even Turkan Katoom—though her mother, to whom neighbors had told the scandal of the two lovers, nagged and upbraided her, and turned on her one day with hard, hurting words:

"Happy your father that he is below the sod—blind to the crimson shame upon his house! *Wah*, there is less worth in this Kara Yussef than there are hairs in the beard of the beardless! *Wah, wah*,"—her voice peaking shrilly,—*"there is only one place I would like to see him in—and that is the grave!"*

Turkan Katoom grew pale.

"If you were not my mother," she exclaimed, "I would raise a hand to you!" And then she slumped down on the ground and sobbed: "Oh, my grief! Am I not the unhappy girl—with my lover gone to the cruel war, and my own mother wishing him the black, black luck!"

**B**ITTERLY she cried; then suddenly she felt Aziza's arms about her and heard crooning words:

"No, no! I did not mean it! Why, if I must have a grandson, I wish him no better father than Kara Yussef—I swear it upon the Koran! The pick and pride of all the lads he is—and what do I care if he is poor?"

"You—you think he will return?"

"Surely. The Lord is merciful. The Lord's bounties are untold. Let us implore the Lord."

And they knelt side by side and prayed:

*"Urhum yah rubb! Khalakat elathi ent khalakta, urhum el-mezakin, wah el-djuaanin, wah el-ayranin! Urhum-y'ellah! Have mercy upon Thy creatures which Thou created! Pity the sighing of the poor, the hungry, the naked! Have mercy! Have mercy, O Allah!"*

Aziza rose.

"Dry your eyes, daughter," she said. "Crying are you—and you an Afghan? Pahl! A silly thing it is to reddens your nose—nor such a small nose—because a hearty man is across the hills with steel in fist. He will come back—there is no doubt of it."

"Perhaps badly wounded—maimed—"

"No, no! Did not the Khan himself—blessings on his shrewdness!—order Kara Ali to watch over Kara Yussef, and Kara Yussef to watch over Kara Ali?"

And indeed, the two cousins were watching over each other; watching over each other for the sake of hate which was stronger than love. . . .

There was, for instance, that time when, in a skirmish with an enemy outpost, Kara Ali saw a Bangashi come up from the back, about to pierce Kara Yussef with his long black lance. Helter-skelter he rode to the rescue and killed the Bangashi.

"My thanks are at your feet," said Kara Yussef stiffly.

The reply was as stiff: "There is no cause for thanks. Why should I let a stranger cheat me of my revenge?"

The very next morning it was Kara Yussef who slashed in with swishing weapon as an iron battle-axe came crashing down on the older man's head—waved gratitude curtly aside, as his cousin had done, adding:

"I am praying for the day when we shall be home once more and crossing blades privately, like gentlemen."

**M**ANY were their deeds of splendid heroism—deeds that, in the unwritten annals of the northern clans, have assumed in the course of time the character of something Homeric, something epic and fabulous, something close-woven to the purple loom of the hills in both pattern and sweep of romance; deeds that, to this day, are mentioned with pride by their own tribe, and with a mixture of envy and awe by their enemies the Bangashi, as they squat beside the fire on an evening and digest the stirring happenings of the past in the curling blue smoke of their water-pipes.

"This Kara Ali," you can hear them exclaim, "as the Lord liveth—what a warrior he was! A cat in climbing! A snake in twisting! A deer in running! A hawk in pouncing! A dog in scenting! And his cousin Kara Yussef was as notable a warrior! Stealthy as a fox! Courageous as a tiger! Fleet as a hare! Cruel as a wolf! Strong as a bear in mating time! One always helping the other—always ready, for the other's sake, to pour out his life upon the edge of the crimson sword! Vying with each other to see who could be the more reckless!"

That is just what they were doing: vying with each other, endeavoring to outdo each other until, gradually, strangely, they became a little less conscious of mutual hate; became conscious, instead, of mutual admiration for their high courage. . . . And they would speak of it, occasionally, with a certain grim, slurring humor.

Thus once, when Kara Yussef had interposed his own body to shield Kara Ali against an enemy dagger and was nursing a flesh-wound, the latter said:

"The first son Turkan Katoom will bear me I shall call Kara Yussef. For you saved my life."

"You are wrong," replied Kara Yussef.

"Oh?"

"Indeed. The first son Turkan Katoom will bear me I shall call Kara Ali. For you saved my life."

"It will be for her to decide."

"And being a woman, she will go with the stronger, the younger, the victor—myself."

"Being a woman, she will prefer a live white-beard to a dead youth. But—do not worry!"

"About—"

"Your funeral. I am rich. I shall pay for it. A delightful affair it will be, with seventeen hired mourners following your coffin and shedding tears, and a priest mumbling appropriate verses from the Koran."

They stared at each other challengingly. Then both laughed; and Kara Yussef cried:

"Strange!"

"What?"

"If I did not hate you, I would love you! You are a man after my own heart. Keen of sword, keen of tongue."

"You are taking the words out of my mouth, cousin."

"Allah," the other went on, with a sigh, "hate it must be. It would not matter if we were striving for as mean a thing as a kingdom, or as cheap a thing as all Persia's gold. But it is striving we are for the full red terrible thing called love of woman—striving with the striving that stops for neither friendship nor mercy."

He interrupted himself as, in the distance, a kettledrum thumped a staccato message.



## DRAWING is a way to FORTUNE

**A**LI HAFED, a Persian, sold his farm and went away to seek his fortune. The man who bought the farm found it contained a diamond mine which made him fabulously rich. Ali Hafed overlooked the great opportunity at his door to go far afield in search of wealth. This old story illustrates a great truth.

Do you like to draw? If you do, you may have talent, a talent which few possess. Then don't follow Ali Hafed's example and look farther for fortune. Develop your talent—your fortune lies in your own hand!

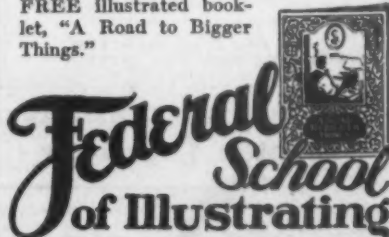
### Many Earn \$200 to \$500 a Month

Present opportunities in the field of illustrating were never excelled. Publishers buy millions of dollars' worth of illustrations every year. Illustrating is fascinating as well as profitable.

The Federal Course includes illustrating, cartooning, lettering, poster designing, window card illustrating, etc.

The Federal Staff of authors includes such nationally known artists as Sid Smith, Neysa McMein, Fontaine Fox, Charles Livingston Bull, Clare Briggs, Norman Rockwell and over fifty others. Exclusive lessons and drawings especially prepared by them are included in the Federal Home Study Course. They guide you from simple sketches to complex illustrations having a high market value.

Mail in the coupon below today and we will send you our FREE illustrated booklet, "A Road to Bigger Things."



FEDERAL SCHOOL OF ILLUSTRATING,  
12178 Federal School Bldg.,  
Minneapolis, Minn.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_  
Occupation \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_



## "My Skin was a Sight"

"I couldn't look people in the face, I was so ashamed of my skin! It was always blotched with pimples and blackheads and at times itched terribly. I had tried everything and was so discouraged that I couldn't bring myself to take hope in anything. You can imagine my surprise, therefore, when one application of Rowles Mentho Sulphur almost completely cleared my skin. In a short time you wouldn't know my skin—it was so clear and healthy looking."

The sulphur in Rowles Mentho Sulphur clears the skin while the menthol heals the sore, broken tissue. That's the twofold action you want for skin troubles. Even fiery eczema yields to it. All drug stores carry Rowles Mentho Sulphur. Try it tonight.

**LEARN HOW TO WRITE SHORT STORIES**

RECENTLY an American writer was paid \$1800 for a single short story. By learning to tell the stories of her dreams this woman has found her way to fame and fortune. You can learn to write, too. A new practical course of instruction will give you the training right in your own home during your spare time. Endorsed by eminent writers, including the late Jack London. "The Art of Story Write Today Writing." No obligation—booklet is free. Also special course in English. Write Today—NOW! HOOBIE INSTITUTE, Short Story Dept., Dept. 1002, Ft. Wayne, Indiana.

## DEAFNESS IS MISERY

Multitudes of persons with defective hearing and hearing aids enjoy conversation, go to Theatrical Church because they use Leonard Invisible Antiseptic Ear Drums. Tiny Megaphones fitting in the Ear entirely out of sight. No wires, batteries or head piece. They are Unseen Comforts and inexpensive. Write for booklet and sworn statement of the inventor who was himself deaf.

A. O. LEONARD, Inc., Suite 779, 70 5th Ave., New York

### Of Interest to Parents

#### "A Guide to Private Schools"

This booklet will be sent free on request to Department of Education

THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE

420 Lexington Avenue New York City

## Let Your Next Shampoo Lighten Your Hair



BLONDE hair darkened year by year becomes dull and faded, too. But Blondex, a special shampoo for blondes only, safely and gradually restores the natural golden sheen to light hair—keeps it bright, gleaming. You will be amazed at the new beauty of your hair even after the first shampoo. Not a dye. Contains no harmful chemicals. Millions use it. Get Blondex at any drug or dept. store today.

"We must ride," he said. "Aye! Ride!" echoed Kara Ali. They mounted and were off, the troopers after them, the horses whinnying and snorting.

Down a hill, sliding. Up a hill, bent over their mares' necks, pulling them up almost bodily, forcing them to climb like cats. Slipping through the treacherous, loose gravel bank of a broad stream. Urging the nervous, frightened horses to breast the swirling water. Riding till hands were raw with the tautening of reins, knees numbed with the gripping of saddles.

On—the vanguard!

THE vanguard—alone.

For by this time the Khan had made good his threat. He had fallen on the flank of the invaders, had surprised them, had won a decisive victory; and even now the main army and rear column of the Lodi were on their triumphant homeward way, with loot and cattle and slaves.

But smaller raiding parties of the Bangashi were still abroad. They were harrying the farthest settlements of the Lodi, the other side of the Green Salt Range, a good many days away from the valley; and the vanguard was hurrying on their trail.

A trail not hard to find—marked by wanton destruction and devastation.

Heaps of tragic battle refuse, festering in the strong mountain sun. A low circling and dipping of carrion-hawks. Here and there a sacked, lifeless hamlet, like a stark carcass, full of empty winds wailing and sobbing among the timbers that jutted brown and scarred from wall to crumbling wall. Barns that were huddles of damp-smelling thatch, strewn by the bones of cattle which the raiders had refused to drive before them in their satiety and glut, and had slaughtered for the sport of it.

Desolation everywhere. Burned black the hearths of friendly songs, the chambers of love, of children's pattering feet, of small joys and small sorrows, of decent births and decent deaths.

Once, from a ruined house, a half-crazed old woman, miraculously spared from starvation and doom, ran out. She recognized her tribesmen and rushed up to them. She clutched at Kara Ali's hand, kissed it with a frenzy of words, wishing blessings on the Lodi, curses on the Bangashi:

"Poison to their wells! Poison to their fields! Poison to their souls!"

Then, quite suddenly, she struck Kara Ali with a clawlike fist.

"Wah," she shrieked, "but cowards I shall call you unless you put the Bangashi to the sword—every one of them! May you never see your clan again nor the glen you belong to, unless you bring back the thousand, thousand heads tied to your saddle-bows! May your names be a stench in the air from Kabul to Kandahar—a mock to all the hills!"

Shrilly her yells rang out—and the troopers went on their way, grimly determined, riding through the night; and Kara Yussef saying, half to himself:

"War! War red and bloody! Here must I be thinking of war and death when I would rather be thinking of love—love and the home valley—and the birds in the forest above the mill so sweetly warbling, and down the slope the flowers spilling like gold on a stair."

Kara Ali listened. His lips curled in a thin smile.

"Youth," he thought, a little enviously, "and the poetry of youth. And I—Allah! I feel old tonight, and my bones creak, and my nose snuffles disgracefully."

Indeed he was tired. He had hardly the wind to whistle, had just wind enough to swear at a small black hare that jerked out of the bracken and darted across in front of his horse with seven years' ill luck on its back.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"On—the vanguard!" he commanded.

On—the vanguard! While, in the south, swift messengers sent by the Khan had already told the people about the glorious victory; and now the stay-at-homes, the women and children and the men too old or too sick to fight, were lining the highroad, cheering and crying as the warriors trotted around the bend.

Here they were, cheering, crying; Afghans—our own folk, our dear folk—and who were ever their like when stout hearts were wanted or kind hearts?

"Look, neighbor! There he is! My Rustum! Is he not handsome?"

"Handsome enough. But here is my own man, as ugly as they make them—yet my own man!"

"And did you have the fine fighting, Attila Hamdi Bek?"

"How could it have been else but fine—with our lads to the fore?"

"Ah, the old trick! The sword trick! And we know it well!"

"It's in the blood, eh?"

"Aye! We have it in us, high or low. We plucked the Bangashi as if they were barnyard fowl."

"They made a fair stand?"

"More than fair."

"But we crushed them."

A withered old woman was running beside a prancing black horse, looking up at the rider.

"Now let us praise the Lord!" she called loudly. "Hassan—Hassan—"

Then, seeing a half-healed scar across his face, she demanded anxiously:

"Oh, have they hurt you, my little, little son?"

The little, little son—six feet of brawn and muscle from head to heel—laughed.

"Not hurt at all," he replied, "except for the father and mother of a grand hunger that is gnawing at my vitals. What have we for supper?"

And he reached down, picked her up, and put her on the saddle in front of him.

"What did you bring me back, Father?"

"Here! Catch! A bit of a dagger with cunning silver hilt. I tore it from the fist of the seventh man I put an end to."

"Glad to be home, Abdallah-of-the-Ax?"

"Glad indeed. For here is our own land, sure enough. Ah—see the smoke from our own hearths!"

"Allah! Our own hearths!"

"Our own women!"

"Never again war for me!"

"Never again!"

"Never again," the Khan mumbled under his breath, "until the next time. I know you, O wolves and sons of gray wolves!"

They trotted down the road, the women hanging about them, the children carrying their fathers' weapons; and—was it Afghan decency or proper Afghan pride?—even those whose men had been killed or badly wounded, even those whose men were still away, fighting with the vanguard, shed no tears nor complained, but cheered lustily with the rest.

"Hail! Hail! The sword and victory!" they cried.

"Hail! Hail! The sword and victory!" cried Turkan Katoom.

SO that night there was many a bragging new tale told in many a house; in other houses the women whose men were dead or not yet home from the war had no more occasion for stiff-necked pride—and they stared straight ahead, dry-eyed or wet-eyed, and listened to the wind that howled outside with a sorrow to break hearts.

"What are you doing, daughter?" asked Aziza, as Turkan Katoom rose, crossed the room, and turned a mirror with its face to the wall.

"I dare not see myself in the glass."

"Why?"



"For fear of beholding a wraith at the back of my shoulder—the wraith of my beloved."  
 "Bah! Silly, silly child! He will return. There is no doubt of it."

"He will not return! I know!"  
 "Have you so little faith in the Lord God? It says in the Koran—"

"Let it say!" the girl interrupted passionately. "Ah, what does the Koran know of my soul and the storm in my soul? Allah! I wish my heart would not beat so—beat, beat, beat, beat!" She struck her chest with clenched fist, reveling in the pain. "Beat, beat—like drums of war—cruel war—war that kills our men—red, red, stupid, useless war! Wab—curses on the Khan! Curses on—"

"Be quiet! You, to speak like this—you, of the Lodi tribe!"

"Am I less of the Lodi because I love—and grieve?"

Aziza did not reply. She knew that there was a time when silence was better than speech, since speech, even in pity, could mean nothing but a bitter memory. And silent she was, except for words about the household tasks and scraps of neighborly gossip repeated, during the days that followed—days that brought no news of Kara Yussef or Kara Ali or the troopers who had gone with them—until, early one morning, a score of men rode into the valley.

The vanguard—what was left of it.

FOLKS ran fast to meet them: men, women, children, the Khan himself, asking excited questions.

Had the Bangashi raiders defeated them?

No. They had defeated the Bangashi, had caught up with them in the granite gorge called the Wrath of Black Waters. Daggers and swords it had been. All savagely at the fighting, no quarter given; and the choked breath hissing at teeth and nose, the salt smell of new blood bringing the vultures and carrion-hawks, and at last the invaders, every one of them, stretched stiffening on the ground. Which was a good thing. "An eye for an eye!" Was it not so written?

Then, homeward bound, passing in the night below the Hill of the Father of Time, they had heard suddenly a terrible, roaring noise, had seen a black haze shot with yellow rising rapidly in the west and blotting out the moon. The harried stars had shivered out of sight. The rocks had trembled and recoiled. The earth had writhed like an animal in pain. A wind had sprung up, red-hot as from a gigantic furnace, rattling all the million leaves.

"An earthquake?" asked the Khan.

"Yes. Earthquake—and avalanche."

An avalanche that had raged down the mountain with gravel and stones and immense ragged boulders, that had torn out oak and pine trees by the roots, hurtling them like great spears—and there had been panic, the riders as frenzied as the horses, and everybody for himself.

"Everybody but Kara Ali and Kara Yussef," added a trooper. "I saw them trying to help each other—when no help was possible, helping each other in death as they had helped each other in life!"

"And then—"

"I saw them no more."

"May their souls reach Paradise!"

Madly the survivors had galloped away. At a distance they had reined in and looked back; had seen no trace of life except a swarm of frightened, screeching birds winging south, and, where their comrades had been, a welter of ruins—a huge grave.

"Ah," a priest mumbled piously, "against the darkness of the night when it overwhelmed me I betake me for refuge to Allah, the King of Daybreak!"

Listening, Turkan Katoom felt a very agony of despair. But it was as if she felt it in another, a stranger's body. This stranger gave a strangled cry, was conscious

**CASH OR CREDIT**  
**LOFTIS**  
 THE OLD RELIABLE CREDIT JEWELERS  
 BROS. & CO. F&S'g  
 Dept. G-241  
 108 N. State St.  
 Chicago, Ill.

**DIAMONDS-WATCHES**

**Beautiful Christmas Gifts of Rare Charm**

The loveliest, most appreciated Christmas gift of all—a Diamond Ring from Loftis! Our direct importing and quantity buying necessary for our chain of stores, insures you better quality at lower prices. Our Diamonds are all sparkling blue white gems of finest color and brilliancy, set in solid 18-k white gold mountings, beautifully pierced and engraved. Other gifts in complete variety—values beyond expectations. Order NOW!

Satisfaction guaranteed, or money back. Goods sent for your free examination on request. Credit terms: Pay one-fourth down; balance weekly, semi-monthly, or monthly at your convenience. All orders DELIVERED ON FIRST PAYMENT.

**SEND FOR FREE CATALOG**  
 Write for big free book of 2000 illustrations and descriptions of Diamond Rings in Platinum and Solid Gold, Diamond Rings, Pins, Brooches, all Standard Makes of Pocket Watches, Purses, Dresses, Suits, Silverware, Clocks, Kodaks, Leather Goods. Also many inexpensive novelties.

**WEDDING RINGS!**  
 No. 901 "Venus" \$50 \$1.25 a Week  
 No. 902 "Maeda" \$100 \$2.50 a Week  
 No. 903 "Lella" \$37.50 \$1.00 a Week  
 No. 904 "Sena" \$150 \$3.75 a Week  
 No. 27 "Marief" \$75 \$1.75 a Week  
 No. 850 "Coral" \$125 \$3.25 a Week

**Man's Strap Watch No. 905**  
 15 Jewels, fancy white case, Sterling silver bracelet included.  
 \$14.75  
 \$1.47 Down and \$1.47 a Month.  
 Our Refinement: Any Bank or Banker in U. S. A.

**Diamond Wrist Watch No. 870**  
 Solid 18-k white gold set with 4 brilliant blue white Diamonds—\$43.75  
 15 Jewels  
 \$4.37 Down and \$4.37 a Month

**Standard Railroad Watches on Credit at Cash Prices**  
 All Guaranteed to Pass Inspection  
 Hamilton No. 992, \$58 "Elgin's Latest Raymond," \$55 — Illinois "Bess Sealed," \$50  
 We carry all standard American make Pocket Watches in white gold or yellow gold cases.  
 Terms to Suit Your Convenience

#### CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT

##### HELP WANTED

**CANDIES, HOME-MADE.** pay big. For Men or Women. Start in home, almost no cash. We teach successfully (by mail) what to make; how to sell. Free Book explains. Capitol Candy School, Desk AH-7146, Washington, D. C.

**AGENTS WANTED** to advertise our goods and distribute free samples to consumers; 90c an hour; write for full particulars. AMERICAN PRODUCTS COMPANY, 4311, MONMOUTH, CINCINNATI, OHIO.

##### HOW TO ENTERTAIN

Plays, musical comedies and revues, minstrels, comedy and talking songs, blackface skits, vaudeville acts, monologues, dialogues, recitations, entertainments, musical readings, make-up goods. Catalog free. T. S. Denison & Co., 623 So. Wabash, Dept. 31, Chicago.

##### PATENTS, PATENT ATTORNEYS, ETC.

**INVENTORS**—Write for our guide book "How to Get Your Patent" and evidence of Invention Blank. Send model or sketch of Invention for inspection and instruction Free. Terms reasonable. Randolph & Co., Dept. 38, Wash., D. C.

##### PHOTOPLAYS—STORIES—SONGS AND POEMS

##### SONGWRITERS

I pay cash for poems and stories accepted.  
 F. W. Ford, Suite 209,  
 311 Fifth Ave., New York.

##### EYEBROW BEAUTIFIER

**MASCARILLO** for beautifying Eyebrows and Eyelashes not a dye; 8 shades. Send 10c for samples of Exora House, Cream, Powder and Mascara. Charles F. Meyer, 11 East 12th St., N. Y.

##### WRITE TO THE SCHOOLS LISTED IN THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE'S EDUCATIONAL DIRECTORY

PAGES 8-16 for catalogues and information. If you need help with your school problem, write us stating age, previous schooling, religion of boy or girl, location of school and price. Address Director, Department of Education, The Red Book Magazine, 420 Lexington Ave., New York City.

**Maybelline**  
 Eyelash Beautifier

Instantly transforms lashes into a dark, rich luxuriant fringe of loveliness. Lends sparkling brilliance and shadowy, inviting depth to the eyes. The easiest eyelash beautifier to apply... Perfectly harmless. Used by thousands. Try it. Solid or waterproof Liquid Maybelline, Black or Brown, 75c at all toilet goods counters, MAYBELLINE CO., CHICAGO

## Cosmetics Can Never Hide the Truth

If your cheeks are sallow, eyes dull; if you're always dead tired, don't try to hide the truth. Take Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets. Better than dangerous calomel. Safe. Non-habit-forming. A pure vegetable compound mixed with olive oil that drives out constipation, cleanses the system, removes the cause of pallid cheeks. A matchless corrective in use for 20 years. Take nightly and watch pleasing results. Know them by their olive color. At druggists, 15c, 30c and 60c.

**Dr. Edwards' OLIVE TABLETS**

**Want Some Money?**  
 Here's a wonderful way to get it

Our beautifully illustrated book tells how. It tells all about our new methods of art decoration, art treatment and how anybody can learn without previous training or experience. It contains page after page of handsome color illustrations of what you can make and sell. You can make good money and this book is FREE. All supplies are sent by us with the instructions and many have made \$25 the first week. Some society women have taken up this work for their own amusement. — Either way, pleasure or profit, it's the most delightful home work you can imagine. Write Now for your copy of this valuable book; it's FREE.

**Fireside Industries**  
 DEPT. 33-W • ADRIAN, MICH.

of certain ludicrous, physical details—smarting eyes, itching nose, shaky legs that crossed the village with short, broken steps and reached the house, a body that stumbled across the threshold and dropped on a couch—and, eternities later, her mother's voice speaking pitying words:

"Remember what the Good Book says: 'Rebbi mah ighleg bab hatta iheul bab—the Lord God does not close one door without opening another!'"

Turkan Katoom did not reply.

Dead, she thought—Kara Yussef dead—and her life shook upon its foundation; and she ran from the house, a long way up the highroad that slanted down from the north—north where the clansmen had ridden so briskly with banners and swords—where Kara Yussef had ridden. . . . Ah, Kara Yussef—with his red lips and his wide shoulders and the quirk in his eyes!

All that day she sat there, staring into the north, waiting—she said to herself—for somebody who would never return.

A chill wind sobbed from the mountains. It whistled dismally in the trees. Afternoon crept over the valley with pale, bloodless fingers.

She had a confused sensation of pain that wrapped about her heart with the curling sting of a whip-lash. . . . And she sat there, silent, motionless, staring, listening to the tolling of the death gongs that came from many a house in the village, the droning of the tomtoms, the wailing of the women.

The next day she sat there, and the next and the next, staring, staring into the north; and then, toward evening, her mother would come, would lead her home—and she would eat mechanically what was put before

her, would go to bed, get up, wash, dress mechanically—and then back to the highroad, staring into the north.

There, one morning, utterly exhausted, she fell asleep; and it was first in her dream that she seemed to hear loud quarreling voices:

"It is you whom she loves, cousin mine!"

"But you to whom she is betrothed!"

"Still—she does not love me!"

"She will learn to love you!"

"No!"

"Yes!"

"No, O creature!"

KARA ALI'S voice peaked to an angry pitch; and Turkan Katoom, now awake, saw the two cousins coming down the road, slowly, painfully, their clothes in rags, holding on to each other; and she smiled as Kara Yussef said:

"Dear she is to me—the dearest thing on earth. That's why I give her to you. Why, when we were down there, caught by the avalanche, with hardly enough room to breathe, it was your courage and strength that shielded me from being crushed to death."

"And your strength and courage that bored a way through the gravel and rocks with your bare, bleeding hands—"

"And you who were my crutch the many, weary miles when my left ankle was strained and my whole body nothing but cuts and bruises. Without you I could never have reached home!"

"And without you I would now be stiff and cold in the clods! You will marry Turkan Katoom!"

"No! You will! *Wah*—and if you say different I would call you a liar!"

"Liar yourself! *Hai*,"—threateningly,—  
"if I had not lost my fine sword—"

"There are other swords to be had!"

"Decidedly!"

They stood still, stared at each other challengingly, truculently; and suddenly Turkan Katoom stepped forward.

"O my shame," she exclaimed, "that here are two men who, a few weeks ago, were ready to draw swords so that the victor might marry me—are ready today to draw swords so that the loser may marry me! By Allah, I have a mind to marry neither the one nor the other, but pick me a husband among the strong lads of the village!"

And she cried and laughed and cried. She trembled, seemed to falter, almost to faint; and—was it by accident or design?—fell into Kara Yussef's arms.

He held her close. He felt the magic of her beauty, her touch; saw her eyes—soft, darkening—look up at him through half-closed lids.

"I love you!" he stammered. "I cannot live without you!"

"And that," grumbled Kara Ali, "is the first sensible thing you said today."

He sighed.

"Youth to youth!" he thought. "It is ever the way of the world—the proper way, the decent way. And I am an old man, a cold man—and more in need of gruel than of passion's red wine!"

And he smiled as, turning to go, he heard his cousin's low words:

"Ah, best-beloved! Soon, soon, I shall be listening to the hum of the spinning-wheel in our own house, and some day—God willing!—to the crooning of your lullabies to our own son."

## ARMISTICE

(Continued from page 51)

Mothers and fathers at breakfast-tables suddenly became orators, preachers, propagandists for war, and the glory of war. The world-old legend of the glory and the romance of battle filtered down to the young who did not know war, silting insidiously into their minds, which were free from it, imaginations which had developed a definite fear, an aversion to it which no one cultivated, a neglected reaction against strife of terrific, universal importance which was being neglected and ignored and blindly overridden every day.

There is a fatal pleasure in living again a peril which is safely passed. There is a terrific kick to be got out of the bare recital of a life lived dangerously.

The young, who stood so blessedly, so cleanly outside it, were dragged in, and their fresh, bare minds smeared with the lurid, vivid pictures of a great illusion, the glory which is not and never has been.

THE money was collected. People gave generously. In the summer Emily Barling commissioned the memorial.

They chose the site at the crossroads.

Where the poplars laced the pale ground with gray shadow, the statue of the soldier should stand.

"For all to see and remember," said Emily Barling.

Old Thomas Welber, late of the King's Own Rifles, deep in his cups at the Black Duck, said, "Only them as 'as nothing to remember wants to,"—and voiced a sentiment that existed in the bar parlor. . . .

The war was coming nearer. It was creeping out of the past, that buried and forgotten time. It was being coaxed back. Men and women who had been in it lived it again in their minds and their imagination; the glory and personal significance that peace had filched from them was theirs again.

In the big cities of Europe and America where human life congregates thickest it was

being presented in plays and films in its old lying colors as the road to glory and humanity's supreme romantic adventure. All because it was so hard for those who had known it to live quietly. In novels it was creeping into its own devil's disguise of armor and splendor.

War was getting back insidiously its old place in men's minds, its immemorial niche; the noose that clawed men down in hell and set them side by side with beasts had again the glitter of the victor's crown; youth, unknown, unwarmed, held out hands for it as if it were the curved sword of adventure.

And only here and there one saw that men were getting up for themselves the old road to hell with banners and martial music just as they had always done. . . .

Emily Barling had arranged that the statue that was to commemorate war and her generation should be unveiled on Armistice Day.

It was to be unveiled a minute before the Great Silence.

Dramatic as war. Dramatic as they themselves had once been dramatic.

For that day local heroes and heroines of the village were to wear uniform. The pageantry of war was to be reenacted. Medals were to be worn, and nurses' uniforms.

It was to be, in Emily's own words:

"A ceremony of remembrance."

The perpetuation of the world's most hideous lie—the glory of battle—was being forced on youth.

Middle age was to the fore again. Imperceptibly youth was pushed back. Subconsciously youth was made to feel it stood outside an epic, that it had not been so much robbed as denied godlike experiences drowned in terror and beastliness and a sort of indefinable glory that set people who had shared it apart. Youth chafed a little.

A retired general in an adjoining village was to do the unveiling. He had never really retired. In a sense he did not believe in

peace, because he could not believe in himself in peace. He had been built for battle. He preached "War is inevitable" and fought his battles again at tea-tables and dinner-tables. He was enchanted to don uniform and medals again. He learned a little speech eulogizing war. He stood for a picture of the prizes and the picturesqueness of war.

To him came Emily Barling with fantastic news.

She was shown into the study with its maps and gleaming shell-cases. She came at once to the point.

"General, you know that man who has taken the white house? Well, he's a V. C. We must have him for our show."

"The man who'll have nothing to do with the memorial?"

She nodded.

"Private Athol Mullins. You remember?" She produced photographs, clippings. "I was so angry with him over the way he behaved I—I looked up his war record. I thought—I thought there might be some reason for it, that he'd been cashiered or something."

"Quite."

"You realize he's just what we want!"

They talked eagerly together.

"I have not quite lost the habit of command," said the General, "nor this fellow the instincts of a soldier."

ARMISTICE was a gray, withdrawn day, cold and clear as wet glass, reflecting little glitters of transient white sunshine.

In the village for the first time since the cessation of war dozens of people rose with a sense of expectation, a definite urge.

It was their day as it had been their war. They were in on this, entities and personalities again.

It is so hard to live quietly. There is no reward, no advertisement. It is a great art that is no longer taught or practiced.

Emily Barling put on purpose in life with



her old commandant's uniform; she borrowed arrogance from it.

At a quarter past ten the General called for her, and he too had a surprise. He had with him a brother-officer, an older man in full brigadier-general regalia.

They went outside; the other men in uniform joined them, a captain, a staff major—ghosts of the war, of former power, of vanished days. They made a deputation.

The local scouts' drum and fife band lined up, stood at respectful attention.

There were a lot of salutes, and the deputation, escorted by the scouts, marching without music, turned toward the white house and the hermit V. C.

"He'll turn out, all right," said the General confidently.

It was then half-past ten.

At five-and-twenty to eleven they stood in the V. C.'s study while the boy scouts stood at ease outside.

The man they wanted as their star turn sat at his desk.

"Advertising war!" he said—and bent his queer eyes on them.

"Remembering the dead," said the brigadier.

"If it were only that," said the V. C., "I would not mind, and they would not mind. If it were only that." Then suddenly he flung at them: "You know you lie! You haven't the courage to *live quietly*—that's what's the matter with you! It takes less courage to live dangerously. Peace is hard on those who have known war. War is a thing to have been through, but not a thing to go through! Not a thing to go through!"

"The fellow's mad," said the General, blustering.

"Shut up!" said Emily Barling furiously.

"Shut up! Shut up!"

She heard her own voice with amazement. She had not known she was so wrought up. She was ashamed, and yet she was glad. It was like the war. You could let yourself go.

Suddenly the room was full of people letting themselves go, shouting, shaking their fists; people tired of living quietly, glad of the excuse.

It was twenty to eleven.

"None of your nonsense, my man," the brigadier was shouting. "None of your infernal impudence!"

"Teach those who are coming to live quietly," the man at the desk was saying. "Oh, be honest! Oh, be square with yourselves! Fall up! Find the way to live quietly—and let your light shine before you. There is no glory in war—but *your* glory which you are setting before all men now. It is *your* glory! The dead don't care. The dead ask nothing but that their sacrifice shall not have been in vain and there shall be no more. You are making it, advertising it, encouraging it. The war tradition, the great foul, romantic lie handed down by those who have come through hell. No!" He brought his hand down on the desk. "No! You sha'n't gratify yourselves, you sha'n't go down there and build it up in their clean, free minds with your music, and your uniforms."

They knew it was true, all of them who had greedily anticipated this hour, snatched back for a moment the adornments and emotions of yesterday.

"If monuments must be put up," said the man at the desk, "let it be a quiet gesture. As if you raised your hat to the dead; that is all."

**B**UT they would not have the moment filched; they were avid for their moment of greedy life.

Down in the village where the poplars laced the road with shadow their moment waited for them.

"Come," snapped the brigadier.

"Wait!" said the V. C.

10 minutes  
ago—



Remember all the things people used to do for headaches? Today, the accepted treatment is Bayer Aspirin. It gets action! Quick, complete relief—and no harm done. No after effects; no effect on the heart; nothing in a Bayer tablet could hurt anyone. (Your doctor will verify this.) For any sort of headache, neuralgic pains, rheumatism—your first thought should be of these tablets. Taken soon enough, it can head-off the pain altogether; even those pains many women have thought must be endured.



# ASPIRIN

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid

## Win \$3,500.00

Here's news for puzzle fans! C. W. Francis, A. F. Holt, Miss Leola Markus won from \$1,800.00 to \$3,500.00 each in our last puzzles. Here's the new one. Here are twelve pictures of Charlie Chaplin, the world famous United Artists' star. No, they're not all alike, even though they look alike. Eleven of them are exactly alike, but one and only one is different from all the others. That's the real Charlie Chaplin. The difference may be in the tie, shirt or hat, or somewhere else.

### Find the "Different" Picture

300 prizes totaling over \$7,900.00. \$3,500.00 to winner of first prize and duplicate prizes in case of ties. If you can find the "different" figure you may be the one to get this great prize.

**Certificate for \$1,000.00 to apply on great prize sent immediately as below if you find the "different" figure**

If you find the real Charlie Chaplin we will send as soon as correct answer is received certificate for \$1,000.00 to add to the first prize of \$2,500, if you win, and directions for getting largest prize. Over \$50,000.00 in prizes already given to advertise our products locally. No cost or obligation. Nothing to buy now, later or ever. Everyone rewarded if actively interested.

**F. A. HARRE, Dept. 42 510 N. Dearborn St., CHICAGO, ILL.**



They looked at him.

He had them all covered with a revolver. "Sorry," he said. "But I can't let you, you know. It isn't fair. War confers a glory that only a brave man can bear to relinquish. You are not brave. You are all cowards. You want to go down there and make a song and dance about it, and make them think it's the marvelous thing our parents made us think it was. Please don't move! I should shoot! Only the leg or arm, but I should shoot. That's how strongly I feel. Oh, in your hearts, you know—you know!"

A siren shrilled from a factory on the hill; another.

In the shrubbery the boy scouts looked at each other with amazement.

At the crossroads the perplexed vicar, not quite knowing what to do, hastily touched the string, and the wrappings fell from the statue of the soldier.

It was a moment without significance. It was all tame, ordinary. There was nothing to remember. There would never be anything to remember.

DEFAUDED, a little ashamed of the baseless enthusiasm and worked-up excitement, the crowd shuffled slowly away, grumbling, and wondering what it was all about.

## HOW LONG HAS HE BEEN MARRIED?

(Continued from page 41)

only one answer to his attentions. He's in love with you."

"It is with much silliness you speak," she shrugs. "He just like with me to talk in the French. If he do admire me, I cannot what you call chase him away, can I?"

"Show him your passport picture," I suggest brutally, "and he'll chase himself."

"Oh, that so terrible picture!" shudders Chérie. "I ask you—is it that I must show that picture often-times?"

"I'll tell the untaxed Indians you do," I returns. "You can hardly walk a parasang in New York without having a gendarme or a vaudeville agent or somebody yelping for a peek at it. As a matter of fact," I adds, "it is considered good form among the *haute monde* to flash your passport whenever you're introduced to anyone—just to prove you're the person you claim to be. You know, one can't tell you're Chérie Emerson, the toast of the Hoosatanic Tunnel, merely by the shape of your ears."

"I no care," says Chérie stubbornly and almost tearfully. "I no show nobody that so terrible picture."

ALONG about that time Rodolpho appears on the scene, and the two go off to split a pot of Pekoe. I like my tea with plenty of ice and ginger ale, so I drifts to the smoke-room. There, as usual, is Davis.

"How long," he asks me abruptly, "has Breeze been married to his French frill?"

"Long enough for him to read the paper at the breakfast-table and have a den," I replies. "Why?"

"You know her pretty well?" goes on Joe, ignoring my question.

"I met her about the time Emerson did," says I. "What are you getting at?"

"Nothing in particular," comes back Davis. "She's rather thick with Dolphy, don't you think? Didn't happen to be friendly with him in Europe, did she?"

"Don't be a sap on a ship," I growls. "Chérie's a good kid. Breeze is under the weather, so why shouldn't she fuss around with Rodolpho? He's the best bet on the boat—handsome, got a title, can dance. There isn't a skirt on this sampan that wouldn't muff all of her meals to meet him. At that, I wish she'd air him."

"Why?" inquires Joe.

"Well," says I, "Emerson's got a bit of the green eye in him. When we were in Spain a few months ago, he almost pulled a duel with a don because the *mañana* kept looking at Chérie. You know how these Latins can look. Breeze might get up a peeve here, and—"

"Don't worry," cuts in Davis. "There's no chance of Dolphy letting himself in on any mix-up of that sort. He'll run like a rabbit if he sees any husbands going irate."

"You act kind of peculiar about that bird," says I. "Have you bumped into him before?"

"Never," returns Joe, "but I'm familiar

with the breed. My business takes me across this duck-wallow three or four times a year, and—"

"By the way," I interrupts, "what is your business these days?"

"Precious stones," says Davis. "I practically commute between New York, Paris and Amsterdam. . . . Hello, here comes the toast of two continents."

"I thought," I remarks as Breeze joins us, "you were down in your stateroom dying by knots."

"Roll your thoughts down another alley," he growls. "It takes bigger waves than the Atlantic's got to flatten me. I've been at work fixing up my declaration."

"The swindle-sheet, eh?" says Joe. "How much do you figure the Government owes you?"

"We just break even," comes back Emerson. "In round numbers, my dutiable stuff adds up to an even \$199.62. Chérie and I each have an exemption of a hundred smackers—"

"Gosh," I exclaims, "you'll never get away with that. I'll bet you've two hundred dollars' worth of neckties alone. How about that mink coat? How about all the suits you had made? How about—"

"Forget 'em," says Breeze. "The way I've got the things stashed around, those dumb Daves on the dock'll be lucky to find my trunks. I'm even taking in a couple of cases of wine, ales, liquors and cigars. What do you think of that?"

"I think your crockery's cracked," I replies. "Know what happens, don't you, if you should run into an inspector with a sense of duty and an attack of indigestion?"

"What can happen," demands Emerson, "that can't be oiled with a little dough? For a ten-case note, those Customhouse lads'll even let you take in a dismembered body."

"I wouldn't be so sure of that," horns in Davis. "Most of the inspectors are on the up and up, no matter what you think. Want me to give you a tip?"

"Why not?" shrugs Breeze. "Practically everybody on the boat gets 'em."

"If I were you," advises Joe, "I'd keep my trap shut about what I was bringing in and what I was declaring. On these luggers you never can tell who's likely to squeal on you."

"Breeze is in no danger," says I, with what I think is irony. "The name of Emerson is not entirely unknown in official circles."

"It's likely to become much better known," grunts Davis, "if he's nabbed with about ten thousand dollars' worth of cheatings."

"Fat chance!" scoffs Breeze. "Call on me, boys, if you have any trouble on the docks! Come on. Let's dike out for dinner."

ON the way to my cabin Chérie spots me and flutters up all a-twitter.

"You are all mistook about Rodolpho," says she. "He do not even play with the

"I don't think you can do any harm now," said the V. C. "You can go."

He threw open the door.

They heard again the sounds of life and movement, sharper for the recent silence, bearing the world away from them, on toward tomorrow.

Emily Barling stayed behind the others a minute.

"How does one live quietly, happily?" she asked of the man at the desk.

"I'm sorry," he answered. "I'm afraid I don't know yet!"

She saw that his hand was resting on what looked like a shell-fragment, used as a paper-weight—and that he was crying.

cards. Some gentlemen ask him today, but he no would."

"Perhaps," I suggests, "you've reformed him. Influence of a good woman and all that *sauce de pomme*. Better watch your step, girlie. Breeze may get sore and—"

"*Ça ne fait rien*," cuts in Chérie. "I am an American now. Is it not that the American ladies have one man for husband and other mans for good friends?"

"It is a situation not entirely unheard of," I admits, "but there are still a few American wives who regard their husbands as friends. My Jennie, I'll bet, would never even look at another gent."

"Don't make it that I should give out a laugh," says Chérie. "My lips is—what you call it—chipped."

THE *Frau's* dressing when I gets into the stateroom, and believe me, she's over-looking nothing in the way of rocks and raiment for her initial appearance at the captain's feed-box. When that gal dolls up, she is better for the eyes than any green shade.

"Feeling fit again?" I asks.

"The old girl's not quite her jolly old self yet," returns Jennie, "but I just must go to the dining-room this evening. Chérie tells me there's the most charming man at the table—"

"Damn! sweet of her," I growls, "to split him with you. From where I sit, she's practically engaged to elope with him at Quarantine."

At that I'm proud of the flash Jennie makes when she eases herself in at the skipper's board. Despite her long illness, she's got it over Chérie like a circus top. The fact doesn't escape Rodolpho.

"When," he inquires, "did you get on the ship?" And turning to the captain: "Did you stop during the day?"

"No," says the old salt with a gallant bow, "but I would have for Madame."

The meal that evening is made up of the usual courses and conversation between Jennie and Rodolpho. For a couple of strangers they find more to gab about than a huddle of chorus-girls with a grievance. Chérie's not entirely cut out, but the rest of us are left to listening to each other eat soup.

"The boy sure has a way with the wenches," I remarks to Davis in the lounge.

"He always did have," comes back Joe.

"What's that?" I snaps. "I thought—"

"His type, I mean," says Davis, hastily.

Rodolpho continues playing both Jennie and Chérie strong for the rest of the trip, but the crush doesn't age me any. As far as I can see, he's a polished palooka with a glib tongue and an agile ankle who's enjoying the company of the two best lookers on the hooker. As for the future, there's nothing to worry about. Steamship friendships die at the dock.

"This one will," says Joe, when I happens to make the crack to him.

For several days the feeling's been growing that Davis knows a good deal about the

Austrian he's holding out on me, but he spills nothing. Joe always could clam up when he wanted to. After all, what's it to me? Rodolpho's stolen none of the wife's jewelry nor tried to borrow money off of me.

Just the same, I'm rather relieved when the *Maldemer* anchors off Quarantine with everything jake. In the excitement of landing, even the girls seem to have forgotten about Rodolpho. He's not visible at breakfast; nor do I see him in the line that forms in the lounge for the inspection of passports and the issuance of landing-cards.

Chérie and Breeze are in front of me as we move toward the inspector's desk. Emerson's O.K.'ed and passed along, but no sooner does his wife slap down her little red book, than there's a loud official holler.

"What's this?" yelps the blue-cap. "Step aside, madam!"

**I** PUSHES forward to see what the trouble is. There's plenty; the regulation picture of Chérie—the one I'd seen in Paris—with the government seal over it, has been torn out, and another photo substituted covering the whole page—a snap of herself taken in bathing-costume at Deauville the summer before.

"What the—" I gasps.

"I would not let anybody see that so terrible picture," says Chérie. "A picture is a picture, is it not so? *C'est moi, n'est-ce pas?* What is the difference?"

The inspector tells her quick. "Passport's invalid. Been altered."

"What happens?" I asks.

"The lady cannot land," snaps the official. "Stand aside and let—"

"The hell she can't land," cuts in Breeze, who's backed into the proceedings. "Know who I am?"

"No," barks the inspector. "If you're suffering from forgetfulness, see the doctor at Ellis Island. Step aside or—"

"Come on," says I. "Let's get off in a corner and figure this thing out. There must be some way to—"

"What's the trouble?" asks Davis, dropping along at just that juncture.

"A mere trifle," I tells him. "Mrs. Emerson didn't fancy her passport picture, so she ripped it out and put one in that shows her as she would wish others to see her."

"Fetching, very," says Joe, glancing at the snap. "Come with me. I think I may be able to fix things for you."

"I'll get that inspector broken," howls Breeze. "You wait until—"

"All right," I interrupts, "but while you're getting the wheels of Washington in motion, suppose we see what Davis can do."

**JOE** leads the way to an office, seats us and closes the door.

"Before going into the passport matter," says he, "I want to ask Mrs. Emerson a question—did the man you know as Rodolpho give you anything to take ashore for him?"

"Oui," says Chérie, without hesitation.

"Huh?" mumbles Breeze, half rising out of his chair.

"What were the circumstances?" goes on Davis. "What did he tell you?"

"It is like this," returns Chérie. "He get a message from the radio yesterday in which it say his brother he is dying in Chicago. Rodolpho, he must catch train so quick he get off boat. He ask me if I take a present to his sister at the hotel in New York where she live. I say yes. Is it that I do wrong?" she finishes, looking anxiously into Joe's serious pan.

"The stuff's in that bag there, isn't it?" he snaps. "Hand it over."

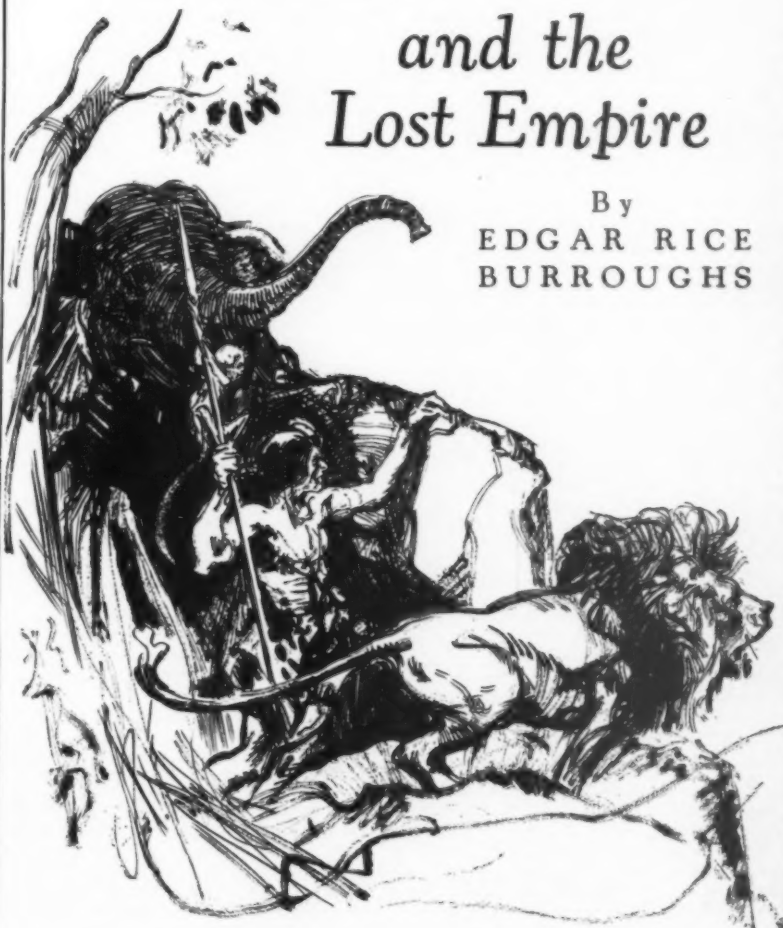
"Who are you," barks Emerson, "to—"

"If you must know," says Davis amiably, "I'm an agent of the United States Revenue Service." And from his pocket he pulls out a badge and flicks it on the table.

# TARZAN

## and the Lost Empire

By  
EDGAR RICE  
BURROUGHS



"WITH a tale, forsooth, he cometh unto you, with a tale which holdeth children from play and old men from the chimney corner." Surely Tarzan, best of all modern fiction, fulfills this ancient description. For never was there another fiction character which wrought more sure enchantment than he. And all you who have loved "Robinson Crusoe," "The Swiss Family Robinson," Rider Haggard's "Allan Quatermain," and Jules Verne's adventures on "The Mysterious Island" may count upon joyously renewing your delight in a tale of the pure imagination through this newest and best tale of Tarzan. You may enjoy it tonight, along with—

### A Gallant Fiction Company

With Tarzan appears a gallant company of varied stories—a South Seas tale by Beatrice Grimshaw, a novelette of Arctic adventure by the naturalist Alfred Bailey, an underworld story by Seven Anderson, a novel of modern piracy by Stephen H. Orcutt, a detective story by Lemuel De Bra, a Foreign Legion story by Warren H. Miller, a Free Lance story by Clarence Herbert New, and many others—

All in the December issue (now on sale) of—

## THE BLUE BOOK MAGAZINE

The Consolidated Magazines Corporation, Publishers  
36 South State Street, Chicago

"Revenue agent!" I stutters. "I thought you handled precious stones."

"I do," he comes back grimly. "Watch."

In a sort of stupor Chérie opens her bag and passes a small package—about the size of a pill-box—to Joe. It's quickly opened, and there resting in cotton are four green stones.

"Emeralds!" I exclaims.

"Forty carats of 'em, at least," says Davis, holding one up to the light, "and worth easily two thousand dollars a carat."

"So Rodolpho's a smuggler?" I cuts in, not without a triumphant grin at the gals.

"The slickest ever," returns Joe. "It's taken me years to land him, but I have him with the goods now."

"I not know," sobs Chérie. "He dance so nice—"

"That's all right, little lady," says Davis gently. "You're not the first innocent dame he's used to run rocks ashore with, but you're probably the last."

"I just can't believe it," mutters Jennie.

"Where's Rodolpho now?"

"Why, his stateroom door was accidentally

locked on the outside last night," comes back Joe, "and I'm afraid he can't get out until—"

"Well, I declare!" exclaims the Frau. "I wouldn't have—"

"My God!" suddenly gasps Breeze, turning as white as his collar. "You're a revenue agent and I told you—"

"Don't worry," says Davis. "I'm not interested in passengers' petty necktie swindles. As a matter of fact, I'll help you get the stuff ashore—all but the booze—for—services rendered the Government. . . . Come on, and I'll fix the passport thing for you. They certainly won't detain my star witness."

"How," I asks, as Joe and I are walking out together in back of the others, "did you get hep that Chérie—"

"It's an old gag," cuts in Davis, "this using a sap-headed jane to land the loot—even to the dying brother. I've followed Dolphy from Amsterdam. He got wise on the boat that I was tailing him, so he took the only chance he had of getting the emeralds out of his possession and into the proper hands on shore. At first," goes on Joe, "I

thought your Chérie was in cahoots with the slicker, and I was going to have her frisked and jugged on the pier, but after that passport skit, I knew she was as innocent as she was dumb."

"I'd never have picked him for a smug," says I. "You don't often find 'em feeding with the captain, do you?"

"You're likely to find 'em anywhere," returns Davis. "Dolphy really does come from a swell Austrian family with titles and estates and everything but—"

"Hurry up," calls back Breeze impatiently, "and get this passport thing squared. That's the least you can do after what we've done for you."

Joe straightens out everything with a few words. On the dock the inspector slaps O. K. stamps on the Emersons' baggage without opening a trunk.

"Pretty soft for you," remarks a passenger near by, whose stuff is spread all over the pier. "What a pull you must have!"

"The name of Emerson," says Breeze with a deprecatory smile, "is not entirely unknown in official circles."

## THE MOST IMPORTANT FACT IN LIFE

(Continued from page 77)

liberty of the subject in respect of the strength, supply and consumption of alcoholic liquors should be abolished."

"I shall not begin by craving the indulgence of the House," Lady Astor began her protest. "I am only too conscious of the indulgence and the courtesy of the House. I know that it was difficult for some honorable members to receive the first woman M. P.; it was almost as difficult for some of them as it was for the woman M. P. to come in. Honorable members, however, should not be frightened of what Plymouth sends out into the world. After all, I suppose when Drake and Raleigh wanted to set out on their venturesome careers, some cautious persons said: 'Stay at home cruising in home waters.'"

"I have no doubt the same thing occurred when the Pilgrim Fathers set out. I have no doubt that there were cautious Christian brethren who did not understand their going out into the wide seas to worship God in their own way. But, on the whole, the world is all the better for those venturesome and courageous West Country people. . . . It was the fighting men of Devon who dared to send the first woman to the Mother of Parliaments. It is only right that she should show some courage, and I am perfectly aware that it needs courage to address the House on that vexed question, drink. However, I dare do it."

Sir Donald Maclean's testimony to that maiden speech was given later in the House:

"A very brave speech. Distinguished for its diction and thoroughly informed. . . . Imbued throughout with a woman's spirit facing the gravest danger."

"TO be born in Virginia and to represent Plymouth is enough to turn any woman's head. It takes much prayer to keep me humble," she has said. It should be added that to sustain her in her courage, to find the resolution diligently to fulfill her duties in the House, requires also of her the regular disciplinary exercise of the religious devotee.

Again we intrude on a side of her life all-important, all-reaching, if surprisingly unknown. It would startle her colleagues at Westminster (already shock-proof, they would say, as far as the noble lady from Plymouth was concerned) to know that often when she steals out of the House it is to her devotions in a meeting-place not far from St. Stephen's, where others of the devout, strong in faith, gather for prayer.

You do not have to share her faith or her creed to be moved by the experience of the

meeting-house, so simple, yet so dramatically and vividly contrasting in its very simplicity and bareness to the place from which she has escaped for a few moments to lead her real life, and the better to be her true self. And the essence of her faith as she there reveals it is prayer and simple trust in God. From this, she will say, all things proceed: health, happiness, service.

She is her own best witness to her faith: she has health to sustain the work of half a dozen women; she is supremely happy; and it is hardly possible to estimate her service.

Her multifarious activities in Parliament include work on Housing, Education, Unemployment, Public Health, Sweated Wages, Penal Reform, the Women Police (who owe their continued existence to her tireless support), Censorship of the Films, Widows' Pensions, Foreign Policy, the Navy, Divorce, the Unmarried Mother—to mention a few items in the legion of her interests.

Thousands of letters reach her every week; and there is not an appeal she turns away without examining its claims to her political or more personal support. There is not, in fact, a human matter that Lady Astor will not become identified with and support, utterly regardless of party claims and interests. Party principles are not of the heart, and time and again she has emphasized to tedious lengths: "I speak and act from the heart, not from the head; and I have always found it the best guide in life." Once when she was challenged by the forces of booze for her political creed, she stood up in the House and said:

"The only one I possess is in the good old hymn: 'Perish policy and cunning, perish all that shuns the light, whether winning, whether losing. . . . Trust in God and do the right.'"

One cannot testify to the faith of Lady Astor without mention of her fearlessness, which is proverbial.

When she was agitating for a children's court at which women magistrates should preside (an agitation that was completely successful), Sir Ernest Wild, Recorder of the City of London, her greatest antagonist, essayed to rouse the House against the proposal by talking long and at large about the "dignity of stipendiary magistrates," and the "horrors of prospective talking women on the Bench."

The noble lady for Plymouth rose, turned to the Recorder and first assured him that "No woman could talk more nonsense than some old women in this House. . . . When

you talk to me about the dignity of stipendiary magistrates—who is thinking about the dignity of stipendiary magistrates? What is all this talk about legal knowledge when it comes to dealing with child offenders? I beg the honorable members, a great many of whom are fathers, not to let the dignity of anybody stand in the way of the children's welfare."

This fearless encounter with the Recorder is only comparable to her fight with Lord Banbury on the drink question.

"I have been thirty-one years in the House," said Lord Banbury on one occasion, when he was regaling the House on the merits of drink. "I do not know that I exhibit any serious incapacity."

"Oh, yes, you do!" shot up the member for Plymouth, seated on the gangway below.

NEARLY all her originalities so spectacularly featured in the world's headlines spring from the fact that, to Nancy Astor, all men and women are her brothers and sisters—not in the lip service of the tub-thumper, but in spirit and service. She literally accepts the dictum of Christ: love one another.

One of the most revealing stories I have been told in this connection came from the wife of a well-known Labor member who sat next to Lady Astor the first two or three days that she was in the House. It came six o'clock in the evening; there was little to do in the Commons, and one or two urgent domestic matters were calling her home. She happened to be sitting on half the Labor member's seat, though her place was in the Opposition.

"Good-by, my dear," she said to him as she slipped out, unaware that her adieu had left the Labor benches gasping.

A new "Nancy" story went the rounds of the Labor Party; it was talked of among the wives in that stronghold of respectability. "Good-by, my dear," indeed! Almost wantonness!

The story in this color trickled back to the honorable member for Plymouth.

"Of course I said 'my dear.' You are 'my dear,' you are all 'my dears,' I feel 'my dear' toward you. Aren't we all brothers and sisters?"

Her sincere surprise that any possible misunderstanding could arise had, apparently, a chastening effect on the whole party, and in the homes of this Labor movement so vociferously pledged to the brotherhood of man.

Lady Astor has the rare gift of bringing God to earth and making Him a liv-



ing reality; and she is as unsophisticated as St. Francis of Assisi, whom she suggests in her appearance of frailty, and whom she resembles in her colossal faith. It takes no undue effort of the imagination to picture the Member for Plymouth preaching to the fishes, or communing with Brother Wind. Like St. Francis, too, her relations with God are gay and debonair.

**I** RECALL a particular evening at her house in Plymouth. We were to meet for the evening meal.

To beguile the waiting (Her Ladyship is not seldom late), I examined the excellent prints in the dining-room, and a model of the *Mayflower* which stands over the fireplace.

Presently there was a scuffle and a flurry on the stairs, and the sound of a throaty voice that might have emanated from one whirling through space.

Her Ladyship had arrived, and being perpetual motion, seemed to touch the four corners of the room before she reached the table in the dining-room. There was an added confusion brought about by her endeavors to fix, at one and the same time, her pearl earrings and something in the region of her stockings. She had only two moments in which to change from her workaday clothes to something more flighty and fashionable, for she was going to an evening affair of the Mothers' Club at the Virginia Settlement, where the mothers and the grandmothers would be "deeply offended if I do not dress up."

Stockings fixed, and her baubles, beloved of the mothers who rightly demand that "our Mrs. Astor" put her best foot forward when she goes among them, we are plunged in a dozen subjects to which she contributes a series of gesticulations and much darting forward of the head: she talks with her whole person.

There is not a pause in her talk; she says or seems to say without restraint just what comes into her head—which makes her conversation, like her company, irresistible. Nine-tenths of what she has already said should not, cautiously speaking, have been said, and her extraordinary lack of a sense of fear or expediency does put the greatest restraint on her auditor. Her very recklessness is her superb protector; her trust is complete; you feel that, whoever her auditor might be, he would do anything rather than betray a trust or confidence so unreservedly reposed.

"How do you keep going? Where do you get your strength?"

Quick as lightning she gives the answer: "God, of course!" And she lets up a peal of laughter and there is a challenge in her face.

"God, of course!" You laugh back; for it is, you feel, true—funnily true.

You may and you may not accept her explanations; they seem relatively unimportant; but, looking at her, you know it is true that, as she says:

"God alone could protect and guide me,"—could make possible the impossible feats she performs.

"God is the most important fact in my life—the only reality; and I think that goodness, real goodness, is the only quality that can move me or influence me in other people. I stand in deference to this.

"I remember my father once, in a fit of irritation, saying: 'Is there anything, my child, in heaven or on earth, that you reverence, have any respect for?'"

"I thought over the question and answered truthfully, 'Yes, I reverence people who are really good,' which made him snort the more.

"I know it is true now; I think it was true then. I remember we had a long-legged, unprepossessing English curate in Virginia with nothing in his favor but a quality of genuine goodness. I know that I was absolutely devoted to him, and he meant much in my life.

# Now You Can Reduce 2 to 4 Lbs. in a Night

**Eat what you please**

**Wear what you please**

**Do what you please**

**Take no risky medicine**

**Send the coupon for your first three Fayro Baths**

Thousands of smart women have found this easy way to take off 2 to 4 pounds once or twice a week. These women take refreshing Fayro baths in the privacy of their own homes.

Fayro is the concentrate of the same natural mineral salts that make effective the waters of twenty-two hot springs of America, England and Continental Europe. For years the spas and hot springs bathing resorts have been the retreat of fair women and well groomed men.

Excess weight has been removed, skins have been made more lovely, bodies more shapely and minds brighter.

## The Hot Springs are now Brought to You

Painstaking analyses of the active ingredients of the waters from twenty-two of the most famous springs have taught us the secret of their effectiveness. You can now have all these benefits in your own bath. Merely put Fayro into your hot bath. It dissolves rapidly. You will notice and enjoy the pungent fragrance of its balsam oils and clean salts.

Then, Fayro, by opening your pores and stimulating perspiration forces lazy body cells to sweat out surplus fat and bodily poisons. Add Fayro to your bath at night and immediately you will lose from 2 to 4 pounds in an easy, refreshing and absolutely harmless manner.

Your physician will tell you that Fayro is certain to do the work and that it is absolutely harmless.

Fayro will refresh you and help your body throw off worn out fat and bodily poisons. Your skin will be clearer and smoother. You will sleep better after your Fayro bath and awaken feeling as though you had enjoyed a week's vacation.

## Lose Weight Where You Most Want To

Fayro reduces weight generally but you can also concentrate its effect on abdomen, hips, legs, ankles, chin or any part of the body you may wish.

## Results Are Immediate

Weigh yourself before and after your Fayro bath. You will find you have lost from 2 to 4 pounds. And a few nights later when you again add Fayro to your bath, you will once more reduce your weight. Soon you will be the correct weight for your height. No need to deny yourself food you really want. No need for violent exercise. No need for drugs or medicines. Merely a refreshing Fayro bath in the privacy of your own home.

## Try Fayro at our Risk

The regular price of Fayro is \$1.00 a package. With the coupon you get 3 full sized packages and an interesting booklet "Health and Open Pores" for \$2.50 plus the necessary postage. Send no money. Pay the postman. Your money refunded instantly if you want it.



If each healthful bath of Fayro does not reduce your weight from 2 to 4 pounds, we will refund your money without a question. You risk nothing. Clip the coupon and mail it today.



## HERE'S PROOF

Read what Fayro Baths have done for others

"Three Fayro baths reduced my weight 11 pounds in 8 days. I feel better than I have felt for years."

"I weigh 16 pounds less and feel younger and sleep better. Fayro is wonderful."

"My double chin vanished in the magic of Fayro baths."

"My hips were always too prominent until I commenced Fayro baths. I have lost 12 pounds."

"Thank you for Fayro. I lost 14 pounds in three weeks; feel better and certainly look better."

"Since childhood my thick ankles have always been a source of embarrassment. Fayro baths have reduced them beautifully. Thank you very much."

For obvious reasons, names are not quoted, but every letter published has been authorized and names and addresses will be given on request.

Fayro, Inc.  
821 Locust St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Send me 3 full sized boxes of Fayro in plain package. I will pay the postman \$2.50 plus the necessary postage. It is understood that if I do not get satisfactory results with the first package I use, I am to return the other two and you will refund all of my money at once.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

If you live outside the United States send International Money Order with coupon.

"I honestly don't care if a person is brilliant, intellectual, beautiful, rich or clever. I do care if they are good: it gives them a power over me."

She uses the term *goodness* in a wide, comprehensive sense; for its outward signs she has little respect or patience.

"It is the goodness that springs from a real love of humanity that moves me; it is the basis of whatever creed I possess. This, for me, is the message of Christ. There is nothing else like it in the world: I have never known it to fail."

**DURING** the War when Lady Astor put her home and all her resources at the services of the wounded soldiers,—largely Canadian,—she was one night waylaid in the grounds of Clivedon by a soldier with shell-shock that had taken a nasty turn.

He pursued her to a lonely spot and came up menacingly:

"Now I have got you alone!"

"Oh, but you haven't got me alone," she began with that sweet reasonableness that incenses so many sane people. "I've got God and all his angels with me."

She meant it not as a joke, nor as a figure of speech; she is convinced that no harm can come to her "doing God's work;" and while she trusts implicitly in "God and his angels."

She prays—and expects her prayers to be answered; for what she asks, she expects to receive; her attitude is in no way comparable to that of Daniel or Jonah in their spectacular predicaments: Nancy Astor is guilty of no fearful supplications!

No harm does, in fact, come to her; and she is a stranger to fear; she would expose

herself blithely to any hazards that might suddenly present a "mission," a "call;" she will sail through the worst streets in Plymouth regardless of hostility personal, or political.

The Viscountess Astor you will find at Westminster today is the same "Nannie" Langhorne of Virginian days: full of mischief, full of faults, as cheeky as a London sparrow, and even more attractive; hovering always on the brink of laughter and of tears; with a heart too big for any head to keep pace with, eternally incalculable.

Indeed, she is all too human; but this does not illuminate the miracle of her undoubted power and great performance. Can these be explained—as she herself would explain them—by that intimate communion with God which, as we know, has glorified the infinite frailties of so many of the saints?

## MERMAID AND CENTAUR

(Continued from page 33)

down the springs on her side so far that in every rut the fender smote the tire with a thump. The hired man, a ribald character, yowled:

"Zowie, there goes my spine through my skull! Miz Gumbert don't mind; she's got springs of her own."

Jason did not join the laughter. He was accused of having no sense of humor. He had one, but it was starved. He was thinking now of Rita, imagining her wide awake and crying, probably. She had pretended to be drowsy and impatient to be left alone so as to hurry Jason away.

The wife of one of the married hired men had promised to stay within call until Jason came home, but she would probably fall asleep and not hear Rita's faint voice. Jason was on the point of going back when the cook unwittingly saved the evening by saying:

"Mighty nice of you, Mr. Brafford, to take us all to the show."

"I'll say it is!" Delia agreed. "Swell!"

"Grand!" said Moe.

So Jason had to drive on.

**THE** town was lighted up as never before, and banner-bestrewn beyond belief. There was a smoldering tension of hilarity and a crackling of laughter like firecrackers snapping on a Fourth of July evening before the grand pyrotechnical display.

Jason found a place to lodge the car half a mile from the destination and it was hard to keep his party together in the joggle and push. As Moe explained it:

"Midfield's like a sardine-can with all the minnies tryin' to swim out one end at once."

At the entrance to the enclosure there was a struggle for life and breath. Moe had something to say of this also:

"I'd ought to 'a' had myself tattooed before I came out, for somethin' t'lls me I'm goin' to git my clo'es tore off before I git inside."

Delia whooped at that so that she knocked off two hats, and when the owners retrieved

them and looked at them with the expression of grief a man attains only when he gazes at a trampled hat, Delia simply leaned on the supporting throng and rode the rest of the way.

So they oozed through the crowd and life, Moe challenging respectability and peril and escaping both, Delia giggling at everything, the cook somber and truculently virtuous. Ahead of them towered Jason looking as solemn as a gigantic Puritan on his way to denounce all festivity.

Once inside the carnival grounds, even Jason was exalted a little by the blare of bands, the gaudy painted canvases belying in the wind, the snarling chants of the ballyhoo men commending their human wares, the piercing whistle of the popcorn corn-poppers, the wheezy organ of the circling farrousel, the thud and clash of bowling alleys, the crackle of rifle galleries, the thunder of break-bone devices, shrieks of blissfully terrified women, squalling children overwhelmed by an indigestible feast of things to see, and the general murmur of the lowing human herd.

Delia pointed and squealed at everything. Moe grinned as if he had written the whole thing. Mrs. Gumbert was sedate. She promptly encountered another and even fatter cook from another farm, and they gazed only at each other, talked both at once of their ailments and hardships and were plainly satisfied to keep up the duet all evening.

Jason realized that he could best play host by absenting himself. He gave Delia and Moe two dollars apiece and pressed two bills into the palm of Mrs. Gumbert, who found them there long afterward, and took them home with her, intact.

It seemed best to appoint the car as their meeting-place afterward, and Delia was sure that she would be worn out with excitement by ten o'clock.

Jason held out his watch and compared it with the chafing-dish Moe carried. But Moe said:

"We'd better go by that Methodist clock on the steeple. We aint likely to have these watches by ten o'clock."

They did not know that the clock had stopped at eight A.M., six weeks before.

**BY** the time Jason had made the cook understand the place and the hour of rendezvous, Delia and Moe had darted to the merry-go-round and were astraddle two frantic, though static, wooden horses who had apparently gone mad from their inability to get any forwarder, but were still trying to.

Jason was attracted to a rifle gallery with swimming and gliding ducks, bull's-eyes and clay pipes. He knocked over a few metal fowl, shattered a clay pipe or two, saw that his eye was still good, and moved on to a

spot where two blacked-up men sat high in cages and dared the public to drop them in the water beneath by hitting a red circle.

Jason gathered a clutch of baseballs into his big fist and took careful aim while the decoys taunted him:

"You aint man enough to knock me down. You can't hit nothin', you big lumberin' galoot."

The first wild miss sent the men and the crowd into howls of derision, but the third throw rapped the lever and dumped a darky with a splash. He clambered back and resumed his text as if nothing had happened: "You aint man enough to knock me down. You can't hit nothin', you—"

Having proved that he could do it, Jason was satisfied.

**AS** he threaded the crowd, his ear was assailed by the voice of a man who stood in a box before a tent and twanged a nasal eulogy of the enticements within. One phrase caught Jason's attention: "Zarna—lovely Zarna and her singing seal."

Jason paused to listen to the word-wringer:

"Yew-nee-versally conceded to be the most graceful, be-yee-oo-tiful, and a-jyle diver that ever plunged the hee-u-man form in wataire, Zarna—lovely Zarna, the diving belle, faverite of princis and potintates."

"Brought to Midfield at enormis expence, she gives an exhebeetian that has won the encomiums of the crowned heads of Eurip. She has been well called Gawd's masterpiece of female perfection both in action and repose."

"Rivalling her, but not surpassing her, of course, is her world-famis companion, Susanne, the singing seal imported at enormis expence from the regions of eternal ice and trained to almost humin intelligence. Susanne will not only sing but dive for you in the same glass tank with Zarna. Yewuniversally conceded to be the most amazing exhibeetian of hewmin and animal beauty ever conceived and to be seen only in this tent at the price specially reduced, to ten cents, a dime, the tenth part of a dollar."

"To pree-ooove to yee-oo that I do not exaggerate, I will give you a glimpse of both these artists."

"Zarna and Susanne are only two of the multitood of wondaires we have gathered together at enormis expence to thrill, to educate and to entertain the intelligent peepil of Midfield. In other cities this exhebeetian would cost you a dollar admission, but at the special request of the Board of Education we are showing it twentight for the small price of a dime, ten cents, the tenth part of a dollar."

"And now, laadees and gentilmin, I have the very great honoar and pleasure—and

### BERNARD DE VOTO

writes the gayest and most up-to-date college stories, as you know. We think his very best is

### "THE MADDEST OF ALL FOLLIES"

which we will print next month.

## Tooth paste buys a muffler for Dad

*It sounds mysterious—but isn't. Do a little arithmetic with us and find out. The average dentifrice costs you 50c. You use about a tube a month. Twelve times fifty equals six dollars, the yearly cost. Listerine Tooth Paste costs 25c (the large tube). Twelve times twenty-five equals three dollars. All right. Six dollars minus three dollars equals three dollars, your annual saving. Spend it as you please. The muffler is merely a suggestion. You have a thousand alternatives. Hosiery, for instance, or gloves, or handkerchiefs.*



Not by  
price alone  
did this dentifrice seize popularity

WHAT accounts for the immediate success of this speedy new dentifrice? Certainly not the price alone.

While it is true that at 25c, Listerine Tooth Paste accomplishes an average saving of three dollars a year per person, over dentifrices costing double that amount, this would not carry it so quickly to a position among the leaders.

It is the combination of outstanding quality, unquestioned results, and a reasonable price, that has done the trick.

Naturally, such a price for such a paste is made possible only by

ultra-modern methods of manufacture and mass production.

We urge you to try Listerine Tooth Paste. It will be a revelation to you.

Note how white it makes your teeth. How gently it polishes them—yet how speedily. Note, too, how cool, sweet and refreshed your mouth feels long after the brushing is over—that cleanly taste you associate with Listerine.

We are proud of this product, and we ask you to compare it with any paste, at any price, and judge by results alone. At all druggists. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.



Large Tube  
25c

# LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE



pri-eeed to persent to you Zarna—lovely Zarna, the diving belle!"

With a bow of reverent homage he drew aside the canvas back of him and revealed a youngish woman wrapped in a white Spanish shawl blotched with unearthly roses.

She stepped out briskly, forced an expression of jaded vivacity to her painted face, struck an attitude of bravado, cried "Olà!" and looked as Spanish as she could.

Jason regarded Zarna with untroubled calm and would have moved on but for his promise to tell Rita about the seal. Then the barker spoke with a mysterious lowering of the voice:

"It is needless to say, ladees and gentilmin, that Zarna does not accomplish her nautical—I said nautical *not* naughty—feats of diving in a Spanish shawl. She wears a costume that satisfies the requirements of the most fastidious refinemint yet permits the freedom of movement required by her mirakills of a-jyle daring.

"Miss Zarna, wont you give the good peopill of Midfield a glimpse of your divine form as it appears in the glass tank?"

**Z**ARNA spread her arms wide and revealed against the scarlet-wrinkled background of the shawl her body clothed in a black bathing suit as intimate as a fourth skin. For only a moment she permitted all those greedy eyes to possess her; then she gabled her palms high above her head in a diving posture.

This attitude drew the shawl closer but as she turned on the pivot of her heels the cheap silk bent in folds that compelled the imagination to the lines beneath, and the threads of the fringes parted about the curves, shivering with the tremulous vivacity of her flesh. Else, as it was briefly disclosed and instantly sheltered under embroidered roses, her body might have seemed a black marble torso set on ivory thighs.

Her face was not unattractive, but the rest of her was an enchantment. As she moved, the lines ran limpidly into one another with a visible music. She was so lithely woven and her proportions adapted to one another with such nice concinnity that no one in the mob felt an ugly thought. To a generation whose women have not tried to keep their structure secret, and in a town where art was completely alien, there was a catch at every heart before a vision purified by its very perfection.

Jason's eyes grew fierce with an interest never before awakened or suspected. The woman's grace created an artist in him for its comprehension. Yet the habit of looking on ugliness and giving it a false virtue rebuked him.

He turned away as if he had been found peeping at nakedness.

His eyes fell on the auctioneer who advertised Zarna and sold her for a spectacle. Jason saw in the salesman's eyes a look of proud satisfaction that Jason took to mean ownership. A strange and ape-like fury of jealousy blazed in his heart. It died at once as his contempt for such cheap show people came to his rescue. But it had staggered him.

And now the barker advertised himself: "Before interdoocing the Singing Seal, I will say a word about Yours Trewwly. Modisty pervents me from telling you how good I am, but I must admit, if you will pardon the apparint boastfulness, that the London *Times* of London, England, not Ontario, said of my act, 'Last night His Majesty and Her Majesty, the King and Queen, were seen to applaud loudly the marvelous preformance of Captain Harry Querl, the submarine marvel of the ages, the champion deep-sea diver of the world, who not only dives with grace and audacity, but remains under water for an unbelievable duration of time. He eats, sleeps, reads, shaves and smokes beneath the surifice, remaining so long that the

King and Queen were genuynely alarmed for his safety."

He threw open the heavy overcoat he was wearing and disclosed a figure as perfect in its way as Zarna's, but compact of braided thongs, his muscles whipcords and pulleys, everything as keen and powerfully masculine as her configuration was womanly. He wore a red bathing suit, and Jason despised his beauty, yet grudgingly confessed his mechanical faultlessness.

**Q**UERL closed his overcoat about him and went on with his lecture:

"Following Zarna's artistic scene, I will give an exhebection of high diving, remaining under wataire for periods that would be considered superhewmin in anybody but Yours Trewwly, Captain Harry Querl. I will also show you the secrets and terrors of deep-sea diving."

He turned and pointed to a great swaying canvas daubed with painting representing a diver in full uniform enfolded by an enormous octopus with tentacles like swollen firehose and the face of a colossal spider. He explained briefly:

"The work of art on your left shows my world-famis and desprit battill with the monster devilish, the very battill which the great Italian author, Victor Yewgo, copied in his famis novill. I will also show you the gigantic devilish itself preserved in alcohol, for incredibil as it may seem, the deman did not destroy me.

"And now, ladees and gentilmin, Miss Zarna will call before yew the marvel of the animil kingdom, Susanne, the Singing Seal."

Zarna snapped her fingers, as the Captain drew aside the canvas, and a sleek mass of black-brown jelly came waddling through, climbed a little pulpit and darted a whiskered muzzle restlessly hither and thither.

There was a murmur of amused wonder in the crowd, and cries of delight from the children. The Captain said:

"Miss Zarna, will you kindly ask your friend to tell the ladees and gentilmin that she considers Midfield the most be-yewtiful city she has evar visited?"

Zarna whispered in the seal's ear, and Susanne confessed:

"Ur-rumph! Ur-rumph! Ngnamph! Gr-r-r-nk!" or words to that effect.

Her great eyes were lustrous with tenderness as Zarna gave her a morsel of fish.

"Could you persuade her," the Captain went on, "to sing a snatch of 'Coming through the Rye'?"

The crowd shook with loud laughter at the seasick cacophony that issued from the shining throat. Another bit of fish vanished. Even Jason laughed till his eyes were as wet as Susanne's.

"Tell them," shouted the Captain, "that this is only a hint of the wonders within, to be seen for the small price of ten cents, a silver dime, the tenth part of a dollar. And give the ladees and gentilmin your kind applause."

Susanne delivered her message, clapped her flippers, gulped her bribe, and at Zarna's gesture led the way back into the tent, followed by Zarna and the Captain, whose place in the ticket-stand was taken by a raucous person who outbarked the seal and exchanged tickets for money deftly as the throng surged in, and Jason with it.

### Chapter Three

**T**HE tent housed the familiar company of the side-shows. They were described by a melancholy old man in shabby evening dress, as Jason tried to crowd through the thick press lingering in front of a bearded lady suspiciously like a padded male. Following her on the platform were a dog-faced boy, a Borneo wild man, a five-legged calf

and a negro born with reversed knees, who galloped up and down as "the human horse," and finally a tattooed woman.

Jason resented these beastful publications of the cruel vagaries of nature, the anarchy of misguided glands, and other drunk and disorderly forces. But he found a certain prettiness in the tattooed woman, for she was, at least, the result of intention. She had chosen her fate and it had pleased her to endure an Inquisitional torture in order that her skin might be changed into a calico of patterned colors.

The procession came at last to a stage upholding a great steel tank with a glass front clamped in and a flight of steps leading up to it.

In front of the tank was a frame rack with a pulpit top. The decayed poet announced at last what Jason had come to see:

"Ladies and gentlemen, kindly come this way,

And listen to what I have to say. For this is the grand feature of the evening, So wonderful that seeing is hardly believing.

Mademzelle Zarna, the queen of the seas, Will surely you all please.

But first she will show you the famous seal Susanne, who will sing with great appeal. In contralto, alto, basso, soprano.

Accompan'ing herself on the grand pianna. She will also show you so much knowledge, You'll be sure she had went to college."

He waved his hand, and Zarna stepped out in her shawl, bowing, throwing kisses and making the little skips that are part of the classic ritual. She clapped her hands, and Susanne lumbered on, clambered to her pulpit and sang in a voice that was all voices at once and none at all.

Zarna tossed her a ball, and she caught it on the tip of her nose, bounced it up and down and tossed it back to Zarna. She waddled out to a flight of steps and climbed it, juggling another ball and bringing it safely back without a slip. After every success she applauded herself by striking her flippers together, and after every feat she received a bit of fish from the sack slung at Zarna's hip.

**J**ASON marveled at her strange mingling of grace and clumsiness, and fell almost sick with regret that Rita could not be with him to laugh at and love the quaint beast. He was stunned with wonder when Susanne obeyed Zarna's command:

"Now, Susanne, climb the golden stairs, dive into the tank and turn a figure eight."

Up the steps the fat thing worried, dipped over into the water, and became at once a miracle of sinuous beauty, as she described with her body the curves of an 8.

When the audience applauded, Susanne shot up from the water, applauded, gulped the fish thrown to her, and sank again, hugging the glass and peering through it with eyes of irresistible charm. Zarna standing near called through:

"Blow a bubble for us, Susanne." A great globe of air came from the seal's mouth, floated to the surface and broke.

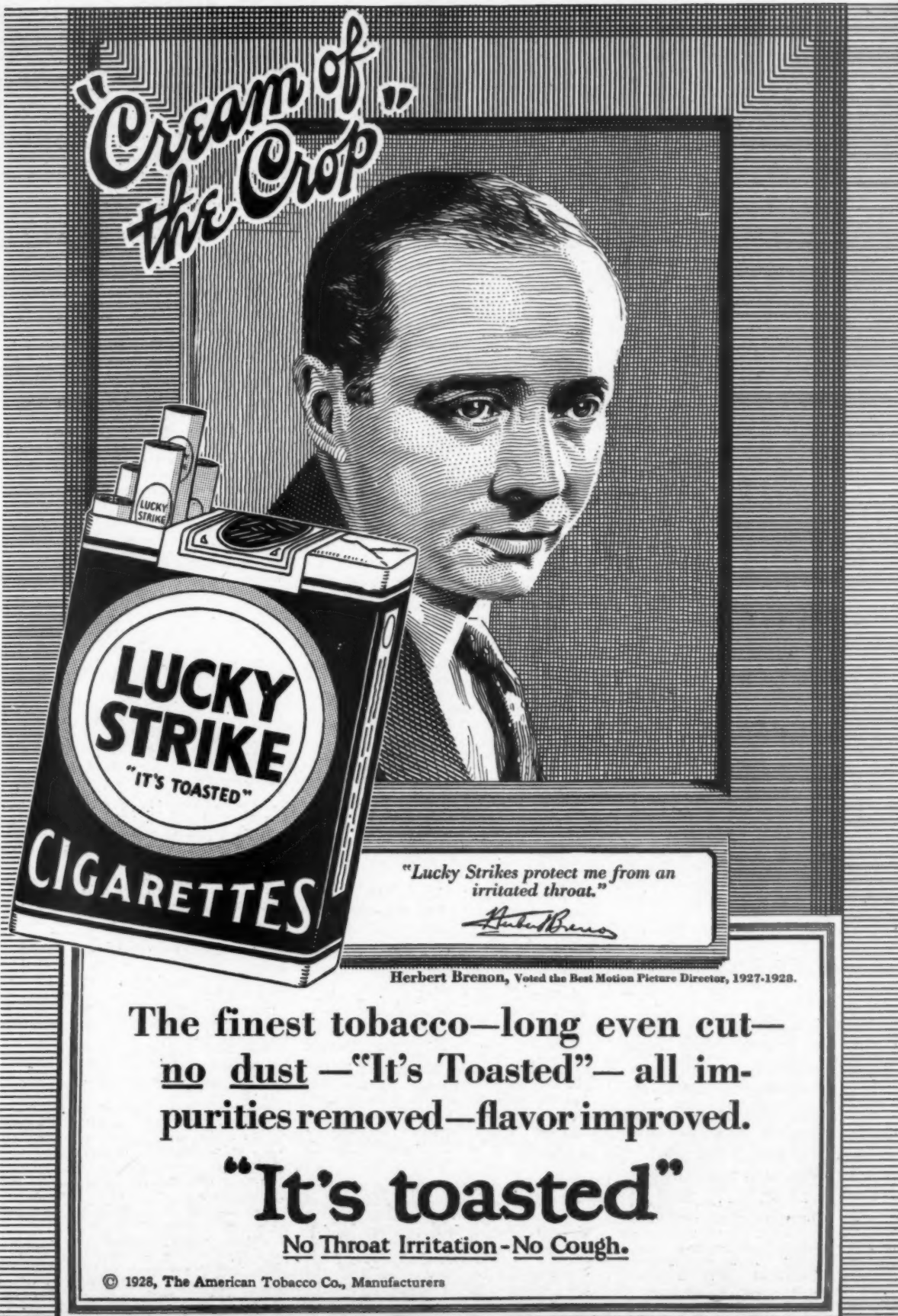
"Another! More! Lots of 'em now!" A cloud of bubbles formed and soared.

Then Susanne dived upward, scrambled out, descended the steps, cried for her liberal reward, mounted the pulpit and subsided.

Now the poet announced that Zarna would give a display of her famous diving act. She ran up the steps, cast off her shawl and walked out on a springboard.

Jason's heart stopped when he first saw her in the unmitigated revelry of all her contours. The poet cried: "A slow dive!" She bent her loveliness forward into an arc of curves within curves until her fingertips were beneath the tips of her toes; then she drooped slowly downward; her hands

*"Cream of the Crop"*



**LUCKY STRIKE**  
"IT'S TOASTED"  
**CIGARETTES**

*"Lucky Strikes protect me from an irritated throat."*  
*Herbert Brenon*

Herbert Brenon, Voted the Best Motion Picture Director, 1927-1928.

The finest tobacco—long even cut—  
no dust—"It's Toasted"—all im-  
purities removed—flavor improved.

**"It's toasted"**  
No Throat Irritation - No Cough.

© 1928, The American Tobacco Co., Manufacturers



touched the water, and every part of her in succession followed in a train of profiles, each in its own degree of roundness, palms, forearms, head, shoulders, breast, belly, buttocks, thighs, knees, calves, heels, insteps, toes.

She made no sound, but an aura of tiny bubbles gleamed about her.

As the soles of her feet dipped into the water, her javelin straightness turned upward into a reverse of the arc she had made on the springboard, and with a yearning piteous grace, she regained the air, swung up to the opposite edge of the tank, whirled and sat dripping.

JASON'S first response was a consuming fire of reverence for such unimaginable comeliness. He loved her, desired her, felt a satyric frenzy to possess her. As suddenly he hated her, abominated her for usurping such symmetry, such elastic swiftness while Rita was cursed with distortion, and chained motionless.

His promise to Rita kept him from leaving the tent. He must buy some photographs of the seal to take home. He watched in gnawing wrath while Zarna went through her routine—a standing dive, a sitting dive, a standing-sitting dive, a standing-sitting-standing dive, a swan dive, a backward dive, a jackknife dive—till she seemed to be seaborne, unhuman. The wetter she grew the more beautifully naked she looked, ecstatic, blissful with the rain dropping from her chin to her bosom, from the points of her breasts and sliding down in a luminous chain to her feet and tinkling back into the tank.

At last she called the seal to her, and Susanne hunched across the stage, barking, huddled up the steps and slid into the water. Zarna shot in with her and there they swirled, those two so-different females in a contest of circumvolution, till flesh seemed more fluid than water, more limber than flame.

The stodgy, clumsy spectators sat marveling in all their stiff joints, rather afraid than admiring, until with a last cry of triumph Zarna and the seal darted back into the air, and floundered onto the platform.

Zarna caught her shawl around her, hurried down the steps with Susanne cascading after in glossy splendor. Zarna bowed and bowed; Susanne bowed and barked and applauded; and they left the scene, returning for more acknowledgments, then vanishing as Captain Querl came out and announced that he would dive from the top of the tent, into the tank, remain under water indefinitely, eat a banana and do various other things beneath the surface. Jason, the landsman,

could imagine no accomplishments less useful or ornamental, but he saw them through because they were included in the price he had paid, and he was not of a wasteful disposition.

Zarna's talents had seemed as useless to Jason as Querl's, but a woman was expected, and desired, to do foolish things beautifully. His contempt for Querl was not entirely sincere; at least in part it was jealousy. He marveled at the man's courage, though he called it foolhardiness; he marveled at his power, though he called it knack.

He was peculiarly disturbed by a something he could not give a name. In a woman he would have thought of it as "grace," but in a man grace meant effeminacy. And even his dislike for so foreign a character could not impute effeminacy to that powerful animal who clambered with gorilla strength and leopard speed to the very dome of the tent, where he bent low beneath the wind-fluttered canvas and then drove himself like a spear into the narrow target of the tank with a great crash and spill of water, instantly doubled on himself, plunged upward and was on the platform bowing instead of dead.

QUERL revealed his strength in other feats and made Jason almost question whether he were human when he reclined at the bottom of the tank until Jason's own limbs ached with vicarious pain.

Next Querl talked of his work as a deep-sea diver, put on the suit and the helmet, and described his battle with the devil-fish whose repulsive corpse filled a glass box near the platform. Then an attendant closed the helmet and Querl climbed down into the tank and demonstrated the work of a toiler of the sea. He had said that he usually had a man-eating shark released in the tank, but the shark was sick.

When he came back to the air and was released, he left the stage to dry himself for the next performance, while other actors came on with turns perfectly adapted to their purpose, which was to empty the tent for the next audience.

Jason realized that Zarna was gone, the seal was gone and no photographs had been offered for sale. An embarrassing but rescuing idea came to him. He rose and left, pausing to ask one of the showmen where he could find Miss Zarna. The man stared at him with a suspicious hostility and asked if he knew her.

"No; but I got a business proposition to make to her."

"Well," the man hesitated, "if you'll go outside and round behind this tent, you'll come to the dressin'-tent, and you can ask there."

Jason edged through the belated spectators trickling in, passed the barker,—haranguing a new mob,—circled the tent, and found himself in a maze of wagons and canvas. A clown and a woman whose costume showed that she rode a horse in the main tent were nursing a sick trick dog intently, and Jason spoke twice before they looked up.

"I'm tryin' to find Miss Zarna," he said. The clown's whitened eyes peered at him, and the small real mouth in the smeared-on lips asked:

"D'you know the lady?"

"No, but I got a business proposition that may int'rest her."

THE clown looked as skeptical as a powdered ape, but motioned Jason to a canvased corridor, where he caught a glimpse of Zarna. She was talking to a burly young man whom Jason recognized as one of Midfield's most famous rakes, Charley Cook, once a football boy from college, since a hot sport whose escapades among the daughters of the town had caused much gossip, and whose alleged prowess among visiting ac-

tresses had excited some degree of reproachful envy.

Though Jason had formed no high ideal of Zarna, of whom he and the populace had seen so much in so short an acquaintance, he was somehow jolted at the sight of her in a heavy bathrobe listening to Charley Cook, who bent over her in a most confidential manner.

Before Jason could retreat from such iniquity, Zarna turned her back on Charley; but he was drunk enough to clutch at her and catch her by the collar. The robe came off in his hand, for Zarna walked out of it in her next-to-nothings.

Charley whooped with joy, and when Zarna, ashamed and angry, snatched at the robe, he clung to it even when Zarna cursed and struck up at his face.

Somewhat surprised that a show-woman should resent Charley Cook's attentions, Jason hurried forward. But Captain Querl appeared suddenly at Zarna's elbow, and seizing the bathrobe, tried to retrieve it.

Charley was too big and too powerful. Zarna wrapped her arms around Querl in genuine anxiety and pleaded:

"Leave him alone, Harry; he's only a stewed rube."

This amused Charley enormously. He leered down at Querl and whooped with boozy mirth. Querl spoke up to him across Zarna's locked arms:

"Give the lady her robe and get the hell out of here, before—"

"The lady! 'At's great!" Charley howled. "The lady!"

With a velocity that blurred the sequence of events in Jason's eyes, Querl caught Zarna's arms, swung them wide, flung her off, and dived upward at Charley, gripped him by the neck, pulled down his head, drove his knee into his groin, tripped him, uppercuted him and had him on the ground in such a tangle that his victim did not know his own members but seemed to kick with his fists and clutch with his feet.

IT meant nothing to Querl that his man was flat. Queensberry rules and codes of fair play were nothing. He was silent as a shark, and he did everything but bite like one. He throttled, gouged, slugged, and tried to kick Charley's ribs in and trample his face, but he wore soft rubber shoes that thwarted his zeal.

None of the carnival people would interfere; they were reveling in the scene. Jason had no affection for Charley Cook, and felt no patriotic compulsion to go to his rescue, but common mercy was driving him to risk his own safety when Zarna broke in, and clenching the maniacal Querl in her arms, thrust between him and his victim, and pressing her breast against his and pushing her lips close to his fierce mouth, implored him:

"Harry! Harry! For God's sake, don't hurt him any worse. You know what the town people will do to us. Please, please!"

Querl stood panting and whimpering with unsatisfied fury:

"When I called you a lady, he—he laughed!"

"Well, are you tryin' to prove he was right?"

Querl looked at her with the eyes of a dully comprehending animal and nodded, picked up the robe that Charley Cook had tried to hide behind, put it about Zarna, and spoke over her shoulder to the battered interloper, who was picking himself up with some difficulty:

"You come back here again, and I'll learn you some more about ladies!"

Charley staggered away; Zarna vanished; and Querl was about to follow when he made out Jason, even more evidently an alien. He advanced with renewed truculence:

"And what are *you* doin' round here?"

## Viña Delmar

You who read "Bad Girl," "Uptown Sheik" or "Pick-up" know that Viña Delmar has sounded a really new and fascinating note in modern fiction—and you will be glad to know that an even more memorable story of hers is scheduled to appear in an early issue of this magazine, under the title—

## "Blind Date"





Check the condition of impaired health that is affecting YOUR efficiency:

Frequent headaches
Indigestion
Dizziness
Colds
Constipation
Auto-intoxication
Lassitude
Heartburn

Remember that "internal washing" with Pluto Water is the safe, sure way to correct these conditions.

# REALLY, NOW

## What is Wrong With Your Health?

**H**OW can you hope to be at your best when your health is being attacked by an insidious, unseen enemy? A leading authority states, "Intestinal stasis (constipation), in one form or another, afflicts three-fourths of the American people." Another authority has termed constipation "the mother of diseases."

Fortunately there is a simple, sure, safe remedy for constipation. It gets right down to common sense and fundamentals.

You would not think of cleansing your face with harsh chemicals and drugs. Is it not even *worse* to use such things for cleansing the delicate tissues *inside* your body?

The one best cleansing agent, for *internal* use as well as *external*, is water. That is why doctors prescribe Pluto. Pluto is a *water* laxative. It *washes* the intestinal tract.

But for one thing, the water you use on your table would make an unexcelled

laxative. Ordinary water does not reach the intestines in sufficient quantity to be effective. It is pre-absorbed — excreted through the kidneys.

With Pluto it is different. Pluto Water has a mineral content exceeding in percentage the mineral content of the blood. Consequently, it passes intact to the intestines. There it loosens, cleans and *flushes*.

In just 30 minutes to two hours, Pluto brings welcome relief. Such is its almost instantaneous washing action. Because it only *washes*, it never gripes — is soothing, gentle, harmless — and has no habit-forming tendency.

Drink a little Pluto Water daily, and you will always be "regular" — the first essential of health. In time of emergency, Pluto is ever dependable, ever prompt in its action.

Dilute with *hot* water — directions on every bottle. Sold at all drug counters, and at fountains. Bottled at the springs, French Lick, Indiana.

A bulletin issued by the Chicago Department of Health, says: "The greatest cause of human wretchedness still remains — ill health. In the United States there are on an average of 3,000,000 persons ill all the time. Forty-two per cent of this sickness is preventable. Every day in the year, a million people are shut in or ailing when they could be well and happy. Only two out of every 100 persons born live the allotted span."

The old saying, "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," holds good today as much as ever. There is no better "ounce of prevention" than Pluto Water, whether taken daily or at times when constipation sounds its warning.

When  
Nature Won't,  
PLUTO Will



# PLUTO WATER

*America's Laxative Mineral Water*

With an embarrassment that resembled terror, Jason gasped:

"I came to see Miss Zarna."

"What about?"

And now his sister was involved. Rita was present in this unfit place and he grew more timid:

"It's a—a business proposition."

Querl mistook his confusion for the motive that had impelled Charley Cook:

"Well, spit out your proposition. I'm her manager."

Jason was a fighting man too, and it was hard not to resent this inviting battle-manner. But he answered meekly:

"I'd rather tell it to Miss Zarna."

"What's your name?"

"She don't know it."

"Anyway, you got one, aint you?"

"Yes, I got one."

"Well, what is it?"

Jason's nostrils were trembling, his big chest heaving and one of his feet was scraping the ground as he shook his head, trying to hold back his frenzy at being so reined in by his purpose. He could not give his name to this insolent little rat.

THEN Zarna came back, wondering no doubt what new fight Querl was starting. She laid her hand on his twitching arm and he said:

"This—this—he wants to see you about a business proposition."

Zarna looked up at Jason.

"Well?"

It relieved Jason to find that he had an ordinary woman to talk to instead of a radiant sea-nymph. The shapeless bathrobe put him at ease, for it was so ugly that it quenched all memory of what must be beneath. It puzzled him, however, to see how carefully she kept drawing the robe together. She even turned up the collar. This and her anger at Charley Cook struck him as outrageous hypocrisy, for he assumed that the number of witnesses was the multiplier of shame, while Zarna took it as the subtra-hend.

The bathrobe gave her a squat look, too, that sent Jason's height to an added dominance. But she looked up at him unabashed as she challenged him:

"You wanted to see me?"

"Yes—well, that is—you see, it's like this: I really wanted to find out about your seal."

"Oh, you want to talk to Susanne."

There was such a quirk at her lips that he laughed almost comfortably. He did not quite hate her now.

He stammered a moment, then bolted and took it on the run:

"It's kind of hard to explain, but you see—well, I—could I hire your seal for a trip to the country?"

"Hire my seal—to do what—go where? What you mean, hire my seal?"

QUERL laughed harshly, and sarcastically spat. Jason went on:

"Fact is, Miss Zarna, I got a little sister that wants to see a seal. She's never seen one, and I'd like to show this one to her."

"Whyn't she come with you?"

"She couldn't—not just now."

Querl spat again, more amiably, and interposed:

"We'll be here all week, if business holds up."

"Yes, but—my sister's not very well."

"Oh!" said Zarna, but Querl laughed:

"That's a new one for sure! Take the seal out to show to a sick girl!"

Zarna was more polite: "Hadh't you better wait till she gets well?"

"Rita aint going to get well."

"Oh."

There was such anguish in his very jaw, which was all she could see of his face, as he flung back his head, that Zarna's heart filled with sorrow for him and the unknown

child. She could find nothing to say until Jason reconquered himself, and spoke in a grinding rage that she recognized as not directed against her:

"My little sister—she's set her heart on seeing a seal. I read her about you and Susanne, and o' course, she didn't ask me to bring her out. She never asks for anything hardly, Rita. But it come over me all of a sudden that if Rita could just see that seal come galumphing into her room and stand up and bark for her and maybe take a piece of food out of her hand—does the seal bite?"

"Well, she's not very safe just now. You see she's goin' to—she's—there's goin' to be a baby seal in a little while."

"A baby seal! Oh, God, if I could get Rita a baby seal!"

Querl said the cruel truth in a tone of surprising gentleness:

"They don't often live, not when they're born in captivity."

That phrase smote him—born in captivity. Jason spoke quickly to get past the danger of an outbreak:

"Well, anyways, if Rita could just see the seal and hear it once, I believe she'd laugh like I've never heard her. And I don't believe the seal would bite her. Nobody would hurt Rita—nobody human—and I guess your seal is about human."

"She's better than that," said Zarna. "I guess I could keep her from nipping your sister. She might take a great fancy to her. She likes babies, and always when I been sick, she's just mourned over me."

Jason was beginning to love the seal and to endure her mistress. He said:

"Rita aint a baby, but she looks like one—kind of. It would be great if she could see Susanne. I'd be glad to pay you whatever you think would be right."

"Oh, we wouldn't quarrel about that."

There was an atmosphere of utter tenderness now, and Querl's arm went about Zarna. Jason asked:

"Would you have to take along a tank or a special car?"

"Oh, no. Susanne can ride in anything, the same as any other person."

"Could she ride in my car? It's got a hind seat."

"Sure. I could sit back there with her. I'd have to go along."

"Oh, o' course, you're invited. You could stay to dinner if you would."

Jason wondered if he ought not to invite Captain Querl too, but something checked him. Zarna said:

"I don't eat much, thanks. Besides, I got to get back to the afternoon show. It starts at two."

"I'd get you back all right. How early could I come for you?"

"Well, I'm no farmer when it comes to hours. But I could get up early some morning for the sake of—Rita, is it?"

"Rita."

"When would you want us to come?"

"Tomorrow's the nearest day." He said it as one might mention something impossibly perfect. She turned to Querl as if for permission. He looked dubious, but she said hastily:

"All right, tomorrow it is. About ten?"

"That will be great! I'll be here."

"So will I. So will Susanne!"

"Well, so long, then. I'll be movin' on."

SHE put out her hand. He seized it. It met his so stanchly and friendlyly that he squeezed hard. She did, too. When she let go, he and Querl waited each for the other to put out a hand. Neither did. But Jason remembered to say, to Zarna:

"I forgot to say I enjoyed your act. It's immense."

"Much obliged."

"It's beautiful—honestly! It's beautiful!"

"Glad you liked it. Much obliged!"

"Your act is great too, Captain."

"Thanks."

"You're more'n welcome. Good night!"

"Good night!"

As he passed the next tent he saw that the clown's dog was wagging his nub of a tail with sick bravery. He ventured to pat its head as he passed and he added a general "Good night!" to the clown, the bareback rider and the dog, to Zarna, the seal, and all the good, kind, wonderful people who had brought to Midfield and would bring to Rita what they needed most of all, a touch of carnival.

Gazing back oversoulder, he saw that Zarna was staring after him with eyes that glowed in the dark.

He was glad to catch her eye again, for he had forgotten to take his hat off to her before. He doffed it now, and bowed with the respect he usually saved for the parson's wife.

Zarna waved to him a cordial hand. And that glowed too, in the dark. But so did the eyes of Captain Querl.

#### Chapter Four

JASON was afire now with impatience for the morrow, when he could carry Zarna and her singing seal to the bedroom where his sister would think that a miracle had been performed. The cradle that was her prison for life would be changed to a chariot with wings instead of wheels. But when he looked at his watch, it was only half-past nine, and the cook and the hired girl and the hired man were not to meet him at the parking station until ten. He must amuse himself somehow for thirty minutes.

He studied the carnival throng and was confirmed in his belief that the visiting show-folk were all on the make. They wore a mask of hilarious friendliness; they laughed; they joked; they proffered their merchandise, whatever it was, as a hospitality. They were the jovial hosts and the townspeople were their guests, their dear friends.

Yet as Jason saw it, their smiles, their wit, their patter were all mere tradesmen's tricks repeated over and over and over and over. He supposed that their consciences had ceased to ache or even to exist; but Lord, how their faces must ache from smiling and their throats from shouting!

In every gambling device where a nickel was promised a fighting chance for a dollar, or ten dollars, he was sure that the nickel had no real hope. The cards were stacked; the wheels were rigged. The gaudy prizes needed the flare of electric light and torches and a mood of insanity to lend them disguise. They were cheap as dirt, thin tinsel, dyed froth.

He wondered if Zarna were as tricky and as treacherous. She certainly wore no disguises or pads in her diving scene. If ever anybody was delivered across the counter in unadulterated and original form, she was.

The seal was surely a seal. It could not be a dog disguised.

Yet Zarna was in and of these gipsies. She must be like them. If she did not cheat in public, she would make up for it in private. He must beware of her.

Like other farmers who read, he suffered from the rustic's fame as the easy dupe of every swindler, the gawky come-on for the silliest thieves to drain. He suspected everybody and everything incessantly. He vowed that this diver and her barking sea-hound should put nothing over on him. He would let Rita have a look at them and then send them about their business.

**This unusual and deeply interesting novel by the distinguished author of "The Old Home Town" increases in power with each chapter. Be sure to read the next installment—in our forthcoming January issue.**

# NEW

## THE 50 BOX of Gillette Blades



**EVERY TIME HE  
SHAVES IN 1929  
HE'LL THANK YOU**

A SMART, masculine gift box that's bound to be appreciated all over again each morning! Generous measure for generous shaving comfort! Not a short-lived present, not a frivolous one, but a soundly sensible, month-after-month gift that appeals to a man's practical nature.

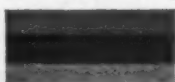
And the distinctive thing about it is its newness....it is presented by Gillette for the *first time* this Christmas. You can be sure when you choose the Fifty Box for him that he has never before received a similar gift for Christmas—or any other time.

P. S. — If the little chest with its regimental stripes attracts you, why don't you make a bid for it after he's used up the blades? It makes a charming cigarette box, stamp box, jewel case or general depository for the sewing or dressing table.

### **Brand new!**

Fifty of the famous double edged Gillette Blades (one hundred shaving edges) tucked away in a sturdy, compact, colorful box. An original, personal way to carry your season's greetings far into the New Year.

**\$5**  
**everywhere**  
**The**  
**perfect**  
**gift**

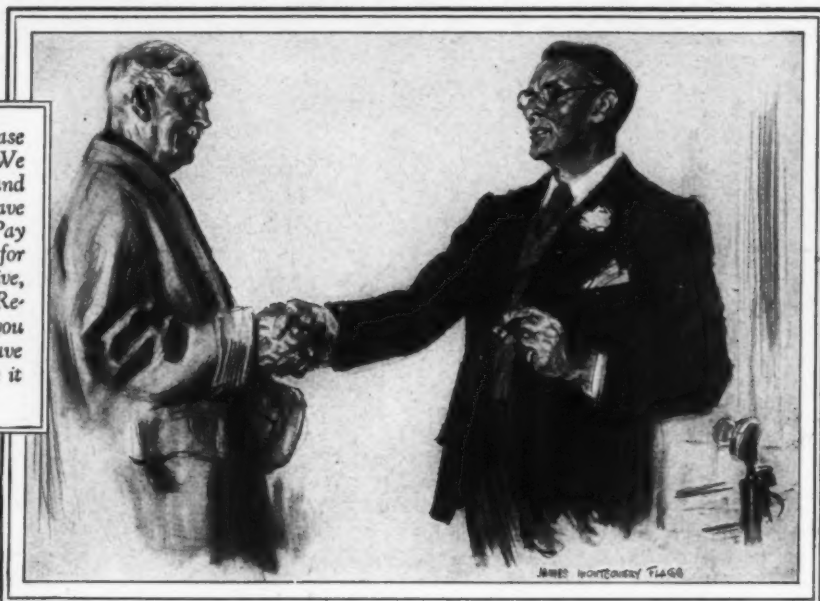


GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR CO., BOSTON, U. S. A.



# The Happy Day

"You surely deserve release from work and care. We owe our success to you and other men who always gave us the best they had. Pay days will be provided for you, as long as you live, out of the Cooperative Retirement Fund which you helped to build. You have earned the right to take it easy. Good luck!"



© 1932 R. L. L. CO.

**A**FTER the man who has won the right to retire in ease and comfort has been congratulated, the wise president and board of directors who thus show their appreciation of faithful service also deserve congratulations. Such appreciation inspires new courage in all hearts. The interests of capital and labor are inseparably linked. Through cooperative efforts their most difficult problems are being solved.

Many of the biggest employers of labor are themselves employees and do not own the companies they manage. These men have learned that officers as well as men in the ranks do better work if they know that years of loyal service will be amply rewarded.

Stockholders expect dividends. Employees expect good wages. In wise management there is a fair and just division of earnings which

must be preserved in a delicate balance. Not all of the yearly earnings may safely be paid out in dividends and pay checks.

Long-headed business men lay aside money for new and more effective equipment when old machines shall be worn out. In the same way they make plans that permit the honorable retirement of veterans and the filling of their places by younger men.

Big business recognizes that it is good business to establish the independence of faithful workers in their later years. By planning together for their mutual advantage, employers and employees can build a sound Retirement Plan based on earnings and savings that will provide a regular, definite income for life.

No man of spirit wants charity but he does want an opportunity to become independent.

Business has welcomed the development of modern pension plans which have made possible retirement with a fixed income. While, in the past, many privately owned businesses have provided quietly for the needs of retired employees, scientific pension systems are a comparatively new development.

Some of the earlier plans, dictated more by good intentions than by sound financing, are so hopelessly involved



that they will have to be revised or completely abandoned. The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company has made a comprehensive study of more than 350 different pension plans in operation today. To employees and employers interested in a sound solution of pension problems, the Metropolitan will be glad to mail without charge, Booklet 128-R, "Sound Retirement Plans and What They Should Provide"

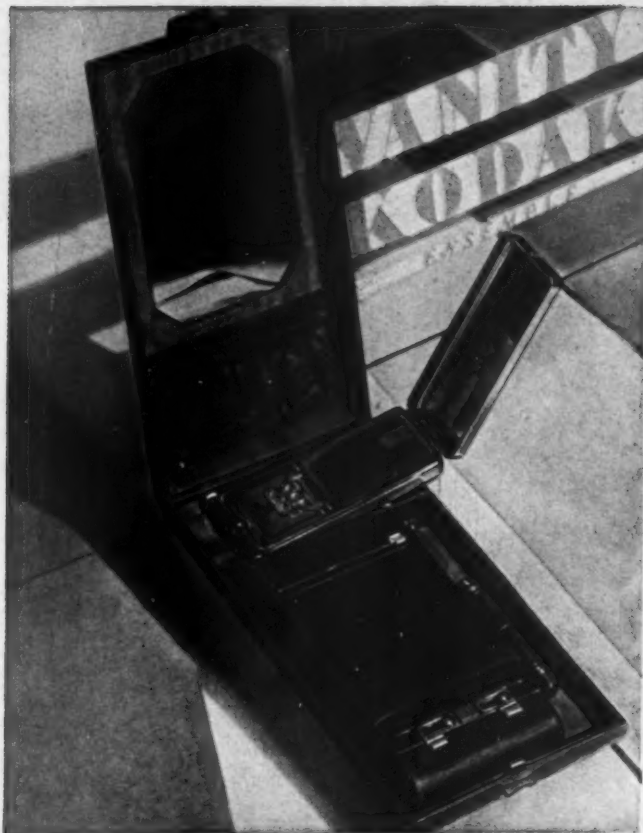
HALEY FISKE, President.

**METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY—NEW YORK**  
Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year









*Vanity Kodak Ensemble - Happy the girl who finds one of these among her Christmas remembrances! An exquisite grained leather carrying case which comes in three colors and contains the wherewithal for make-up and for snapshots. Contents: large mirror, change pocket, combination powder and rouge compact, lipstick and Kodak. Colors: gray, beige, green. Picture size,  $1\frac{1}{4} \times 2\frac{1}{4}$ .*

## Kodak Gifts of Novelty, Beauty and Distinction

### PICTURE MAKERS ALL



*Vanity Kodaks - Incomparably beautiful in color and design, they are all that the modern gift should be. In five lovely colors: Redbreast (red), Jenny Wren (brown), Sea Gull (gray), Bluebird (blue) and Cockatoo (green). Picture size:  $1\frac{1}{4} \times 2\frac{1}{4}$ .*

FOR this Christmas, Kodak offers you the smartest array of gift selections that have ever left the hands of its craftsmen.

As to price, you may pay almost anything you have a mind to, for they range from the unassuming Brownie to the finest Ciné-Kodak home movie outfit. As to color, this is the first Christmas you have been able to get it in Kodaks. Turn down the corner of this page, so that when you make up your Christmas list you can conveniently decide who shall be the recipients of these most acceptable Kodak gifts.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, ROCHESTER, NEW YORK



*Ciné-Kodak, the simplest of home movie cameras - A modern gift. For those fortunate enough to "have everything already," and for those less fortunate. A permanent gift. One that begins giving pleasure the day it is received, and grows more precious with every passing year. And this home movie camera can be adapted for Kodacolor - Home Movies in gorgeous full color. Complete home movie outfit - Ciné-Kodak, Kodascope Projector and Screen - begin at \$140.*



*Pocket Kodaks - This season you may have the 1A Pocket Kodak, Series II, in four handsome colors, as well as black: blue, brown, beige, gray. Both Kodak and case are of the same lustrous grained leather, and both have been redesigned to meet the modern trend. "Supremely smart gifts" - say those who have seen them. Picture size,  $2\frac{1}{4} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$ .*



*Brownies - Your Christmas list is sure to contain the name of some one who would be overjoyed to receive a Brownie, as practical a little camera as ever was made. And it's just the thing for the boy or girl. They cost \$2 and up, and every one of them takes splendid snapshots. With such a gift as this, a half-dozen packages of Kodak Film doubles the recipient's appreciation.*

"Give a **KODAK**"



**W**HEN you sink down into the soft, form-fitting cushions of a Body by Fisher, remember that its luxurious ease is designed into it with the same scientific care as are its beauty and dependability. Note also the other features of comfort, such as the Fisher vision and ventilating windshield—which is one of Fisher's most important contributions to the industry—the clarity of vision of the genuine plate glass, and the welcome convenience of the appointments.

Cadillac • LaSalle • Buick • Oakland • Oldsmobile • Pontiac • Chevrolet

C O M F O R T